Political Merriment:

OR,

TRUTHS

Told to ſome

TUNE.

Political Merriment:

OR

TRUTH'S

JOKE.

Political Merriment:

OR,

TRUTHS

Told to ſome

TUNE.

Faithfully Tranſlated from the Original *French* of *R. H. S. H. H. S. F. A. G. G. A. M. M. P.* and Meſſieurs *Brinſden* and *Collier*, the State Oculiſt, and Crooked Attorney, *Li Proveditori delli Curtiſani.*

By a LOVER of his COUNTRY.

LONDON:

Printed for *A.* BOULTER without *Temple-Bar*, and ſold by *S.* KEIMER at the *Printing-Preſs* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*, In the Glorious Year of our PRESERVATION, 1714.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Jacobitical Tories, *and Traiterous* Rioters *of* Great Britain.

GENTLEMEN,

TOO great a Degree of Mortification oftentimes reduces the Senſes to ſo low an Ebb, that Lunacy attends it, inſtead of a ſedate and ſincere Contrition; and by the late Publick Riots and Murders at *Briſtol*, and elſewhere, we may be allow'd to foreſee and determine what the unhappy Conſequences muſt be, when ſo much Phrenzy and Villany become conjunct and interwoven; or to ſoften the Expreſſion, Madneſs and the Reverſe of Probity in Alliance: Therefore, the Premiſes duly conſider'd, in Compaſſion to you, Gentlemen, and in order to allay the frantick Ebullitions of your Blood, cool your affectionate Zeal for

for the Pretender, and warm you with a becoming grateful Duty and Allegiance to your only rightful and lawful Sovereign King *GEORGE*, the Truths I promulge are ſet to Muſick, to ſooth and lull you into a Calm Temperature, and rational Diſpoſition of Mind, either to work in you, if poſſible, a real Repentance, or give you a juſt Senſe of the Equity of your Sufferings, when you come to be legally puniſh'd for being what you are, *Traytors to your* King *and* Country. But ſhould the immenſe Clemency of our injur'd Monarch ſuffer a few thus to eſcape ſome wholſome juridical Severities, by a National Amneſty, I muſt ſtill recommend *Gambol*, and *Brinſden*, his Deputy, *Hermodactyl*, *Codicil*, *Scammony Frank*, *Indefatigable*, and all thoſe precipitate, hot-headed, drunken Jeſuits, who, like *Bungey*, occaſionally belch out the Danger of the Church, to an eminent uſeful Artiſt and Operator, *Don Hieronimo Diſſectore*, who by curiouſly and keenly dividing a Tendent appertaining to the Jugular in ſome, and by an artful Compreſſure of the ſame in others, obſtructs totally State-Lying and Frauds, which is the contagious Malady, and will be a great Means of ſaving their Souls.

IGNOBLE

The DEDICATION.

IGNOBLE SIRS,

THE following Lyrical Sonnets were chiefly compos'd when the Proſpect of Things was very melancholy, in an Iron Age, fill'd with rude and confus'd Heaps of fatal Contradictions. Real, ſolid, and ineſtimable Merit work'd a Man's Deſtruction, loaded him with Contumelies, falſe and corrupt Suggeſtions, terminating in a cold and ſullen Exile of the moſt Glorious and Succeſsful General, and valuable Subject, and in the illegal, baſe Treatment of the greateſt and only true Patriots; the Vanquiſh'd gain'd upon the Victors; all Motion was retrogreſſive, and Commerce was adjudg'd to be beſt ſupported and enlarg'd by a ſupine and villainous Neglect; a Hemp-Merchant, and *Ruſſian* Miniſter, were appointed Directors of our Traffick, as if we liv'd at the Sign of the *Halter* and *Bear*.

Reparations were deem'd Demolitions; and the not performing in Years, or not at all the very Thing that by National Com-

Compacts and Stipulations (the moſt ſacred Acts humane Nature is capable of, with reſpect to this Life) ſhould have been tranſacted and effectually compleated in Two Months, admitted of no Difference, but was affirm'd one and the ſame.

Poverty attended Peace; the Standard was *a-la-Mode*; the Supporters were *Matthew* the Drawer, and *Arthur* the Footman, or ſpeaking abſtractedly from Heraldry, *Tipple* and *Diſpatch*.

France made a Monopoly of Trade, to ſave us Trouble, and we put him in Poſſeſſion, to aſcertain our Property; our Enemies were preferr'd to mollify and convert them; our Troops disbanded to terrify *Lewis*; our Ships laid up to countenance Navigation, and to ſave our Blood and Treaſure.

He took Poſſeſſion of the leaſt profitable Part of *Newfoundland*, and gave up the moſt, to demonſtrate our great Enmity to Cod's-heads.

Being formal, of independent Principles, and looking dull, to ſavour of Pru-

Prudence, compos'd a premier Miniſtry. Boldneſs, interlarded thick with a ſaucy Arrogancy, compos'd a Second, and paſſed for Wiſdom. Integrity was call'd Folly, and a Love of your Country, an apiſh Fondneſs. Whimſy was termed Knowledge; Buffoonry paſſed for Wit, Sophiſtry for Learning, Lewdneſs for the very Eſſence of an agreeable Converſation; Flattery paſs'd for a civil Politeneſs, and if one told a ſevere Truth, they affirm'd you ill-natur'd and rude; Foppery paſſed for good Breeding, and Gallantry conſiſted in Murder.

Military Men of ſound Merit, and long Service, were depriv'd of their Commiſſions, and no Crimes aſſerted, out of a pretended Regard to their Reputations; Prodigality and Non-payment of Debts, were deemed Bounty and Generoſity; and he was the beſt General that knew the leaſt. Riches, Honours, and Power, denoted Merit and Vertue; and a tender Regard for the Pretender, the ſole Way to render the Proteſtant Succeſſion proſperous. But ſince, maugre all Attempts and Popiſh Deſigns, the *Britiſh* Throne is ſo glo-

gloriously fiill'd, and adorn'd with such Heavenly, and so many Divine, Rightful, and Lawful Branches to succeed, give me Leave to subscribe my self with great Joy,

Your Merry Physician,

PHILOPAT.

Politi-

Political Merriment, &c.

A New BALLAD.

To a new Minuet Tune.

CEſſations of Arms, Fore-runners of Peace, Sir,
Tory Diſcords and Factions for ever ſhall ceaſe, Sir.
The *Hanover* Line, by Right moſt Divine,
Shall ſucceed to the Crown, Sir, and Liberty ſhine.
Halcyon Days we ſhall ſee, then let's merry be,
And Lewis *our Friend* a la facon de Barbarie.

Bright *Oxford* the Juſt, contriv'd the great Scheme, Sir.
Cou'd he ever have touch'd on a more noble Theme, (Sir,
Than to ruin the *Dutch*, who have purloyn'd ſo much,
Enrich'd by the War, and left us in the Lurch?
Halcyon, &c.

Great

Great *M--b*'s Duke neither cou'd nor wou'd fight, Sir,
Succeeded by *Ormond*, to do the Cauſe Right, Sir.
The Empire he ſav'd, and was Maſter of *Spain*,
But the *French* were ſo good, he return'd 'em again.
Halcyon, &c.

The Peace now concluded's attended with Plenty,
All Jarrings ſhall ceaſe now our Purſes are empty:
If *Britains* ſhould want, ſince the *French* have ſo much,
They'll always take care both of us and the *Dutch*.
Halcyon, &c.

A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of *Religion's a Politick Law.*

A Notable Speech lately made,
Where Things were with Honour diſpatch'd,
And the Perſon that ſpoke it is betray'd,
We all know the Place where twas hatch'd:
Since *Round-Heads* declare for the Church,
And bellow out Right moſt Divine,
Old *England* is left in the Lurch,
And adieu to the Proteſtant Line.

Young

Young *Perkin* the Vaſſal of *France*,
And Popiſh Impoſtor of *Britain*,
Reſolves his good Cauſe to advance
By Laws that never were writ on,
Unleſs by ſome vile Popiſh Knaves,
In hopes to grow wealthy and fat,
And of free-born People make Slaves,
Pray *Britons* what think you of that?

We have a noble Footing in *Spain*,
No honeſt Man ought to deſpair,
This Peace we'll boldly maintain,
Tho' our Caſtles are built in the Air:
When a Weaver was told this Story,
He inſtantly fell in a Trance,
And waking, cry'd, damn the *Tories*,
They're all of 'em Friends to *France*.

The Agreement deſign'dly was made,
By giving the *Indies* and *Spain*,
In order to ruin our Trade,
Then how ſhall we catch it again:
Shou'd our Stateſmen but thus go on,
And but make two or three ſuch Trips,
When our Trading's entirely gone,
I'll anſwer their ſelling our Ships.

A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *Gr. vind the Vicar of* Taunton-Dean.

THE *South-Sea* Trade goes on apace,
We ſhall now grow rich of a ſudden,
Tho' it's all for the Knight of the ſpurious Race,
Whom the *Tories* ſwear's a good one:
They've Money now at St. *Germain*'s Store, which *Prior*
Convey'd from *Dover*;
As ſure as a Gun,
They'll bring in the Son,
And baffle the Houſe of *Hanover*.
Tory, Rory, Tories, Jacks, St. George *is the*
Hero you honour.

There's *Arthur Moor* the Jaylor's Son,
Who we know was whelp'd in a Manger,
And from the North of *Ireland* came,
To preſerve our Church from Danger:
In *Monnachon*'s Town he was born and bred, and hir'd
The Ship for *Prior*;
But *Gregg* ſtill the great,
Bamboozles the State,
And *Sophia* is never the nigher.
Tory, Rory, &c.

Great

Great *Marlborough*'s Duke of high Renown,
Who has beat all the Marſhals of *France*, Sir,
For which he is damn'd in our good Town,
And the *Tories* call it Chance, Sir.
He has ſo often mawl'd the *French*,
And undone what we've been doing,
That unleſs he is ſent
To the *Tower* to repent,
He'll prove poor St. *George*'s Ruin.
Tory, *Rory*, &c.

A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of *Who a jolly Fiſherman*, &c.

OF all the late Advances,
That e'er tranſacted were,
Our Trade being given to *France*, is
The Thing makes me deſpair.
Now Traffick's gone,
We left alone,
Alliances all broken,
And Mother-Church
Cries, damn the *Dutch*,
Theſe muſt great Ills betoken.
And who a jolly Engliſhman an Engliſhman *wou'd be*,
Muſt ne'er refrain,
But ſtill complain,
Whilſt Bob *and* France *agree*.

The gallant *Iriſh* Members
In Parliament debate,
T' oppoſe the vile Pretender,
And ſave their drooping State.
What tho' *Con. Phipps*
With Jayls and Whips
Some Proteſtants has worried,
I hear 'tis ſaid,
He'll ſoon be glad,
To *Britain* to be hurry'd.
And who a jolly, &c.

Wou'd *Britons* but remember
The Maſſacres late paſt,
They'd not with Paſſive Tempers
To Ruin tamely haſt,
The Time's now come
The Friends of *Rome*
And *Perkin* few controul, Sir,
They all ſay Maſs,
But he's the Aſs
That tamely gives up all, Sir.
And who a jolly, &c.

A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *The Jovial Beggar.*

IN the H——l at *Greenwich* a pious Prieſt does dwell,
Who drinks to ſwive, and plays to thrive, as many there can tell.
And a Raking we will go, &c.

This Man's a Man of Melody, as well as Chriſtian Labour.
Says *B—y*'s Rib, who burſt his Squib, and taſted of his Tabor.
And a Raking, &c.

No Man is more remarkable for Induſtry and Pains,
And out-does in Civility contented Doctor *R——ns*.
And a Raking, &c.

Thus to prove the Thing affirm'd, and to render it ſtill better.
The Woman, as ſhe went to Church, by chance let drop his Letter.
And a Raking, &c.

Whatever were the Secrets, I never would diſcloſe 'em,
Had he not wiſh'd the honeſt Man a Place in *Abraham*'s Boſom.
And a Raking, &c.

To shew his moral Vertues and Enmity to Vice,
The better Day, the better Deed, on Sundays plays at Dice.
And a Raking, &c.

He with Pretence of Honesty declar'd himself a Whig,
But renouncing of his Principles, is dwindled to a Prigg.
And a Raking, &c.

Shou'd any one but doubt the Truth of what's here said?
To prove it *S—bs*, *M—k*, *Cr—p*, and *S—p*, with *Cr—ty*, will be glad.
And a Raking, &c.

A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *Hanover, Hanover, fast as you can over,* &c.

OUR Laws and our Commerce seem to be sinking,
France gains Advantages every Day,
State-Tricksters cabal, and daily are thinking,
Britain to *Bourbon* how to convey.
Hanover, Hanover, *quickly advance, Sir,*
Defy the Pretender, and Tyrant of France, *Sir.*
Rush forth with Glory, arm'd without Fear, Sir,
Legions are for you, and they'll appear.

Al-

Alliances broke, our beſt Friends ill treated,
Falſe to the Treaties we've made with the *Dutch*;
Yet, Great Sir, believe you'll not be deceiv'd,
Tho' the Treaſon is form'd by the Snakes of the Church.
Hanover, &c.

There's *Hamet* of old, by teaching a Pigeon,
Of Prieſtcraft and Power dy'd greatly poſſeſs'd;
Ee'r ſince we deſpiſe the Cry of Religion,
Politick Piety is always a Jeſt.
Hanover, &c.

A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of *I'll get me a Winding-Sheet, and down to the Shades below.*

GOOD People draw nigh and give ear
To a Ditty moſt doleful God wot,
The Truth on't you never need fear,
'Tis a damnable Proteſtant Plot.
Large Countries late given to *Lewis*,
Are owing to *Marlbro*'s Duke,
For of nothing comes nothing moſt true is,
Unleſs he thoſe Places firſt took.

Our Stateſmen religious and wiſe,
That never take Trouble in vain,
Baſe Lucre are known to deſpiſe,
Pray witneſs the *Indies* and *Spain*:

Their

Their Care is our Trade and Encreaſe,
With many more Bleſſings in Store,
And procur'd us a plentiful Peace
By the Help of *Matt. Prior* and *Moore.*

Their Breeding's not homely and dull,
But Frenchify'd, Civil and Foreign,
Which all Men may know if they will,
Either here, or in *France*, or in *Lorrain.*
The *Hanover* Houſe is ſecur'd,
Elector be eaſy d'ye ſee,
'Tis for your dear ſake we're aſſur'd
That *Britain* and *Bourbon* agree.

A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of *The Ordinance-Board.*

SInce *Marlborough*'s gone,
Our Joys are all flown,
And the Doctor, damn'd Doctor, baſe Doctor,
Vile Doctor, determines our Fate, Sir;
We are undone with his Phyſick,
Britain's Trade has the Phthyſick,
Then beware Boys, have a Care Boys, huzza,
Beware Boys, before 'tis too late, Sir.

The Tyrant of *France*,
He led ſuch a Dance,
And ſo often, ſo often, ſo often, ſo often did
Thwack all his Marſhals;

Yet

Yet to make our ſelves a Jeſt,
Lewis ſaid it, and he muſt,
He is baniſh'd, he is baniſh'd, he is baniſh'd;
He is baniſh'd by *Robin* the Raſcal.

The Grand *South-Sea* Whim
Is a Politick Ginn,
To make *Britains*, dear *Britains*, poor *Britains*,
Bold *Britains*, raiſe Millions for nought, Sir.
The Bills then that went,
Were at Thirty *per* Cent.
We pay Hundreds, we pay Hundreds, we pay Hundreds,
We pay Hundreds for Seventies bought, Sir.

The Grazier can tell,
And we know it full well,
Gave but Seventy, but Seventy, but Seventy, but
Seventy Pounds worth of Beef, Sir.
For a Victualling Bill,
Be it call'd what you will,
The Projector, the Projector, the Projector, the
Projector of *South-Sea*'s a Thief, Sir.

France gave him a Whet,
Bob ſtarted this Debt,
To reduce us, reduce us, reduce us, reduce us,
Still more than the War, Sir.
Nor can there be Plenty
With the Trade he has lent you,
Since *Lewis*, his *Lewis*, Friend *Lewis*, ſince *Lewis*
Outdoes us by far, Sir.

A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *There's rare Doings at* Bath, *&c.*

PLump *Corby* and *Abigal* Rome to advance,
There's rare Doings in Town.
Swigg to the P——r and Tyrant of *France*,
There's rare Doings in Town,
And drink nought but Sherry and Proteſtant Nantz,
There's rare Doings in Town.

Old *Britain*, Dear *Britain*, I fear thou'rt loſt,
Tho' Millions of Money and Lives thou haſt coſt;
He or ſhe's the beſt Subject that tipples the moſt.
There's, &c.

Adieu and farewel moſt illuſtrious *Hanover*,
Th' Ambaſſador *Lewis* did lately ſend over,
Told us *Perkin* would come with an Action of *Trover*.
There's, &c.

Bright *Cowper* and *Somers*, both ſober and wiſe,
Lewd *Harry* and *Ha—ly* are known to deſpiſe,
Their Vice gives 'em Merit in Some-body's Eyes.
There's, &c.

State *Tories* and Prieſts conſpire our Fall,
The Cry of the Church ſerves like the Jackall
To the Lion, when *Perkin* is pleas'd to call.
There's, &c.

Laws,

Laws, Liberty, Goſpel he ſoon will devour,
And Cage our good Biſhops once more in the *Tower*,
Poor *Britain* thou'rt gone from that very Hour.
There's, &c.

Oh *Britains*, dear *Britains*, I mean you no ill,
Of *Tory* Devices you'll ſoon have your Fill,
And they'll give you away by the Dint of a Will.
There's, &c.

It's all come to Nought that Great *Naſſau* did,
Such People are fit for a Slabbering-bib,
That by *Tories* and Prieſts will be thus boſſily rid,
There's, &c.

A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *Next came my Lord Sands*, &c.

ON Sundays at One,
I tell thee dear *Tom*,
At *Daniel's* the *Globe* in *Mile-End*,
Is Beef in great plenty,
The Bowl never empty,
Adorn'd with a Circle of Friends,
Adorn'd with a Circle of Friends.

Jolly

Jolly Swankies a Pair,
With *Arthur* moſt rare,
Adorers of Tipple Divine,
Who always remember,
To damn the Pretender.
And drink to the Proteſtant Line.
And drink, &c.

For the Queen we will fight
By Day and by Night,
For *Hanover* and their Adherents;
And thoſe that won't do it,
We damn Branch and Root,
Even *Lewis* the Devil's Vicegerent.
Even, &c.

Our Treaſurer's good,
Not of Puritan Blood,
Drinks and pays with a Spirit moſt hearty:
Once more to the Queen,
Fill up to the Brim,
And confound *Patrick Lawleſs*'s Party.
And, &c.

Bright *Cowper* and *Somers*,
We drink in full Bumpers,
With all other Healths that are fitting;
Yet we care not a Turd
For a Dozen of Lords,
When they're dignify'd all at a Sitting,
When, &c.

A New BALLAD.

To a new Tune.

A Junto of Statesmen were late met together,
Lewd *Harry* and *Robin*, *Matt. Simon* and *Moore*,
With a sanctify'd Bishop, all Birds of a Feather,
Declaring for *Perkin*, that Son of a Whore:
Bob smil'd, and embrac'd Lord *Simon* the Blind,
By G—d, swears the Prelate, that's wondrous kind;
Plump Nancy *delighted, was heard then to sing,*
And all the Day long,
She mumbl'd this Song,
My Jemmy, *dear* Jemmy, *I tell thee dear* Jemmy,
thou shalt be a King.

From *Spain* and from *Paris* came Pistoles in Plenty,
To purchase a Peace, and quite ruin our Trade;
Duke *D' Aumont*, *Gregg*'s Master, who *L—s* late sent you,
Was Stallion to *Abigal*, *Nan*'s Fav'rite Maid,
He hugg'd her, and tugg'd her, both fell in a Trance,
And waking, call'd out for a Bumper of *Nantz*,
Plump Nancy *delighted*, &c.

Great *Marlbro'* baniſh'd, our Forces disbanded,
To open the Way for the Traytor to come,
Theſe Stateſmen all wiſhing th' Impoſtor but landed,
And *Britain* ſecur'd as a Province of *Rome*;
The Whigs all diveſted of Places of Truſt,
And Glorious King *George* ridicul'd as a Jeſt.
Plump Nancy *delighted*, &c.

A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *Oh* London *is a fine Town.*

THE World's a frantick Whimſy, and *B—n* is a Farce,
Where Papiſts, Jacks, and Harlequins, adore young Perkin's Arſe:
God bleſs our Glorious Queen I pray, and may ſhe happy live,
But not let *F——ce* bear all the Sway, and *B——n's* due receive.

Oh B——n, *Soul of Liberty, Rich, Great, and Glorious Land,*
Unleſs ſome ſell thy Property, that Bourbon *may Command.*

There is a Royal Ball deſign'd, the Fav'rite Sport of *France*,
Where *Han——r's* a Looker on, and *P——n* leads the Dance:

All

All this proceeds from truckling to that Man we ought to hate,
And using ill Great *Marlborough*, who all his Bullies beat.
Oh, &c.

But who can be so rude our Statesmen to upbraid,
Who made the Peace to give us Ease, and best secure our Trade;
Our Woollen Trade t' advance, and prove at what they aim,
The whole they've late convey'd to F——ce, with the *Indies* and *Old Spain*.
Oh, &c.

What tho' our Trading's lost and gone, we are a happy Nation,
The Maids no more shall lose the Men, pretending Navigation:
And if our Statesmen Pleasure take, and make a few small Slips,
They save our Blood and Treasure too, in saving of our Ships.
Oh, &c.

The Devil and the Pope, with *Perkin* in Procession,
March'd thro' our loyal City for to receive Confession;
But step'd old Popish *Withers*, a married Knight I trow,
And of three Drummers took the right, sing Cuckolds all arow.
Oh, &c.

These Drummers were committed, deny it then who can,
For beating up Sedition by sound of Warming-Pan:
And thus I hope I have prov'd that *B——n* is a Farce,
It being the very Warming-Pan imprison'd *P—n*'s Arse.
Oh, &c.

But ev'ry gallant Subject act like an honest Man,
And *B——ns* will be happy still, let Rogues do all they can:
Good Men ought to exert, and show their just Resentment,
Since Trickster's *Bob* the State does rob, that shuffling Independent.
Oh, &c.

A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *Oh* Simkin *thou'dst better been starv'd at Nurse, than be hang'd at* Tyburn *for taking a Purse.*

ALL honest brave *Britons* attend and give ear,
To a Ditty most dismal and doleful God wot,
The dire Effects of it daily appear,
By *Prior* and *Moore*, 'twill ne'er be forgot:
We've lost our Queen *Ann*, with *Robin* her Man,
Lewd *Harry* and *Brinsden*, with Lady *M——m*.
Oh Perkin we bid thee for ever adieu,
For in loosing of them, we have also lost you.

Since

Since *Marlbro*'s Duke is come over again,
Our Troubles encreaſe to the greateſt Degree,
And Glorious King *George* is croſſing the Main,
Oh what will become of ſuch *Tories* as we:
Our Trading's quite gone, the People undone,
And for fear of an Halter away let us run.
Sure Greggſters *did never fall in ſuch Diſaſter,*
To loſe their Employs for ſerving their Maſter.

Our Army reduc'd, and our Ships all at home,
Unmann'd and unrigg'd for *Britain*'s Defence,
Good God who'll believe it for Ages to come,
A People juſt ruin'd, and Church the Pretence,
A Peace lately made, our Welfare betray'd,
Had not the Succeſſion come into our Aid.
Sure Greggſters, *&c.*

Confound all the Papiſts thoſe vile Sons of *Babel*,
And Proteſtant Jacks, much the worſt of the two,
Right He-re-di-ta-ry and in-de-fea-za-ble,
With *Lawleſs* and *Leſley*, and all the damn'd Crew;
We ſure ne'er can fail now we have loſt *Abigal*,
Of good wholſome Laws, and a Tub of good Ale.
Sure Greggſters, *&c.*

Here's a Health to King *George*, put the Bumper about,
May Heaven protect him ſafe home to our Shoar,
To *Churchill* the Gallant, who Monſieur did rout,
And beat all his bullying Marſhals of War:
They ne'er can forgive this *Marlbro*'s Duke
The Battles he has won, and the Towns he has took;
Then doom all the Papiſts, Nonjurors and Jacks.
To the Twitch of an Halter, and Stroke of an Ax.

A New BALLAD.

To a new Tune.

HERE's a Health to the Queen, Boys, about let it paſs,
To the Church and the Laws fill up ev'ry Glaſs;
Confuſion to *Perkin*, and all his curs'd Friends,
That the Blood-hounds of *France* and *Rome* mayn't gain their Ends:
Adore the Brave, and deſpiſe a Slave,
To Idolatry and Maſſacres then let's prefer a Grave;
For how can we ſo ſtupid be to loſe our Right Divine,
And give up our Acts of Settlement in th' *Hanoverian* Line.

Here's a Health to the People, Succeſs to our Trade,
When our Purſes are full, then our Hearts are moſt glad,
As the giving away both th' *Indies* and *Spain*,
Gives us Trouble in Mind, and much bodily Pain:
Yet don't repine, ſhould Rogues combine,
Tapſter *Mat.* and *Hal.* from *France* has brought us humming Wine;
Then how can we deceived be, ſince *Lewis* is our Friend,
Who with *bona fide* to the Way has put a pious End.

A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *Wou'd you have a young Virgin of Fifteen Years*, &c.

STAFF Mitre and Purſe made a damnable rout,
But we all know the Treaſon it happen'd about,
'Twas who'd have the Honour of keeping, keeping
Keeping the *Hanover* Family out.
State Gameſters, the Shamſter would make their King
Thus warring and jarring, they kill'd the Queen;
For Money, and Rings too,
And other fine Things too,
Boy *Harry* told *Perkin* they'd bring him in.

The Staff, with a ruddy carbunculous Face,
The Purſe, with a Head like that of a Baſe,
The Mitre, Pert Fellow, who wou'd be, wou'd be, very fain
Wou'd be ador'd as his Grace.
Boy *Harry*, Page *Went—h*, and *Ben—n* of *York*,
With an *Iriſh* dear Joy, the Prelate of *Cork*,
Drink utter Confuſion
To the *Revolution*,
And curſe good King *William* abundantly for't.

The Countries we conquer'd in Twenty Years Time,
Won with Rivers of Blood, and Millions of Coin,
Were given to *Lewis*, whilſt *Britons*, *Britons*,
Jolly brave *Britons* had Cauſe to repine.
The Prieſts and State *Tories* gave *Perkin* the Handle,
And damn'd the Succeſſion by Bell, Book and Candle,
Our Commerce and Trading
Was every Day fading,
And all our Allies bully'd into the Brangle.

But thanks to kind Heaven our Monarch is come,
The Glorious Oppoſer of Tyrants and *Rome*,
Surrounded with Millions, and Millions, Millions,
Arm'd Cap-a-pee at the Beat of a Drum.
Shou'd *Lewis* dare do, as he has done before,
Great *Churchill* and *Ruſſel* ſhall bang him once more,
And make up his Beatings,
For all his Sham Treatings,
In Number exact, and compleatly a Score.

Then rail on vile Prieſts and Jacobite Crew,
By Halters we'll ſoon give the Devil his Due,
And to make up his Quota, with Hatchets, Hatchets,
Dainty Keen Hatchets we'll tickle a few.
Then Codſheads will ſell at an eaſy Rate,
Whilſt Breaſts, Backs and Buttocks adorn the Gates;
So with Plenty and Peace,
We ſhall live at our Eaſe,
And Glorious King *George* ever rule the State.

A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *To you fair Maidens now on Shore*, &c.

THE Duke of *Cambridge*, whom God bleſs,
Comes in the Nick of Time;
And *O——d* ev'ry Day grows leſs
In Grandeur, not in Crime:
While others Ruin he debates,
His Head ſhall crown the City Gates.
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la!

Or ſince his fav'rite *South-Sea-Trade*
He would pretend to love;
We'll thither ſend the wiſe Lord's Head,
Their Projects to improve:
And when he's once remov'd ſo far,
Who doubts the Stock will be at Par?
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la.

Friend *Harry* next we would advance
To ſome unlucky Hap:
I think we'll ſend him back to *France*,
To get another Clap.
And however bitter be the Pill,
He'll take it, if 'tis gilded well;
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la.

For

For P——, who has nor Law, nor Senſe;
But ſhew'd in *Dublin* Town,
That there was *Engliſh* Impudence
Far greater than their own.
To the wild *Iriſh* let him fly,
And be one of their Miniſtry.
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la.

But let all Proteſtants combine
Againſt a Baſtard Race:
Bring in the *Hanoverian* Line,
And ſlaviſh Jacks diſgrace.
And ſend the preſent M——y
To ſing out, *Heigh Boys up go we.*
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la

A HEALTH *to be ſung and drank by all honeſt* Britons, *upon the Arrival of his Sacred Majeſty King* GEORGE, *and his* ROYAL HIGHNESS *the Prince, at* Greenwich, *and forever after. Moſt humbly offer'd to the Conſideration of*

Oxford,
Bolingbroke,
Stafford,
D' Aumont, &c.
Codicill.
Peers.

Briſden,
Oldſworth,
Roper,
De Foe,
Lawleſs,
Prior,
Gregg, &c.
Moore,
Commoners.

Swift,
Sacheverell,
Welton,
Parnell,
Higgins,
Bedford,
Hicks,
Leſley,
Gautier,
Trap, cum multis aliis,
Reverend Clergymen,
Dignify'd, and greatly Diſtinguiſh'd.

To the Tune of, *Fye Soldiers, Fye, why ſo melancholy Boys.*

OUR Glorious Monarch's come,
Let's drink his Health around, Boys,
In ſpite of *France* and *Rome*,
Guns, Drums, and Trumpets ſound.

With

With bended Knees
Give Thanks to him that ſent him, Boys,
Thrice happy we.
Down, *Tories*, Down,
Thoſe Vipers wou'd prevent him, Boys,
May he confound.
A Brother, 'tis the Prince,
Then fill it to the Brim, Boys,
And who's the Man dares flinch,
When flinching is a Sin.
'Tis noble Wine,
Made Glorious by the Toaſts, Boys,
Great and Divine;
'Tis the right Line.
Let us carouze, and boaſt, Boys,
Whilſt Rogues repine.

A New BALLAD.

To a new Tune.

I write to you, bold *Britons*, concerning the Heaven-Driver,
How the Ladies of the Town
Rove up and down,
For *Sacheverell* the ſtinking Sw—r;
Sacheverell, *Sacheverell*, *Sacheverell*, the ſtinking Sw—r.

Great

Great *Marlbro's* now forgot, Sir, *Jack Tory* hates his Name,
And his beating of the *French*,
Has given ſuch Offence,
That *Sacheverell*, *Sacheverell*, *Sacheverell* is ſtill the ſame.
Sacheverell, *Sacheverell*, *Sacheverell is ſtill the ſame.*

Brave Tars are now deſpis'd, Sir, *La Houghe* they can't forget,
When we burnt the *Royal Sun*,
The *Pretender* was undone,
And *Sacheverell* can't help him yet, &c.

The Treaſurer pays ſo well, Sir, to the Army nothing's due,
The Cry of the Church,
Can only do the Work,
And *Sacheverell* the Game purſue, &c.

Contriving *Greggſters* ſtruggle to bring about th' Affair,
Succeſſion's a Story,
Damn'd by Ev'ry *Tory*,
And *Sacheverell* knows the Heir, &c.

God bleſs our Glorious Queen, Sir, and may ſhe ne'er be ill;
For by Bolus, or Drink,
They'll do the Work, they think,
And *Sacheverell's* to make her Will;
Sacheverell, *Sacheverell*, *Sacheverell's to make her Will.*

A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *Damn Money, Plague on you,* &c.

VILE Tricksters and *Greggsters* late hurried and worried the *Whigs* of *Great Britain,*
State Drivellers such Whifflers in Story sure never were writ on:
The *Tow'r,* blest Hour, such Holidays soon will provide us,
That *Simon, Hall. Scammony, Bungey* and *Bob, Moore,* shant' ride us.

Great Prince have a care, and beware how you trust to such Tykes for the future,
They love the *Pretender,* tho' now they pretend to stand neuter:
They'll rally and sally, betray you whenever they can Sir,
Monoculus rates off his Hounds, but is still the same Man, Sir.

Bright *Hallifax, Cowper* and *Somers,* in Bumpers we always begin, Sir,
With *Churchill* and *Russel,* all Heroes for bringing you in, Sir:
Knees bent, and Swords drawn, kind Heaven we pray to preserve you,
We are jolly, damn Folly, drink Church, in spite of the Clergy.

FINIS.

Political Merriment.

PART II.

The Glorious Year. By *J. P.*

To the Tune of, *Now, now comes on the glorious Year.*

NOW, now is come the Glorious Year,
When State-Betrayers only fear,
And *Britain's* Sons in Smiles appear,
While boundleſs Bleſſings wait her:
For Royal *GEORGE* is on the Throne,
Before the Nation's quite undone;
Then, Lads, where-e'er you ſee a Frown,
Beſure you ſee a Traytor.

Not that a ſmiling Aſpect can
For certain prove an honeſt Man,
Since thoſe have Looks at moſt Command

Who act the vileſt Part ſtill.
Did not L. *Ox—d* ſmooth his Face,
And laugh, as if in no Diſgrace;
Yet believe me, Friend, 'tis all Grimace,
To keep the Foe in Heart ſtill.

Nay, with deſign to play this Game,
The baffled Wretch to *Greenwich* came,
(As if out of place, ſo free from Blame;)
But let no *Briton* wonder:
For Fate its Orders thus has laid,
Whom it deſtroys, it firſt makes mad,
Or a vile Blaſphemer never had
Thus fac'd the rowling Thunder.

His Friends indeed believ'd the Cheat;
And fancy'd ſtill to keep their State,
As if a King would make them great,
Who wiſh'd him never able:
Or was it Satyr-like deſign'd
To intimate the Monarch blind,
Not wiſely knowing Foe from Friend,
Like Doctor *Bungey*'s Rabble.

But he has took away the Doubt,
For *Townſhend*'s in and *Gambol* out,
And the whole *French* Party's put to rout
By a Hand that Right diſpenſes.
Nor paſt in Silence let it be,
That Juſtice now once more can ſee,
And in Concluſion, happily
We all may find five Senſes.

Now let all honeſt *Britons* join,
And drink with grateful Hearts, as mine,
To him who form'd the great Deſign,
And ſav'd us by his Merit.
But who's this mighty, mighty he,
Name *Hallifax*, and I'll agree,
Who favour has found in our Deity,
And been our Guardian Spirit.

A Health to all, whom of his Grace,
The King has choſe to put in place,
To ſave *Britannia* and her Race,
From Dangers that beſet her:
Thoſe that were in, did act ſo ill,
To change for worſe required Skill;
But *GEORGE* has made it harder ſtill
To change theſe for the better.

An Excellent New BALLAD.

1.

NOW, *Britain*, now hold up thy Head,
Thy Foes are in Diſgrace;
And *Harry*, who not long ſince ſaid,
No Whig ſhould keep his Place,
May ſigh and ſob, and follow *Bob*,
Well dreading what's to come;
French Wine he lov'd, but always mov'd
Againſt good *Brunſwick* Mum.

2.

But we're convinc'd by our late Peace,
There's Poiſon in *French* Wine,
We ſaw our ſelves in deſperate Caſe,
And all our Strength decline.
But Heaven ſent for to prevent
Thoſe Ills that were to come:
And ſhow'd our Cure was only ſure
In good right *Brunſwick* Mum.

3.

Now this ſpruce Liquor will revive
Our Merchant's drooping Hearts,
And make our Manufactures thrive
Abroad in Foreign Parts.
The Parliament with one Conſent
Shall every Trickſter doom:
For *Bourbon's* Pay no more can ſway,
Since we drink *Brunſwick* Mum.

4.

The Popiſh Prieſts *Te Deum* ſing.
For the young Chevalier:
Tho' *Lewis* ſhould proclaim him King,
Yet we need nothing fear.
His Friends are out, then who can doubt
Of happy Times to come:
For Conquering *JOHN*, to *France* well known,
Drinks deep of *Brunſwick* Mum.

5.

The *Catalans* will be relieved,
Who fight for Liberty:
Their Fate, long, honeſt Men has griev'd,
But could not ſet them free:
Bob and *Harry* made all miſcarry,
Who for Relief did come;
For *French* Piſtoles had brib'd their Souls
To baniſh *Brunſwick* Mum.

6.

The Jacobite poor ſcribling Crew,
Who wrote for the Pretender;
The *Monitor* and *Abel* too
Their Penſions muſt ſurrender.
Th' *Examiner*'s Care no more ſhall dare
To threaten what's to come;
For to aſſwage their Popiſh Rage,
We'll give them *Brunſwick* Mum.

7.

Now, now, true Proteſtants rejoice,
Stand by your Laws and King,
Now you've proclaim'd the Nation's Choice,
Let traiterous Rebels ſwing:
Let Royal *George*, the Papiſts ſcourge,
To *England* quickly come:
His Health till then, let honeſt Men,
Drink all in *Brunſwick* Mum.

The German Doctor's *Cure for all Diſeaſes.*

WElcome brave Monarch to this happy Iſle,
On us at length the Gods propitious ſmile.
Long have we groan'd beneath unequal Weight,
While Rage the Church, and Falſhood rul'd the State:
'Till your appearing like the Sun's bright Rays,
Diſpers'd the Clouds which threaten'd future Days.
A Serpent the firſt Female did deceive,
Curs'd was the Race for one deluded *Eve*:
A no leſs ſubtle Viper in our Land,
Cou'd blaſt the Nation by one Female Hand.
When Dragons firſt the Britiſh Soil diſtreſs'd,
By fam'd St. *George* the Monſters were ſuppreſs'd.
From thee the Realm does like Protection claim,
Who ſhare his Vertues, as you bear his Name.
No Medicine's ſurer than a Viper's Head,
To heal thoſe Wounds the Beaſt himſelf has made.
So *Iſraelites* in Deſerts when devour'd,
Hung up a Serpent, and by that were cur'd.
Then eaſe thy Subjects by a Juſtice due,
Be their Great King and Great Phyſician too:
Expel the Poiſon, and their Senſe reſtore,
Hang the State Vipers, and we ask no more.

A New Ballad, call'd the Greenwich *Hunting-Match.*

To the Tune of *Chevy-Chaſe.*

GOD proſper long our noble KING,
And ſend him quickly o'er;
And alſo keep young *Chevalier*,
Still on the other Shore.
And thou *Apollo*, God of Wit,
Inſpire me in this Caſe,
Teach thou my Muſe for to deſcribe
A matchleſs hunting Chaſe.
Lurcher had ſingled out the Doe,
In *Drury-Hundreds* bred;
From thence to *Greenwich* Town remov'd,
And for the Sport there fed.
Mean while at Court Lord *Gambol* ſtay'd,
Serving the Church contrary;
Where he new Schemes with *Wildfire* laid,
To bring in *Ave Mare.*
In three ſhort Weeks, or thereabouts,
They wou'd have done it ſurely:
All honeſt Men had been turn'd out,
And *James* brought in moſt purely.
But Pleaſure that bewitching Ill,
Oft makes great Things miſcarry:

So did it here with *Wildfire Will*,
And eke with wiſe Lord *Harry:*
To drive the Doe in *Greenwich-Park*,
Theſe Stateſmen took their way:
Oh *Perkin* thou haſt Cauſe to rue
The Hunting of that Day.
For Fate that boded thee no Good,
To *Brunſwick* did encline,
And gave a Staff when they were gone,
Which ſpoil'd their cloſe Deſign.
This hunting Match, as ſome do ſay,
Was in the Month of *July*,
Theſe Heroes doft their Garments gay,
Out of good Manners truly:
Becauſe the Doe ſtark naked ran,
Naked as ſhe was born,
To take the Advantage of their Cloaths,
They held it muckle Scorn.
Thus ran theſe fierce two Footed Hounds,
Than thoſe of four more fell,
And with full Cry purſu'd the Doe,
As Fame doth loudly tell.
Brisk *Gambol* was the prettieſt Dog,
For Speed, and eke for Hollow,
And many a Mile upon the Scent,
He eagerly did follow.
But when the panting Doe lay down,
Yielding her ſelf his Prey:

Unable he the Chaſe to Crown,
Another took the Say.
O *Gambol* change this Courſe of Life;
No more be lewd, and teaze:
Go Home, drink Tea with thy own Wife,
Thou'ſt loſt the Power to pleaſe.

Advice to the Tories: A Ballad.

By a Friend to the German Doctor.

TO you, ye Tories, I addreſs
This charitable Ditty,
Intending not in your Diſtreſs
To aim at being witty:

For ſurely it was wondrous hard,
When things were near compleated,
To have your Schemes untimely marr'd,
And every Hope defeated.

I only would adviſe you now
Sincerely to repent,
And, if you pleaſe, inſtruct you how
You may Diſgrace prevent.

Firſt, *Hermodactyl*, of high Fame,
Muſt freely be given up
To that which has the faireſt Claim,
The Scaffold, or the Rope;

For by the Peace which he advis'd
For ſake of Lewi'dore,
Abroad he made us be deſpis'd,
At Home, ſtark mad, and poor.

Let *Codicil* his Fate too ſhare,
For without much divining,
One need not ſcruple to declare
He had a Hand in ſigning.

He favour'd here the Popiſh Fry,
Wherefore to make Squares even,
Some Jeſuit may, when he's to dye,
Give him a Paſs to Heaven.

And that the Stage may ne'er again
With Quack'ry be perplex'd,
Leud *Gambol* in the Jug'lar Vein
Shou'd bleed a little next.

Or, ſince this, as ſevere, I know,
By ſome will be oppos'd,
Let him in his Seraglio
At *Greenwich* be enclos'd.

Where, with his Man *Will Wildfire*, freed
From National Inſpections,
He may apply to, and ſucceed
In Maidenhead Diſſections.

Without Delay to *Tyburn* ſend
Hibernian Atty Brogue,

For there's no other way to mend
The incorrigible Rogue:

But leſt thoſe Treaties be forgot
Which to his Skill we owe,
Their Hiſtory may beſt be wrote
By his truſty Scribe *De Foe.*

Matt. Rummer muſt proceed no more
On Foreign Negociations,
But ſerve hereafter as a Draw'r
In Wine Adulterations.

Sir *Con.* from *Dublin* may repair
To Native Town of *Reading,*
And ſeek for Shelter at the *Bear,*
The Houſe which he was bred in:

For ſoon the Commons of that Iſle
Impeachments will determine,
So very happy is the Soil,
It kills all baneful Vermin.

Sage C————*n,* *Sh*————*n,* and their Friend,
The Loyal Windſor 'Squire,
May, ſince their Hopes are at an End,
To *Bar-le-duc* retire.

When theſe Things happen, *Britons* true
Will praiſe the glorious Times
Which to Deſert give what's its Due,
And Puniſhment to Crimes.

The Jackiſh Crew ſhall then deplore
These Champions in Diſgrace,
Who, when in Power ſtrove to bring o'er,
The Knight of ſpurious Race.

Bungey, the Tow'ring High-Church Pope
Shall in his Pulpit rant,
Good *Peter Brickduſt* Hob-Nails grope,
And *Zechariah* cant.

An Excellent New Ballad, called, Illuſtrious George *ſhall come.*

To the Tune of, *The King ſhall enjoy his own again.*

1.

THO' *Britain* on to Ruin runs,
And all that's Faithful to Her ſhuns;
Yet Providence, that's ever kind,
Has ſtill a Bleſſing left behind;
Then Friends hearken well
To what I ſhall tell:
I'll do't altho' Superiours frown:
Before many Years do end,
The Times will amend,
And George *at laſt ſhall wear the Crown.*

2. Let

2.

Let *Jacks* and *Tories* rave and rant
About the Church and ſuch like Cant,
Their Kings and Queens may Idolize,
And teach them how to tyrannize:
But we our Property
Will maintain, and Liberty,
And all ſhall ſtill enjoy their own;
So you may plainly ſee
How happy we ſhall be,
When George *at laſt does wear the Crown.*

3.

Altho' Addreſſes up were brought,
And all were well receiv'd at Court,
In their Hereditary Right
They aſſert with all their Force and Might:
Yet never deſpair,
The Time's drawing near,
They all ſuch Aſſertions will diſown;
Tho' the Court runs ſo High,
Yet their Ruin is nigh,
For George *at laſt ſhall wear the Crown.*

4.

'Tis true, our General's diſgrac'd,
And all our Miniſtry diſplac'd,
Our Friends forſook and Credit loſt,
And *Spain*, tho' Millions it has coſt:

But our Great Houſe of Lords
Some Hopes ſtill affords,
They'll *Tory* Meaſures tumble down;
And * Propheſies of old * *Nixon.*
Has always foretold,
That George *at laſt ſhall wear the Crown.*

5.

Now *Robin* rules without Controul,
And makes the Commons but his Tool,
Yet his Attempts ſhall be in vain;
For *James* the Third ſhall never reign,
The Nation he betrays,
For which *France* pays,
But we his Treachery diſown;
And ſhall live to ſee the Day,
His Head ſhall for it pay,
When George *comes o'er to wear the Crown.*

6.

Tho' Fighting's grown quite out of Date,
And Peace is got at any rate,
And *France*'s become our High Ally,
Which once was fam'd for Treachery;
O, whither can it tend,
To truſt to ſuch a Friend:
'Tis Proof they all are Frantick grown,
They certainly miſtake,
Wrong Treaties now they make,
For George *at laſt ſhall wear the Crown.*

7. Then

7.

Then let us all united be,
And ever Friends to Liberty,
A chearful Glaſs will glad the Soul,
To *George*'s Health fill up the Bowl,
And may he ever be
Bleſt with Proſperity,
May Fortune on him never frown;
And let us ever pray
For that Glorious Day,
When George *the Great ſhall wear the Crown.*

The Firſt PSALM.

1.

THE Man is bleſt that hath not lent
To *French* Piſtoles his Ear:
Nor rais'd himſelf as Traytors do,
Nor ſat in Trickſters Chair.

2.

But in the Laws of *Old England*
Doth ſet his whole Delight:
And for thoſe Laws doth exerciſe
Himſelf both Day and Night.

3.

He ſhall be like the Tree that grows
Faſt by the River-ſide:

Which bears the fierceſt Storm that blows
And ſcorns the roughest Tide.

4.

Whoſe Leaf ſhall never fade nor fall,
But flouriſh ſtill and ſtand:
E'er ſo the Cauſe ſhall proſper well,
This *Patriot* takes in Hand.

5.

So ſhall not the Pretender's Crew;
They ſhall be nothing ſo:
But as the Duſt which from the Earth
The Wind drives to and fro.

6.

Therefore ſhall not the *Jacobites*
In Judgment ſtand upright:
Nor *Papiſts* with *Proteſtants*
Come into Place and Sight.

7.

For why the Friends of *Hanover*
At *Weſtminſter* are known:
And eke all Schemes at *Bar-le-duc*
Shall quite be overthrown.

The Rare Show.

HEre be de var Pretty Show juſt come from *Parrie*,
Mee ſhow you, Shentlemans, to make you merry!
O rare Show, O var pretty Show, who ſee my fine (dainty Show.

Here be de great Spring dat dance de Maſhien,
On which de Lo-dores be moſt plainly ſeen;
O rare Show, &c.

Here firſt me preſent you with a Diſmal Diſaſter,
De Sarvant be hanged for ſaving his Maſter;
O rare Show, &c.

Here be de Great *Marlbro'*, whom all de World knows,
Was baniſt for ſaucily beating his Foes;
O rare Show, &c.

Here be de Great *Or——d*, made Gen——l in Seaſon
Prohibited Fighting to bring *F——ce* to Reaſon;
O rare Show, &c.

Here *B——tt——n* with Sacred Regard to Alliance,
Breaks Treaties to ſtrengthen de Bond of Affiance;
O rare Show, &c.

Here be de var vine Politicians diſpatched
To *Paris*, to treat of a P——ce da dar hatched;
O rare Show, &c.

Here be de Congraſe at Utrick var noting is brouded,
De Plenipo's meet to do vat is concluded;
O rare Show, &c.

Here be de no dar more Pretty Tranſaction,
To give *Lewis* all, gives Allies Satisfaction;
O rare-Show, &c.

Here be de Politique Harlinquine, mind him,
You never ſhall twice in de ſame Poſture find him;
O rare Show, &c.

Here be de Addreſſors to de Trone of Great *B—tt—n*
Say Here-da-tory Write will make *Hanover* ſit on;
O rare Show, &c.

Here be de good Proteſtante dat loves no Prieſt Jerkin,
To ſave his Religion looks to *Lewis* or *Perkin*;
O rare Show, &c.

Here be de wiſe Politicians dat ſed it,
Dat ſinking of Debts was reſtoring of Credit;
O rare Show, &c.

Here to preſerve de Conſultation of *B——tt——n*,
A whole Dozein of Lords was made at one ſitting;
O rare Show, &c.

Here be de Cabal of Whigs dat are brought on,
A hatching a Plot dat no Soul ever thought on;
O rare Show, &c.

Here be de fifty Pounds for one of *Paul's* Screws;
Which had da been all gone, had nere hurt de Pews;
O rare Show, &c.

Here

Here be de Five Hundred Pounds for taking *Mac Cartney*,
Dis muſt be anodar Plot de Rewards bid ſo hearty ;
O rare Show, &c.

Here be de Bandbox and Inkhorns, ſince de good Man ſurviv'd it,
Dis not wort one Braſs Fardin to know who contriv'd it ;
O rare Show, &c.

Here be de Duc *d'A——nt's* whole Sellar of Claret
Burnt by de Plot laid as high as de Garret ;
O rare Show, &c.

Here be de Five Hundred Pounds for de Letter dat told it,
Do his Straw Garitteers can moſt likely unfold it ;
O rare Show, &c.

Here be de *Skelton* do no more dan his Licenſe intended
By Advertiſements and Swearing is nobly defended ;
O rare Show, &c.

Here be alſo de good Folk dat on no Plot did tink,
Until *Skelton* and *Lewis* thus ſtirr'd up a Stink ;
O rare Show, &c.

Now give a Laarjon, and when we have got 'em,
Me ſhow you de Shevaler *de St. George* at de Bottom ;
O rare Show, O var pretty Show, who ſee my fine Dainty Show.

Dare is all, Shentlemans ; wat ſay you now ?
Huzza : Huzza : Huzza :

Shen-

Shentlemans I tank you: Godt bleſs you all, from de Pope, de Devil, and de Pretender, and all de great Rogues in Engaland.

The Second Part of the Rare Show.

SINCE, Shentlemans, my *Rare Show* hit ſo pat,
Me brought you anoder more pretty den dat.
O rare Show, O var pretty Show, who ſee my fine (dainty Show.

Here be de great Spring dat dance de Maſhien,
Is vorc'd by de Spirit incloſed vidin.
O Rare Show, &c.

Here firſt me preſent you *Peace-Makers* vor Hire,
Who made de Peace ſet all de Naſhon on vire.
O Rare Show, &c.

Here *Hermodactyl* looks vid Viſage uncoute,
A cauſe He laughs but on vonſide of his Moute.
O Rare Show, &c.

Here be de *Gold Goblet* ſent to de old Vox,
Var more Plagues containing dan *Pandora*'s Box.
O Rare Show, &c.

Here *Codicil* ſets down his Hand vor de K——
Ven von Week before he taught on no ſuch Ting.
O Rare Show, &c.

Here

Here he vid Convulſhons does Mattear impart,
And ſpeaks vid his Moute, vat he damns at his (Heart.
O Rare Show, &c.

Here *Gambol* ſhows a very ſtrange Revormation,
Vid Papers at Door, when he'd bully'd the Naſhon.
O Rare Show, &c.

Here *Wildfire* and he all dere Fury retrench,
Cool'd more den at *Greenwich* before by dear Vench,
O Rare Show, &c.

Here *Plenipo Rummer*, who daſh'd Wine of late,
Is arriv'd to de Art of daſhing de *State*.
O Rare Show, &c.

And here (having run round de ring) *Atty Brogue*
Returns to his Primitive Eſſence, a R———
O Rare Show, &c.

Siere, ſays de *Grand Monarch*, to de Son of de Wh—
Since me can no more help you, me'll help you no (more.
O Rare Show, &c.

Here *Perkin*, ſince no von his Title eſpouſes,
Aſcends from de Trone to de Tiling of Houſes.
O Rare Show, &c.

Here de Biſhop vor *Bungey* contrives a new Speech,
To vard off vat t'oder prepar'd for his Breech.
O Rare Show, &c.

Here *Bungey* does *B—tt—n* vor her Choice commend (her,
In da *very Sermon* made vor de *Pretender*.
O Rare Show, &c.

Here

Here *Torlet* to *France* gives de *Trade*, and to *Spain*,
And vill grow very tich vhen dey giv't back again.
O Rare Show, &c.

And here dey all join vid *von Heart* and *von Voice*,
Vor vat, had it miss'd, dey vou'd var more rejoice.
O Rare Show, &c.

See here dere old Friend de Diable appears,
And bids dem (do faintly) dismiss all dere Fears.
O Rare Show, &c.

But dat de *Poltrons* may have no more to brag on,
Here be brave St *George a slaying de Dragon.*
O Rare Show, O var pretty Show, who see my (fine dainty Show?

Dare is all, Shentlemens, vat say you now?
Is not dis de var vine Vace of Fools?
Huzza: Huzza: Huzza.

Shentlemans, me tank you: Godt bless your recover'd Senses, from de Power of de Quacks, de Tumblers, and all de ugly old Vaces new varnish'd o'er.

A Choice New Song, call'd, She-Land, and Robinocracy.

To all sorts of Tunes.

1.

She-Land, the Praise of all the Earth,
Surrounded by the Waves,
Has Thriving Land upon the East,
On South the Land of Slaves.

2.

The West and North has Shelves and Rocks,
And Islands near the Shore,
The People Rich in Trading Stocks
Of old, but now grown poor.

3.

This Country once had Famous Laws,
And Liberty did Boast;
But now o'er-run by Cackling *Daws*,
Their Property is lost.

4.

Their Government of yore well pois'd,
Secur'd the Folks from Thrall;
But *ROBINOCRACY*, at last,
Spoil'd and confounded all.

5.

'Tis fram'd of Knavish cunning Tricks,
Hypocrisy and Fraud; The

The State loves *Gauliſh* Politicks;
The Church the Schemes of *Laud.*

6.

Some call it boundleſs *Monarchy,*
But *Gunarchy's* the Name:
Or rather Lawleſs *Anarchy,*
Of Governments the Shame.

7.

Sometimes a King, ſometimes a Queen,
A Serving-man, or Maid;
A Pimp or Bawd to rule this Land,
Juſt as the Plot is laid.

8.

For *ROBINOCRACY* conſiſts
In getting Pow'r and Gold,
By any Method that one liſts,
Which for the Time will hold.

9.

One Day a Saint, the t'other Fiend,
Now true, and then a Knave;
Boiſt'rous ſometimes, at others kind,
But all the Game to ſave.

10.

Cameleon like it takes each Hue,
Puts on all Shapes and Sizes,
Brings ev'ry Month a Scheme that's new,
But Conſtancy deſpiſes.

11.

11.

Religion a meer Stalking-Horſe,
Is in this Region made;
'Tis *High*, or *Low*, or *None*, that's worſe,
Juſt as the Prieſts are paid.

12.

Thoſe Venal Souls puff'd up with Pride
Do claim a Pow'r Divine;
The Laymens Backs to mount and ride,
At which none muſt repine.

13.

The Firſts and Tenths are not enough
The Cler gy's Paunch to fill,
Two Thirds at leaſt their Bags muſt ſtuff,
Or elſe they take it ill.

14.

The Church in Danger is, they cry,
When Prieſts are not in Pow'r,
The Laymens Souls in Hell to fry,
And Subſtance to devour.

15.

The *Monarchy*'s undone, they ſay,
And *Common-wealth* takes place,
Unleſs the High-Prieſts bear the Sway,
And guide the Royal Race.

16.

Thus *Bob* did teach the Fools to prate
Till he had gain'd his Ends,
Which was the Chief Poſts of the State,
And then he bilk'd his Friends.

17.

They clamour'd loud he was Unjuſt,
Swore he betray'd their Cauſe;
And as he ſerv'd the *Blackbirds* firſt,
So now he ſerv'd the *Daws*.

18.

They lov'd to build on Steeples high,
And 'bove the Clouds to ſoar,
Control'd by none but *Y——k's* Magpy,
Yet ſtill they're plagu'd with more.

19.

The *Eaglet* of a *Roman* Breed
They hop'd for long ago,
But a *She-Vulture* in his ſtead,
Continues all their Wo.

20.

By *ROBINOCRACY*, they cry,
We're ruin'd and undone;
The *Blackbirds* did the Dad betray,
And *Bob* will cheat the Son.

21.

He hugs the Sifter *O*———*rp*,
And fumbles her a-bed;
Curſe on the Lecher's *Gunarchy*,
And on his S. S——a Trade.

22.

We laſh'd and damn'd the Rebel W——gs
Until we pull'd 'em down,
And now we'er chous'd by T——y Prigs,
Our Cauſe who dare not own.

23.

Or rather would the Saddle keep
Since they are got aſtride,
We'll call the *Chevalier* o'er the Deep,
And force the Rogues to hide,

24.

Ox——*d* alone ſhall not bear Rule,
And act the Part of *Noll*,
We'll bait and hunt the Trait'rous Tool,
To *M*———*r*'s great Hole.

25.

The W——gs mean time do laugh and ſneer,
As they thoſe Feuds diſcover,
And hope the Clouds at laſt will clear,
In Favour of *H*———*ver*.

26.

Then *Jacks* and *Tories* both ſhall run
To *Rome*, or elſe St. *Germain*,
And in *She-Land* we ſhan't have one
Of that baſe ſort of Vermin.

The High-Church Alarm: Beat by Abel, *Drum-Major in the Chevalier's firſt Regiment of Foot-Pads, commanded by Colonel* Damaree.

1.

DAme High Church out aloud does call,
Arm, Arm, Jacks, Teagues, and Toryes all.
For our St *Germains* Friends muſt fall.
Except you haſte to ſave them.
The Whigs upon *Sophie's* Day
Did round their Bonfires Gambols play,
Did Rant and Sing, and who but they,
Fall on, and let's out-brave them.

2.

What tho' Lords, Col'nels, Knights and 'Squires,
Captains and Guards did grace thoſe Fires,
I'll ne'er let Whigs have their Deſires,

I mean, bring in Hanover.
For whom tho' *Anna* bids me pray,
I only do't the backward way,
As they ſhall know another Day,
When my dear *James* comes over.

3.

Brave *Abel*, and the braver *Sw——t*,
Will help me ſtill at a dead Lift,
And Tory Prieſts will make a ſhift,
On Whigs to rail and rave, Sirs.
But *French* and *Iriſh* Papiſts muſt
Be the chief Objects of my Truſt,
To lay the Low Church in the Duſt,
And the High Church to ſave, Sirs.

4.

Thouſands of theſe enroll'd and pay'd,
Are in their proper Quarters laid,
When I call to the murd'ring Trade,
As *Charles* the IXth at *Paris*.
If this ben't quickly done, I fear
Tho' I am now ſo rampant here,
I ſhall not ſtand another Year,
And ſo my Plot miſcarrys.

5.

Lewis prevails by Sea and Land,
Squadrons and Legions has at hand,
And bids us to our Tackling ſtand,

Then why ſhould we be fearful ?
He likewiſe orders *Rome*'s High Prieſts,
To conſecrate our Backs and Breaſts,
With Swords and Daggers for our Fiſts :
Come on Boys, then be chearful.

Exit Abel, Dub-a-Dub.

Upon the Q——n's *Statue at* Paul's.

Written in June, 1712.

By the Author of the Verſes to the Duke of Marlborough, *upon his leaving* England, *lately printed and recommended to Sir* Anthony Crabtree.

NEAR to that Sacred and Immortal Frame,
Known by the Gentiles Great Apoſtle's Name,
In Form Majeſtick *A*——'s ſeen to riſe,
And lift her Shoulders to the diſtant Skies ;
Below, with Awe, Four mighty Nations meet,
To Worſhip and doe Homage at Her Feet.
And as beneath the Marbles Weight they ſtand,
Britannia, *Ireland*, and the *New-found-land*

Seem

Seem to rejoice, and feel their Burthen light,
While gazing on Her Eyes they feed their Sight;
But *France* alone with down-caſt Looks is ſeen,
A ſad Supporter of ſo good a Q——n.
Ungrateful Country, to forget ſo ſoon
All that Great *A*——*a* for thy ſake has done.
When ſworn the kind Supporter of thy Cauſe,
Spite of her Dear Religion, ſpite of Laws,
For Thee ſhe ſheath'd the Terrors of her Sword;
For Thee ſhe broke her General, and her Word:
For Thee her Will in doubtful Terms ſhe told,
And learnt to ſpeak like Oracles of old;
For Thee ſhe cut the Cable, and her State
Gave to the Winds to blow, and Waves to beat.
For Thee, for thee alone (what could ſhe more?)
She loſt the Honours ſhe had gain'd before,
Such as no *Britiſh* Monarch ever bore;
Diſclaim'd the Victories her Arms had won,
Such *Caſar* never ſaw, nor *Philip*'s Son;
Reſign'd the Glories of a Ten-Years Reign,
And ſuch as none but *Marlbro's* Arm could gain.
For thee in Annals ſhe's content to ſhine
Like other Monarchs of her antient Line.

The

The Merchant A-la-mode.

To the Tune of *Which no body can deny.*

ATtend and prepare for a Cargo from *Dover*,
Wine, Silk, Turnips, Onions, with the Peace (are come over,
Duke *d'Aumont* has brought (to make Room for a (Rover)
Which no body can deny, deny; which no body can deny.

A ſwagg'ring Crew rode a Horſeback before him,
He threw out his Caſh, that the Mob might adore (him;
So Tag-rag and Bob-tail made up the Decorum,
Which, &c.

Our Great Men they bought with Penſions and (Tattles,
Our General they had hir'd to fight no more Battles,
And the Rabble they wheedle with Shillings and (Rattles,
Which, &c.

The Train is made up with the Scum of *St. Germain*,
Prieſts, Porters and Fidlers, Pimps, Laqueys and Chairmen,
Who are all the Great Whore of *Babylon*'s Vermine,
Which, &c.

His

His Houſe is a Chappel, where the Jeſuits range;
'Tis a Court for our Stateſmen, and yet, which is ſtrange,
'Tis a Tavern, a Warehouſe, a Garden a Change:
Which, &c.

The Q—— had a Preſent we know very well:
But we muſt to Market, as all Folks can tell;
For they that can buy, they alſo can ſell:
Which, &c.

Here Barons may talk, and Squires may fuddle,
The Houſe can provide both Tobacco and Bottle;
They've a Seat for your Bum, and a Pipe for your (Noddle:
Which, &c.

But theſe Parcels of Wine that go by Retale,
Come unluckily over, to hinder the Sale
Of his Brother D. *H*——*n*'s Barrels of Ale,
Which, &c.

Here's a Number of Superfine Onions, which ſhows
That the Merchant who ſells them has ground to (ſuppoſe
His Trade lay with ſome that are led by the Noſe,
Which, &c.

Then out came the Silks, and the muſty Brocades,
That the Liv'ry of *France* may be laid on the Maids,
A good Preparation for *Wild-Iriſh* Plads,
Which, &c.

What a Jumble of Sounds do we hear all together,
From Trumpets and Fiddles, to the Clangs of a (Cleaver,
Confounded with the Groans of *Spittle-field* Weaver?
Which, &c.

To raiſe up a Maſs-houſe they're making great haſte;
But when all this Rare-Show-Muſick is paſt,
Poor *England* muſt pay the Piper at laſt:
Which, &c.

What pity 'tis now that *Gregg* was truſs'd up,
Had he liv'd to this time, there was reaſon to hope
He had come in for a Ribon inſtead of a Rope:
Which, &c.

The Duke that he wrote to wou'd have given him Quarter,
And ſo would the E—l, for whom he was Martyr;
But he got the Halter, and *R—n* the Garter:
Which, &c.

O *Lewis*, at laſt, thou haſt plaid the beſt Card,
Lay Hero's aſide, and Trickſters reward:
Thou haſt got by *d'Aumont* what thou loſt by *Tallard*:
Which, &c.

Remove all the War to *Verſailles* and to *Marly*,
'Tis Fighting more ſurely, tho' ſomewhat unfairly,
What a *Churchill* has won, is reſtor'd by a *H—y*:
Which, &c.

May the great Hand of Juſtice now brandiſh it ſelf
On 'em all in a lump, from that double tipp'd Elfe,
To the fag-end of Peerage, the laſt of the Twelve:
Which, &c.

Haſte, *Hannover*, over, and reſcue our Laws
From a Raſcally Medley of Cowards and Foes,
Whores, Cuckolds and Fools, Bauds, Bullies and Beaus,
Which, &c.

A Welcome to the MEDAL: *or an Excellent new Song, call'd,* The Conſtitution reſtor'd, *in* 1711.

To the Tune of *Mortimer's Hole.*

1.

LEt's joy in the Medal with *James* the III's Face,
And the Advocates that pleaded for him:
Tho' the Nation renounces the whole Popiſh Race,
Great *Lewis* of *France* will reſtore him.
La, la, &c.

2.

Health to the New Coll'nels and Captains ſo pritty,
With *S—lk* and the reſt of the Train, Sir,
Who play'd thro' the City the High-Church-mens Ditty,
The King ſhall his own have again, Sir.
La, la, &c.

3.

3.

What tho' we did ſwear to the Proteſtant Heir,
And roundly Abjur'd the Pretender;
Our Oaths muſt give place to the True Royal Race,
Or our High Faith will want a Defender.
La, la, &c.

4.

Who wou'd not rejoice at a Turn of the State,
Which reſcu'd our Old Conſtitution?
From that happy Period we joyfully date
The Fall of the curs'd Revolution.
La, la, &c.

5.

To begin with Reſiſtance, *Sacheverel* did ſay,
'Tis the Doctrine of Devils, and Hell, Sir;
But Paſſive Obedience does now bear the Sway,
As the Wiſe *I—ſh* Biſhops can tell, Sir.
La, la, &c.

6.

Hereditary Right, which ſav'd *James* the Juſt
From the damnable Bill of Excluſion,
Will bring in his Son, as High-Church-Men do truſt,
To the *Hannover* Houſe's Confuſion.
La, la, &c.

7.

7.

And to ſhew that the *Jacobite* Intereſt riſes,
To High-Church-men's great Conſolation,
The Pretender's Medals do bear double Prizes,
And his Friends are in high Reputation.
La, la, &c.

8.

While thus our brave Prieſthood with vigilant Care
Our Factions and Ferments do nouriſh;
Old *Lewis* is ſure to ſucceed in the War,
And his Grandſon's Scepter muſt flouriſh.
La, la, &c.

9.

The *Dutch* ſhall be ruin'd, the Whigs ſhall be damn'd,
And *Auſtria*'s Houſe be confounded;
The *Gauls* ſhall rejoice while our Allies are ſham'd,
And our Quarrels with *France* are compounded.
La, la, &c.

10.

Now *Pr—r* and *M—r*, with Piſtoles in great ſtore,
From *France* are arrived at *Dover*;
And *Abel* may roar till his Lungs are quite ſore,
That there can be no need of *Hanover*.
La, la, &c.

11.

Great Treaties, like ours, muſt infallibly bear,
Since the Perſons employ'd are ſo able;
Tho' one was a Drawer, and t'other, ſome ſwear,
Was the Politick Groom of a Stable.
La, la, &c.

12.

Yet they're guided by one, who is very well known,
And a thorow-pac'd Stateſman is reckon'd.
In the *Rad—r* Addreſs the Whigs he knock'd down,
With the 12*th* of K. *Charles* the Second.
La, la, &c.

13.

Thus bravely he fights their lewd Bill of Rights,
And baffles their damn'd Revolution;
By Statutes repeal'd, Non-Reſiſtance he heal'd,
And to High-Church he gave Abſolution.
La, la, &c.

14.

Wide open to all a Subſcription-Book ſtands,
With ſome Advocates at *Edinborow*;
Where *Perkin*'s true Friends do ſet to their Hands,
If he'll come they'll receive him to morrow.
La, la, &c.

15.

Good Mr. *Dundaſs* has giv'n him a Paſs
The Kingdom of *Scotland* to enter;
And the Dutcheſs of *Gordon*, that brave Popiſh Laſs,
Does ſwear by the Maſs, he may venture.
La, la, &c.

16.

By ſuch Great Examples all People will find,
That the *Jacobites* are in no Peril (Mind:
For the Prince at *St. Germains* to ſpeak out their
Or to drink a full Bumper to *Sorrel*.
La, la, &c.

17.

Thus *Leſley* and *Hicks*, with their Politick Tricks,
Have gain'd on the Senſe of the Nation;
The Diſſenters are troubl'd to find themſelves bubbl'd,
For Indulgence is no Toleration.
La, la, &c.

18.

Their Barns are burnt down, and their Teachers are (damn'd,
For preaching in Tubs without Orders;
The ſilly Low-Church will be left in the lurch,
And the *Scotch* Kirk drove out of our Borders.
La, la, &c.

19.

Let Schiſmaticks pine, let Republicans whine,
And henceforth abandon theſe Nations;
While Tories rejoice, and cry with one Voice,
Obedience without Limitations.
La, la, &c.

20.

Let our Trade go to wreck, and all our Stocks ſink,
While our High-Church rides ſafe from all Danger;
Since Land's above Money, we have reaſon to think
The Queen's Brother will conquer the Stranger.
La, la, &c.

21.

Let the Whigs that love Trade, the *South-Sea* invade,
And there we will give 'em Debentures; (ſpent,
For the Money they've lent, till the whole Sum be
And a Spunge wipe out all their Adventures.
La, la, &c.

22.

They ſhall have for Director their *German* Elector,
Who certainly will not play booty;
He's too much in the Stock the Project ro ſhock:
Good Princeſs *Sophia*, Adieu t'ye.
La, la, &c.

Lewis *upon* Lewis; *or the Snake in the Graſs: A Satyrical Ballad,* 17$\frac{1}{1}\frac{2}{3}$.

To the Tune of a Country Dance, call'd, *Green Sleeves.*

1.

WHilſt Peace is brewing like good ſtrong Beer,
(I wiſh it may be worth tapping here)
A notable Paſſage in Verſe ſhall appear,
Has made a great Noiſe in the Nation.
Were *Greg* alive, and had once more Hope
To forge his Plots, and eſcape the Rope,
There's no better Friend to the Monſieur or Pope,
Than one that now gives this Occaſion.
On *L*——*s* the Scribe I now muſt treat,
And *L*——*s* the Whig in *Marlborough-ſtreet*,
And *Sk*——*ton* the Vaſſal of *L*——*s* the Great.
Oh! Tories, what are ye contriving?
On *Lewis*, &c.

2.

The Scribe believes he did wiſely deal,
In lately diſpatching a P——y Seal;
Th' *Examiner* ſays too, he's truſty as Steel,
Exciting the Town to believe him.
This Seal was got by a fair Pretence,
To bring a Jacobite Rake from *F*——

And ſhew the Pre——der, if more come from thence,
C—t Friends here will gladly receive them.
This *L—s* is honeſt, he dares impoſe;
But t'other guilty, tho' how no one knows,
Unleſs 'tis for ſhewing our Friends from our Foes.
Oh! Tories, what are ye contriving?
This Lewis, &c.

3.

The Paſs made way, as you heard before
And Tory *Sk——n* was wafted o'er,
And ſoon after got within *Scar——gh's* Door;
The Ladies perhaps ſent to fetch him;
Scribe *L——s* there was before a Gueſt ——
But knew nought of him—Pray ſmoak the Jeſt,
No more than in *Africa* of a wild Beaſt
The Hunter that juſt goes to catch him:
But when the Dame did her Friend aſſure,
That this was he did the Seal ſecure,
Nought paſt but Embraces, and *Vot' Serviture.*
O! Tories, what are ye contriving?
But when, &c.

4.

Of Compliments there was wond'rous ſtore,
And Thanks were given ſome ten times o'er;
But ſtill you muſt know that behind there was more,
That could not in Publick be render'd:
Some new Advice might from *Perkin* come,
Or other Peers, the true Sons of *R——*

Which

Which made him reſolve to attend him at home,
Where Politicks could not be hinder'd:
But now, to ſhew how ſome are betray'd,
When Tory Miſchiefs their Hearts invade,
You'll hear the beſt Blunder that ever was made,
Oh! Torys, what are ye contriving?
But now, &c.

5.

For now our Spy was in haſte to go
To *L*———*s* the Scribe, his things to ſhew,
But drove by Miſtake to the Whig we all know,
Small Friend to his Maſter K. *J*——*s*, Sir:
And there his News being piping hot,
Not heeding if 'twas a Friend or not,
Moſt wiſely began to unravel his Plot,
With Perſons, and Places, and Names, Sir.
The Popiſh P———s he would fain conceal,
But Senſe and Reaſon muſt this reveal,
He might name them as well as to ſpeak of the Seal,
Oh! Torys, what are ye contriving?
The Popiſh, &c.

6.

If *Sk*———*ton*'s Honour for ought may paſs,
He ſwears he never in *France* had Place,
Nor was with the Chevalier ever in Grace,
Or e'er had ſuch Princely Enjoyment;
Now others call him a Rebel-Spy,
As bred a true St. *Germain*'s Boy,

Lord,

Lord, bleſs us, how theſe Whiggiſh People will Lye,
To ſlander bright Men of Employment?
For ſome Obſervers both wiſe and grave,
A Penſion ſay he was known to have,
For waiting on *Perkin* to comb and to ſhave,
Oh! Torys, what are ye contriving?
For ſome, &c.

7.

Some ſay, beſides, there was late a Time,
For Treaſon, or ſome ſuch fooliſh Crime,
A Pardon was gain'd by Indulgence ſublime,
That ſav'd him from fatal Diſaſter;
Scribe *L*——*s* doubtleſs well knew the Caſe,
Who was like *G*——*g*, in the ſelf-ſame Place,
And knew who was fit for ſuch Actions of Grace,
Since both of 'em ſerv'd the ſame M——:
For that which Neck from the Rope delay'd,
And this that has him a Favourite made,
No wonder he meant mighty Thanks to have pay'd.
Oh! Torys, what are ye contriving?
For that, &c.

8.

Then let Spy *Sk*——*ton* look grim and big,
Or *L*——*s* the Scribe ſucceeding *G*——*g*,
Whether they are more honeſt, or *L*——*s* the Whig,
I think is not hard to determine:
He only this Comick Blunder ſhews,
And Tricks of *France* wou'd to all expoſe,

He handles no Secret that comes or that goes,
And cares not a Fart for St. *Germain*.
In ſhort, ſince *Sk*———*ton*, that Babe of Grace,
Comes back by this Privy-S—— lately paſt,
We may fairly conclude there's a Snake in the Graſs?
Oh! Torys, what are ye contriving?
In ſhort, &c.

The Welſh *Saint: or, A full and true Account of Burning the defiled Bed, at Sir* Anthony Crab-Tree's *Houſe, in* Herefordſhire.

To the Tune of, *When firſt I laid Siege to my* Cloris.

1.

ALL in the Land of Cyder;
At a Place call'd *Brampton Brian*
Such a Trick was plaid
'Twixt a Man and a Maid,
As all the Saints cry'd fie on.

2.

'Twas gentle *John* and *Suſan*,
Were at their Recreation;
Which all muſt grant,
If not in a Saint,
Was perfect Fornication.

3.

3.

Both Evening, Noon, and Morning,
Briſk *John* was at her Crupper ;
And got in her Geers,
Five Times before Prayers,
And Six Times after Supper.

4.

John was both Briſk and Airy,
And *Suſan* lov'd Fruition ;
Which brought the poor Youth,
To tell you the Truth,
Full oft to Repetition.

5.

John being well provided,
In fine did ſo ſolace her ;
That *Suſan*'s Waſt,
So looſely lac't,
Shew'd ſign of Babe of Grace, Sir.

6.

But when the Knight perceived,
That *Suſan* had been ſinning ;
And that this Laſs
For wont of Grace,
Lov'd ſporting more than Spinning.

7.

To purge his Houſe from Scandal
Of filthy Fornication;
And of ſuch Crimes
To ſhew the Times
His utter Deteſtation.

8.

Took Bed and Rug and Bolſter,
With Blankets, Sheets and Pillows,
And *Johnny*'s Frock,
And *Suſan*'s Smock,
And burnt them in the Kill-houſe.

9.

With every vile Utenſil,
On which they had been wicked;
As Chairs and Stools,
Old Trunks, Cloſe-ſtools,
And eke the Three-legg'd Cricket.

10.

But had each Thing defiled
Been burnt in *Brampton Bryan*,
We all muſt grant
The Knight would want
Himſelf, a Bed to lie on.

King

King Edward's *Ghoſt: or the* King *and the* Cobler.

I'LL tell you a Story, a Story moſt merry,
Tho' not of the Abbot of *Canterbury*;
But 'tis of King *Edward* of High Renown,
How his Ghoſt has appear'd at fair *Windſor* Town.
Derry Down, &c.

But what I have ſaid, is ſaid without heed,
As often we make more haſte than good ſpeed;
For tho' I ſaid merry, the Ghoſt of a King,
(Pray God bleſs the Queen) is a very ſad Thing.

Upon a fair Day, in Summer I trow,
At *Windſor* there was a very fine Show,
Six Nobles all clad in gallant Attire,
March'd out of the Caſtle up into the Choir.

But firſt it is meet that I ſhould unfold,
As brief as I can, what old Stories have told
Of *Edward*, this Monarch of very great Fame,
The Man whom I mean was the Third of the Name.

This *Edward*, in Armies, was famous for Prowes,
Far greater and bolder than any one now is:
Two Kings at one Time, his Priſoners he got,
The Tyrant of *France*, and eke the falſe *Scot*.

Moreover, his Army did lead ſuch a Dance,
With the Help of his Hand, that he conquer'd half
France.
And if any doubts theſe Things have not been,
His Sword, in the *Abbey*, is ſtill to be ſeen.

O *Louis!* O *Louis!* 'Tis happy for thee
This *Edward* don't live, thy Pride for to ſee:
Had thy Grandſon laid Hands on *India* or *Spain*
He, or the *Black Prince*, wou'd ha' ta'en 'em again.

For all Men of Valour his Love it was ſuch,
That nothing he thought for a Warriour too much;
And therefore an Order for thoſe did erect
Who their King or their Country could bravely
protect;

Such Heroes as theſe King *Edward* did deck
With a Collar of S's, which hung round their Neck;
And alſo they wore, to ſhew their Exploits,
On their Breaſt a great Star, on their Legs, *Honi ſoits.*

So, as I was ſaying, Six Nobles indeed,
March'd round *Windſor*-Caſtle in this very Weed;
When all on a ſudden, this Sight for to ſpy,
The Ghoſt of King *Edward* it came ſtalking by.

These Men, I presume, quoth the King in a Trance,
Have help'd to pull down the Tyranny of *France*.
Tush, Tush, quoth the Cobler, who had taken a Cup,
No, these are the Folks who have just set him up.

Thou ly'st, quoth the King, they're too innocent,
Then cast he his Eyes on B——r and K——t;
As for t'other Four, their Names you may spare,
They're Rogues, but they look not such Rogues as they are.

If these are the Things my Order must wear,
Dear Cobler, I wish I had been what you are:
By my Troth, 'tis a Farce would make a Man laugh;
Quoth the King, they're all Scoundrels, and so he stalk'd off.

ADVICE *to Dr.* HARRY GAMBOL, *upon pulling down his Stage, given by his abused Patient.*

To the Tune *of, which no Body can deny.*

HArry *Gambol* at last, is gone packing his ways,
If thou'rt gone to repent, we'll allow thee some Praise,
For all must agree thou hast seen thy best Days,
Which no Body can deny, deny, which no Body can deny.

Go

Go home, and look over thy Pacquets with ſpeed
And take ſomething thy ſelf, (for thou ne'er had'ſt more need)
To Purge or to Vomit, to Sweat or to Bleed,
Which no Body, &c.

If another ſhou'd happen to ſearch 'em, no doubt
Some curſed Clap Doſe might chance to come out
But ſure thou didſt well to take care of thy Snout
Which no Body, &c.

But if ſome Epiſtle ſhou'd chance to appear,
With *J. R.* at Top, to his Counſellor dear,
It might hazard both Noſe, and Noddle, I fear,
Which no Body, &c.

What a Change has been made in a few Days and Nights,
From the Tranſport of Love, and a Scene of Delights,
To torment of Mind, and perpetual Frights,
Which no Body, &c.

No *Burgundy* now, nor *Champaigne* to get drunk,
No more Maſquerades to conceal the dear Punk,
Thy Practice is fail'd, and thy Fees are all ſunk,
Which no Body, &c.

At *Greenwich* no more thy Lungs muſt be try'd,
No Peers tuck thee up, to pamper thy Pride,
Nor no Lady D——s to lig by thy Side,
Which no Body, &c.

No Journey to *Paris*, no Preſents again,
To keep *George* out of *England*, *Charles* out of *Spain*;
But Thanks to the Stars, thy Projects are vain,
Which no Body, &c.

How lately, alas! thou turn'dſt *Robin* away,
To make room for thy ſelf, and thy Power diſplay,
Had'ſt thou ne'er done worſe, thou had'ſt ne'er
ſeen this Day,
Which no Body, &c.

Ah! *Gambol*, conſider how Seaſons do alter,
Repeat thy laſt Speech, that thy Tongue may not
falter;
Think what a ſad Change, from a Staff to a Halter,
Which no Body, &c.

Down, down o' your Knees, and pray for King
George,
The Traytors impeach, and the Treaſon diſgorge,
Or expect to be ſlaſh'd with a Parliament Scourge,
Which no Body can deny, deny, which no Body can deny

King

King WILLIAM's Ghoſt.

Gentlemen,

THE laſt time I ſpoke to you, I told you, you had ſtill one Opportunity left, but if ſlip'd, you would be a miſerable People.

I was then near my End, God inſpir'd me, I ſpoke the Decrees of Fate.

What Succeſſes! What Triumphs! have ever ſince attended your Victorious Arms! Your Reſolution to aſſert your own and *Europe's* Liberties.

But you ſtand ſtill! a Fiend in the Likeneſs of an Imperial Eagle dazles your Eyes. In her right Pounce, the Hereditary Countries, in her left the Dominions of *Italy*, in her Beak, *Spain* and the *Weſt-Indies*.

Be not frighted, where's her Fleet? How remote is ſhe from your Shore? Where her Manufactures to ſupplant yours?

The Phantom diſappears.

Your Lyons are at any Time an Over-match for her disjointed Forces.

Your good Angel comes forth.

Behold the * *Gallican* Cock and her numerous Toads, three Hundred Thouſand Veteran Soldiers, thirty Thouſand experienc'd Officers, a mighty Fleet, how diſtant? ſeven Leagues from your Coaſt.

Tremble!

But no.

---

* *Three Toads were anciently the Arms of* France.

Reſume your uſual Courage.
Ruſh in before *Cambray*.
The Genius of *France* ſickens.
Puſh on your bold Squadrons, the Toads fly!
† *Lutetia* ſurrenders.
O Bleſſed Day! I have my Wiſhes!
Now pauſe a little.
Secure the Proteſtant Intereſt.
Give *Auſtria* her Due, but Recompence her Helpers.
Let *Holland* keep all the ſtrong Holds in *Flanders*, 'tis your Barrier.
Reſerve *Calais* your own.
Reſtore to *Pruſſia*, *Orange*.
Give *Portugal Badajox*, *Gallicia*, *Algarve*.
To *Savoy Briançon*, Mount *Dauphin*, Fort *Barrau*.
Erect two Bullwarks againſt *France*.
Let *Anjou* have *Navarre*, and add to it *Guien*.
Lorraine is of the Eagle Race, his Great Father was my beſt Friend, give him *Luxembourg* and *Alſace*, the Three Biſhopricks, *Burgundy*, *Bar*, *Champaigne*, he'll be your Friend for ever.
Take to your ſelves *Panama* and *Calloa*, *Havana*, *Porto-Bello*.
Burn the Toads Fleet, choak *Breſt* and *Toulon*'s Ports.
Hang the *Pretender*, he's not of *Stuart*'s Blood.
Go home, be happy, rich and glorious.

---

† Paris, *formerly called* Lutetia.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A la Brooks and *Hillier.*

WHereas the late Miniſtry inſiſted upon very hard Terms, and over-rated their Peace: This is to advertiſe the Publick, that there is lately imported from *France*, by Meſſieurs *Meſnager* and *P——r*, a very neat, cheap and fine Peace, truly *French*, which will be diſpos'd of at the following Places, (*viz.*) At the great Houſe at the End of *York-Buildings*; at Mr. St. *J——n's* Office; at Mr. *P——r's* Lodgings in *Weſtminſter*; at Mr. *A——M's* Houſe in *Southampton-Square*; and for the Benefit of thoſe that dwell in the City, at Mr. *Bl——t's* Houſe in *Birchin-Lane*, and at S. *Sh——rd's* in *Biſhopſgate-Street*, if he ſhall continue there Ten Days longer.

N. B. That for the Satisfaction of Perſons of Quality, Mr. *P——r* will draw himſelf, and Mr. *M——r* will wait in his proper Perſon.

The FRENCH *King's* LETTER *to Pope* Clement XI. *Anno* 1712.

M H. Father,

AFTER We have with all filial Duty and Humility kiſs'd your Sacred Feet, and implored your Apoſtolical Benediction; We ſhall, accord-

according to our wonted Cuſtom, felicitate your H. upon the Commencement of the Year, wiſhing you many of them for the Glory of God, and the Good of the Apoſtolick See. We have given Directions to our Couz. the Cardinal *de Trimouille*, to acquaint your H. with the State of our Affairs, eſpecially in relation to that of Religion, which *We have always at Heart*. But in regard ſome Things have happen'd exceedingly Advantageous to our Common Cauſe, we ſhall take great Delight Ourſelves to communicate to your H. what has given this Happy Turn to that Arch-Heritick *Will.* of *England*, of deteſtable Memory, who with invidious Eyes had long beheld our Grandeur, puſh'd on beſides by a miſtaken Zeal for the Liberty of *Europe*, firſt form'd a Potent Confederacy againſt Our encreaſing Power; but Heaven was pleas'd to make his Courſe but ſhort; the Day in which we receiv'd the Account of his Death was not poſſible to be expreſs'd, and hardly to be conceiv'd. But for the Sins of *France* God has rais'd up *M*—— with a double Portion of his Spirit; he animated the ſinking Hopes of the whole League; his conſummate Wiſdom, his ſedate and unmoveable Temper, inſpir'd their Councils and Armies, with an Unanimity not to be ſhaken, by the variety of their Forms of Government, difference of their Religious and Civil Intereſts, or all the mutual Jealouſies and Diſtruſts our utmoſt Art and Induſtry could inſinuate; he form'd their well concerted Deſigns, and executed what he Form'd; by him all our Reſolutions were diſcover'd almoſt as ſoon as taken, and ſcarce ſooner Detected than Diſappointed, whether he attack'd our Lines, beſieg'd our Towns, or fought our Armies; neither Armies, Towns or Lines, put the leaſt Stop to his Arms; Succeſs every where attended him, as the natural Conſequence of his ſteady Conduct and Courage.

T

The *Danube*, *Rhine*, *Maes*, *Deule*, *Scheld*, *Lys*, and *Senſet*, with innumerable ſmaller Rivers, will remain Monuments of his Glory, till they ceaſe to flow; another Campaign (I almoſt tremble to think of it) had added to that Number, the *Some* and the *Seine*; but Providence, for Cauſes beſt known to the Author of it, has ſeaſonably ſtep'd in to Our Aid, at a Time when we moſt wanted it, and leaſt expected it. The Honour *Marl*—— gain'd Abroad, the Favour of his Prince at Home, and the Love of the People, were ſuch Crimes as were not to be forgiven him; ſuch Methods were uſed for Deſtroying him, as none but Princes ought to know, and their Miniſters practiſe.

We dare not undertake to unfold this Glorious Myſtery to your H. a Day may come when it may be for the Honour of the Perſons concern'd, as it is now for Our Advantage.

The firſt Intimation we had of the good Diſpoſition of ſome G. M. in *E.* was ſome Time ſince, when they procur'd an Act of P. which may be properly call'd an *Agrarian* Law, excluding the rich and wealthy Citizens from being Members, tho' even for Trading Cities and Boroughs; this was at firſt look'd upon as a good Omen: Thoſe rich Trading People, for want of an *Univerſity Education*, have but very mean Notions of the Prerogative of their Sovereign, and fancy they have a juſt Title to what they get by their Induſtry, tho' the Prince has never ſuch urgent Occaſions to make uſe of it himſelf.

At length *Tallard*, to Crown our Hopes, arriv'd, and we venture to ſay to your H. has done us more Service, where he reſided as Priſoner, than he could have done by being Victorious at *Hockſtet*. By him, among many Secrets of State, we were told how acceptable 'twould be to our Friends in *E.* to keep Gen. *Stanhope* cloſe Priſoner: This

This *Stanhope*, this great Man, the neareſt of any both for Valour and Learning to *Cæſar*, is ſo weak as to uſe all his Talents for the Liberty of his Country, which *Cæſar* bravely trampled on.

When Things have the happy Event they reaſonably ſeem to promiſe, it will be no ſcruple with your H. but that our utmoſt Endeavours will be to extirpate the Northern Hereſy; for when we have already proceeded againſt our own Subjects by *Goals*, *Dragoons*, and *Gallies*, Strangers and Foreigners are not to expect from us greater *Lenity* and *Moderation*.

We know it will be very acceptable News to your H. to let you know the Clergy of *E.* ſeem to entertain Sentiments not ſo contrary as formerly to the Holy See; they Preach every where the Dignity of their Function above that of the Laity, and exclaim againſt the Sacrilege us'd in Alienating the Church Lands——We ſhall be able in a little Time to give your H. a larger Account of theſe Matters, and hope it will not be long before we ſhall interceed with your H. for a Diſpenſation for the K. of *G. B.* to call himſelf a Proteſtant; which being for the general Benefit of the Catholick Church, doubt not of your hearty Concurrence.

We again kiſs your H. Slipper, and are your moſt Dutiful Son,

LOUIS.

Underneath, PHELIPEAUX

Rome, *December* 1. N. S.

A Dialogue between

Paſquin and *Marphorio*.

Paſq. WHAT News from *Eng*——*d*?

Marph. Brave News from *E*——*d*, the Q——n is deliver'd, The Church is eſtabliſh-ed, Credit is reſtor'd, and the Honour of the *E*——*ſh* Nation is retrieved.

Paſq Brave News indeed; But pray what do you mean by the Q——n being deliver'd, has She been in Priſon of late, or under any Confinement?

Marph. No, but She has been in the Hands of a Set of Men call'd, The J——to, that bow'd Her to their Humour, and caus'd Her always to act according to their Inclination; but She has now got Herſelf rid of them, and is in the Hands of a Set of truly Honeſt Men.

Paſq. How does it appear that the Church is eſtabliſh'd?

Marph. That's plain; For Dr. *S*——*l* is deliver'd, and from the Raſcally Citizens that burn Coals, being oblig'd to build 50 New Churches.

Paſq. How does it appear that Credit is reſtor'd?

Marph. That's plain from the Bank, which the learned aver,

Of Credit the Meaſure moſt true is;
It flouriſhes ſo, That one Hundred Pounds there
Now at leaſt worth a Hundred and two is:

Paſq. How does it appear that the Honour of the *E*——*ſh* Nation is retriev'd?

Marph.

Marph. That's plain from the ſolemn Profeſſions made at the late Grand Alliances, and the ſolemn Obſervation of the ſame ever ſince.

Paſq. How came theſe things to be effected?

Marph. By a Religious, Wealthy and Artleſs Commoner, the two Great Politicians *D———h* and *St. J——ns*, the Learned Civilian Dr. *D—nt*, the chaſt Divine Dr. *Sw——ft*, the great Stateſman *A———r M———e*, and the worthy Mr. *P—r.*

Paſq. Pray how does the J——— to appear now?

Marph. Appear, like a Company of Raſcals, that are Conſcious to themſelves of having plunder'd the Nation.

Enter Paſquin's *Boy with a Letter,*

Marph. Pray what News?

Paſq. The Reverſe of your's, *Eng—d's* Dead here's her Epitaph.

Marph. That's very ſtrange; but pray read it.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies the Glory of the World,
That in a Twelve-month's time was hurl'd
From the higheſt Pitch of Dignity,
To the loweſt Pitch of Infamy;
The Scorn of Ages yet to come,
Contemn'd abroad, diſdain'd at home,
Acted by one Man's Villanies,
Begun and carry'd on by Lyes;
Whilſt her Friends amazed ſtood,
And ſaw her reaking in her Blood,

But could not lend a Hand to ſave
Poor E ——— d *from the Fatal Grave.*
Thus By
Paſſive profeſſing Raſcals ſhe is gone,
And truly Paſſive Heroes are undone.

An Excellent New Song, call'd MAT's *Peace, or the Downfal of* TRADE.

To the Good Old Tune of Green-Sleeves.

1.

THE News from Abroad does a Secret reveal
Which has been confirm'd both at *Dover* and *Deal*,
That one Mr. *Matthews*, once call'd plain *Mat*,
Has been doing at *Paris*, The Lord knows what.
But ſure what they talk of his Negotiation,
Is only intended to banter the Nation;
For why have we ſpent ſo much Treaſure in vain,
If now at the laſt we muſt give up *Spain*,
If now we muſt give up *Spain*.

2.

Why ſo many Battles did *Marlborough* win;
So many ſtrong Towns why did he take in?
Why did he his Army to *Germany* lead,
The Crown to preſerve on the Emperor's Head?
Why does he the Honour of *England* advance?
Why has he humbled the Monarch of *France*?
By paſſing the Lines, and taking *Bouchain*,
If now, *&c.*

3.

Our Stocks were ſo high, and our Credit ſo good,
(I mean all the while our late Miniſtry ſtood)
That Foreigners hither their Money did ſend,
And Bankers Abroad took a pleaſure to lend.
But though all the Service was duly ſupply'd,
And nought was *embezled* or *miſapply'd*;
By all that wiſeManagement what ſhall we gain.
If now, *&c.*

4.

We made this Alliance, as well it is known,
That *Auſtria*'s Gteat Houſe might recover their own:
King *Charles* is of part of his Kingdom poſſeſt,
And *Bouchain* would quickly fright *France* from the reſt.

For

For ſure the whole Notion by this time muſt know,
The way to *Madrid* is by *Paris* to go;
But why have we made ſuch a glorious Campaign,
If now,

5.

All Treaties with *France* may be ſung or be ſaid,
To morrow they'll break what to day they have made;
And therefore our Senate did wiſely *addreſs*,
That none ſhould be made whilſt *Spain* did poſſeſs.
The Queen too to them did laſt Seſſions declare,
That *Spain* ought to be their *particular* care;
But Speeches, Addreſſes and *Senates* are vain,
If now, *&c.*

6.

By giving up *Spain*, we give up our Trade;
In vain would they tell us a Treaty is made
For yielding us Forts in the diſtant *South Seas*,
To manage our Traffick with Safety and Eaſe.
No Lyes are too groſs for ſuch impudent Fellows.
Of Forts in the Moon as well they might tell us;

Since *France* at her pleaſure may take them again,
If now, &c.

7

Some Lords were impeach'd for a famous Partition,
Which kept the Allies in far better Condition;
For then of *Raw Silk* we were only bereft,
But now neither *Silver* nor *Gold* will be left.
If that Treaty then did Impeachment require,
Sure this calls at leaſt for the Rope or the Fire;
Since *Britain* had never ſuch Cauſe to complain,
If now, &c.

8.

When *Pett'cum* to *Paris* did openly go,
What Doubts and what Jealouſies did we not ſhow;
How loudly did we againſt *Holland* exclaim,
Yet ſurely our Stateſmen are now more to blame.
For how can they think our Allies will not fire,
At privately ſending that *Matchiavel P——r*;
Who richly deſerv'd to be *whip'd* for his Pain,
If now, &c.

Since

9.

Since Matters ſtands thus, I am ſorely afraid,
Whenever this ſcandalous Peace ſhall be made,
Our Senate for *Cato* will quickly decree
Some Puniſhment worſe than *a Sting of a Bee.*
Poor *Mat* in the *Pillory* ſoon will be ſeen,
For M———r too, Oh! well had it been
That he had been pleas'd in his *Hole* to remain,
If now, *&c.*

The TRUTH *at Laſt.*

To the Tune of, *Which No-body can deny.*

1.

COME all ye brave Boys, and High-Church-Men, draw near,
I'll tell you a Story 'twill delight you to hear;
'Tis of Miniſters Change, Trade, Peace and War.
Which No-body, &c.

2.

Some two Years ago the poor Church ſick at Heart,
Look'd as wan as if She and Her Friends were to part,
Till a Pulpit-Phyſician gave a Caſt of his Art.

3.

My Brethren, ſaid he, I think 'tis no Wonder,
The Church is in ſuch a ſad Caſe, Blood and Thunder,
The Wigs are Triumphant, and we are kept under.
Which No-body, &c.

4.

Now I do affirm t'ye, theſe Men do deſign
To Un-king the Q—, and keep out the Right Line,
Damn Paſſive-Obedience, and Our Right Divine.
Which No-body, &c.

5.

Shou'd their damnable Doctrines be once Underſtood,
That Princes and Prieſts are but meer Fleſh and Blood,
You'll be apt to Obey 'em but juſt while they're good.
Which No-body, &c.

6.

Whereas a good Subject and Chriſtian, ye know,
The more he's abus'd the more loving ſhould grow,
As the Cuff and Cloak Text moſt fully does ſhow.
Which No-body, &c.

7.

Let us therefore all joyn with Heart and with Voice
To cry down theſe Rogues, and cry up a new Choice
So we ſhall have all the Fat Places, brave Boys.
Which No-body, &c.

8.

When the People had heard this Doctrine ſo ſound,
Which the Doctor on Proofs and good Profit did found,
They're reſolv'd, One and All, the *Whigs* to confound.
Which No-body, &c.

9.

How this Doctor was baited, and how he got clear,
What Feats he did ſince, and were done elſewhere,
No Mortal that had Ears, that cou'd, but did hear.
Which No-body, &c.

10.

Now as ſoon as the True Sons of the C—got ground,
You can't think how much better all things were found.
For Mother and Sons lookt freſh, brisk, plump and ſound.
Which No-body, &c.

11.

Now to prove our Dear Mother is out of her Pain,
To Miracle-working she's taken again,
She never wrought such in the late *Whigish* Reign.
Which No-body, &c.

12.

You must know, with a Debt of Ten Millions at least,
They found the poor Nation most sadly oppress;
And if they cou'd pay without Money 'twas best.
Which No-body, &c.

13.

For this End they gave them a Rich *South-Sea* Trade,
And told 'em by that twice as much might be paid;
For who cou'd e'er doubt but 'twas there to be had?
Which No-body, &c.

14.

This coming from One ne'er thought a Deceiver,
Made the Faithful All think the Project was clever;
And surely 'twas Payment to every Believer.
Which No-body, &c.

15. I

15.

In another Point too we all ſettled have been,
That by Paſſive-Obedience and Right-Divine.
K— *James* was turn'd out, and K *William* brought in.
Which No-body, &c.

16.

That a certain Great Duke, we have reaſon to fear,
Has a Deviliſh Deſign to prolong the War,
As by beating Our Foes does moſt plainly appear.
Which No-body, &c.

17.

For this very very Reaſon Brave *Hill* and *Argyle*
Have done nothing yet, tho' Abroad a great while;
Since Projects of Peace all Fighting does ſpoil.
Which No-body, &c.

18.

However if any more Conqueſts we need,
Each Hero, no doubt, to *Quebeck* and *Madrid*
With Equal Diſpatch and Succeſs will proceed.
Which No-Body, &c.

19. But

19.

But now, God be thank'd, the VVar's near an End,
If on what great Ones ſay little Ones may depend;
For Old *Lewis* himſelf is grown our faſt Friend.
VVhich No-body, &c.

20.

For whatever Notions ſome People maintain,
King *Charles* and his Allies are Gainers, 'tis plain;
For we give poor *Phil.* nought but th' *Indies* and *Spain*.
VVhich No body, &c.

21.

May Quarrels at Home and Abroad then ceaſe,
May the High-Church flouriſh, and Low-Church decreaſe,
For the Abbot has brough a good Proteſtant Peace
VVhich No-body, &c.

22.

May we All wiſh the Queen wou'd enliven our Hearts,
By giving Our Friends their proper Deſerts,
We know who'd enjoy Axes, Halters, and Carts
VVhich No-body can deny.

The SOUTH-SEA Whim.

To the Tune of ——To you Fair Ladies now at Land, *&c.*

1.

TO you fair Traders now a-ſhore,
We South-Sea Cullies write,
Your kind Compaſſion to implore,
This Ditty we indite;
Pity your Brethren on the Main,
Compell'd to change our Courſe in vain,
With a fa la, &c.

2.

We are a wretched Motly Crew,
More various than the Weather,
Made up of Debtors Old, and New,
Jumbled and tack'd together;
Tars, Soldiers, Merchants, Tranſports, Tallies,
Chain'd in a row like Slaves in Gallies.
With a fa, la, &c,

We

3.

We furniſh'd Beer, We Guns and Balls,
We Ships or Money Lent,
With *Hemp* enough to ſerve them all,
O, *may it be ſo ſpent* !
And ſince his Payments are ſo few,
Give *Cæſar* what is *Cæſar*'s Due.
With a fa, la, &c.

4.

To fetch the Navy Pitch and Tar,
We paſt the Stormy Sound ;
But now our Debts poſtpon'd ſo far,
We muſt take t'other Round,
And e'er we have our own again,
Muſt ſhoot the Streights of *Magellan*.
With a fa, la, &c.

5.

And we poor Graſiers of the Plain,
Who ſerv'd them Pork and Beef,
Muſt take hard Words inſtead of Gain,
And Charters for Relief ;
For ſound good Meat without a Hôgô,
They give us Bills on *Terr' del Feugo*.
With a fa, la, &c.

6.

We honeſt Tars, that oft come Home
Without an Arm or Leg,
Muſt hope no more for Trulls, or Rum,
But be content to beg:
Our Wages ſtop'd without Account,
The Crew is all turn'd o'er to *Blunt*.
With a fa, la, &c.

7.

Two Scurvy Letters *R.* and *Q*
Did long the Sea infeſt,
Made ſome diſpute and prove their Due,
But ſtill they paid the reſt.
This ſweeping Torrent none can Stem,
We're run aground on O, and *M.*
With a fa, la, &c.

8.

But come, my Lads, together ſtand,
Let's ſuffer this no more:
Shall we that on the Seas command,
Be Bully'd thus a-ſhore?
No, no, my Boys, pull th' Helm a-Lee,
And heave the Rogues into the Sea.
With a fa, la, &c.

A New Ballad.

To the Tune of Fair Roſamond.

I

WHEN as Qu——*A*——of great Renown
Great Britain's Scepter ſway'd,
Beſides the Church, ſhe dearly lov'd
A Dirty Chambermaid.

II.

O! *Abi*——that was her Name,
She ſtarch'd and ſtitch'd full well,
But how ſhe pierc'd this Royal Heatt,
No Mortal Man can tell.

III.

However for ſweet Service done,
And Cauſes of great Weight,
Her Royal Miſtreſs made her, Oh!
A Miniſter of State.

IV.

Her Secretary ſhe was not,
Becauſe ſhe could not write;

But had the Conduct and the Care
Of ſome dark Deeds at Night.

V.

The Importint Paſs of the Back-Stairs
Was put into her Hand ;
And up ſhe brought the greateſt R——
Grew in this fruitful Land.

VI.

And what am I to do, quoth he,
Oh! for this Favour great!
You are to teach me how, quoth ſhe,
To be a Sl——of State.

VII.

My Diſpoſitions they are good,
Miſchievous and a Lyar ;
A ſaucy, proud, ungrateful B——,
And for the Church entire.

VIII.

Great Qualities, quoth *Machiavel*!
And ſoon the World ſhall ſee,
What you can for your Miſtreſs do,
With one ſmall Daſh of me.

IX.

In Counſel ſweet, Oh! then they ſat,
Where ſhe did Griefs unfold,

Had long her grateful Heart oppreſs'd ;
And thus her Tale ſhe told.

X.

From Shreds and Dirt in low Degree,
From Scorn in piteous State,
A Dutcheſs bountiful has made
Of me a Lady Great.

XI.

Some Favours ſhe has heap'd upon
This undeſerving Head,
That for to eaſe me, from their Weight,
Good God, that ſhe were dead !

XII.

Oh ! let me then ſome means find out,
This Teazing Debt to pay :
I think quoth he, to get her Place,
Would be the only way.

XIII.

For leſs than you ſhe muſt be brought,
Or I can never ſee
How you can pay the Boons receiv'd,
When you are leſs than ſhe.

XIV.

My Arguments lies in few words,
Yet not the leſs in Weight;
And oft with good Succeſs we uſe
Such, in Affairs of State.

XV.

Quoth ſhe, 'tis not to be withſtood,
I'll puſh it from this Hour:
I will be grateful, or at leaſt
I'll have it in my Power.

XVI.

Quoth he, ſince my poor Counſel gains
Such Favour in your Eye,
I have a ſmall Requeſt to make,
I hope you won't deny.

XVII.

Some Bounties I like you have had
From one that bears the Wand,
And very fain I would, like you,
Repay them if I can.

XVIII.

Wheels ye Heavens! how I wiſh
To ſlide into his Place;
How to ſhew him Countenance,
When he is in Diſgrace.

XIX. Oh!

XIX.

Oh! would you uſe your Intereſt great
With our moſt Gracious Q——,
Such things I'd quickly bring about
This Land hath never ſeen.

XX.

Give me but once her Royal Ear,
Such Notes I'll in it ſound,
As from her ſweet Repoſe ſhall make
Her Royal Head turn round.

XXI.

He ſpoke, and ſtraitway it was done,
She gain'd him free acceſs;
God long preſerve our Gracious Q——,
The Parliament no leſs!

XXII.

Now from this Hour it was remark'd,
That there was ſuch Reſort
Of many great and high Divines
Unto the Q——'s fair Court.

XXIII.

Myſterious Things that long were hid,
Began to come to light;
And many of the Church's Sons
Were in a Zealous Fright.

XXIV. 'Tw

XXIV.

'Twas ſaid, with Sighs and anxious Looks,
A General Abroad,
Had won more Battles than their Friends,
The *French*, could well afford.

XXV.

That ſo much Money had been ſent,
Such needleſs Things t' advance;
It ſure was time, as in Reigns paſs'd,
Some now ſhould come from *France*.

XXVI.

At laſt they ſpoke it out, and ſaid,
'Twas of the laſt import,
That there ſhould be a thorough Change
In Army, Fleet, and Court.

XXVII.

For wicked *J——y M——h*
So madly puſh'd Things on,
That ſhould he unto *Paris* go,
The Church was quite undone.

XXVIII.

The Wiſe and Pious Q—— gave ear
To this devout Advice,

And honeſt ſturdy *S——d*,
Was whip'd up in a Trice.

XXIX.

A-vaſt! cry'd out the Admiral;
No-near, you Rogues, no-near!
Your Ship will be amongſt the Rocks,
If at this rate you ſteer!

XXX.

With that the Man that kept the Caſh,
Slipt in a word or two;
Which made an old Acquaintance think
This Game would never do.

XXXI.

He but one Eye had in his Head,
But with that one he ſaw,
Theſe Prieſts might bring about his Ears
A thing we call Club-Law.

XXXII.

He on his Pillow laid his Head,
And on mature Debate
With that, and what his Wife reſolv'd,
To play a Trick of State.

XXXIII.

Like Dr. *B——ſs* much renown'd,
Of one he did take care;
Then ſlipt his Cloak, and left the reſt
All in moſt ſad Deſpair.

XXXIV.

The Conſequence of this was ſuch,
Our Good and Gracious Q——,
Not knowing why ſhe e'r went wrong,
Came quickly right again.

XXXV.

However, taking ſafe Advice
From thoſe that knew her well,
She *Ab — l* turn'd out of Doors,
And hang'd up *Machiavel.*

PLOT upon PLOT,

A BALLAD.

To the Tune *of*, *Heigh Boys up go we.*

I.

OH wicked Whigs! what can you mean?
When will your Plotting ceaſe?
Againſt our moſt *Renowned Queen*,
Her *Miniſtry* and *Peace*?
Your Proteſtant Succeſſion's ſafe,
As *our Great Men* agree;
Bourbon has *Spain*, the *Torys* laugh;
Then Heigh Boys up go *Ye*.

II.

Some of your *Machi'villian* Crew,
From *heavy Roof* of *Paul*,
Moſt *Trait'rouſly ſtole* ev'ry Skrew,
To make that Fabrick fall;
And ſo to *catch* her *Majeſty*,
And all her *Friends* beguile,
As Birds are *trap'd*, by Boys moſt ſly,
In Pit-fall, with a *Tile*.

III. Yo

III.

You for your Bonefires *Mawkins* dreſt
On good Queen *Beſs's* Day,
Whereby much *Treaſon* was expreſs'd,
As all *true Churchmen* ſay,
Againſt the *Devil* and the *Pope*,
The *French* our *new* Allie,
And *Perkin* too, that Youth of *Hope*,
On whom *we* all rely.

IV.

You ſent your *Mohocks* next abroad,
With Razors arm'd and Knives,
Who on *Night-walkers* made Inroad,
And ſcar'd our *Maids* and *VVives*;
They ſcowr'd the Watch,
And Windows broke,
But 'twas their true Intent,
(As our wiſe Miniſtry did ſmoke)
T' o'rturn the Government.

V.

But now your laſt and blackeſt Deed,
What Mortal can rehearſe?
The Thought on't makes my Heart to bleed,
Oh Muſe! aſſiſt my Verſe;
A Plot it was ſo *deeply* laid,
So Diabolical,
Had not the *Secret* been betray'd,
In *one* 't had ſlain us all.

VI.

Two * *Inkhorn-tops* you Whigs did fill
With Gunpowder and Lead,
Which, with two *Serpents* made of *Quill*,
You in a *Banbox* laid;
A *Tinderbox* there was beſide,
Which had a *Trigger* to't,
To which the very *String* was ty'd,
That was deſign'd *to do't*.

VII.

As *Traytors* ſpare not *Care* nor *Coſt*,
Theſe *Crackers* dire were ſent,
To th' *Treaſurer*, *per* Penny-Poſt,
And *ſafely* ſo they went;
And if my Lord had pull'd the Thread,
Then up had blown the Train,
And th' *Inkhorns* muſt have ſhot him dead,
Or elſe have burſt in twain.

VIII.

But *Fortune* ſpar'd that *precious Life*,
And ſo ſav'd *Church* and *Queen*;
Good *Swift* was by and had a Knife,
For *Corn* or *Pen* made keen;

---

* *See* Abel's Evening-Poſt *on this Matter.*

Stand

Stand off, my Lord! cry'd he, this Thread
To cut I will not doubt;
He cut; then op'd the Banbox-Lid,
And ſo the Plot came out.

IX.

Now God preſerve our Gracious Queen;
And for this Glorious Deed,
May ſhe the Doctor make a Dean
With all convenient ſpeed;
What tho' the *Tub* hath *hinder'd* him,
As common Story tells,
Yet ſurely now the *Banbox-whim*
Will *help* him down to *VVells*.

A Panegyrical EPIGRAM.

SInce ancient Fabuliſts this Fancy had,
To give to Fame two Trumpets, Good and Bad,
England may boaſt, to be the Place of Birth
To the two Men moſt Famous upon Earth.
What Hazards ha' n't they for their Country run?
Band-box and Ink-horn are no more to One,
Than to the Other are the Sword and Gun!

Had One by mortal Penknife fell, he then
Had been recorded by immortal Pen.
Had t' Other drop'd by hoſtile Cut or Shot,
No Actions of the Dead had been forgot.
Such Honours Providence ordains, to wait
Upon Events impendent o'er the Great!
Diſpute theſe juſt Encomiums they, who dare;
Either with *M*——*gh* or *M*——*er*!
The Blanks are left for all Mankind to gueſs,
Nor need we name ſuch Nonpareils as theſe.
Yet this I'll ſay, their Glories to advance;
That One the *Empire* ſav'd, the other *France*!
The laſt indeed, more Chriſtian-like does ſhow;
Becauſe, undoubtedly, all good Folks know
How ſtrictly we are bid to love our Foe!
To wiſh 'em their Deſerts, I next preſume;
Both in this World, and in the World to come.
But vulgar Blindneſs gives ſome Cauſe to fear,
Such Expectation may be endleſs here.
That there they may depend on't, is as ſure,
As, that eternal Juſtice ſhall endure!

The PEDLAR:

Being an Excellent New SONG.

To the Tune *of King* John *and the Abbot of* Canterbury.

I.

YE Lads and ye Laſſes that live in *Great Britain*,
I'll tell you a Story, that never was writ on;
'Tis of a *F*—— PEDLAR, a Pedlar I ſing,
Sent over to bubble us, by the *F*—— K——,
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

II.

His Errand, I trough, is to do a ſmall Job,
To make a fine Figure to dazle the Mob;
But this, let me tell him, if once his Coin fail,
They'll curſe him and his Maſter, for one Pot of Ale.
Derry down, &c.

III.

Give Ear then a while to a Liſt of his Ware,
Which, like a true Tradeſman, he'll ſell you full dear;
For by fatal Experience, we may have been taught,
The *F*—— part with nothing, but what's dearly bought.
Derry down, &c.

IV.

Then firſt he has dainty choice *Burgundy* Wine,
Next, ſtore of rich Garments to make you look fine;
Thus they firſt make us Drunk, then our Pockets they pick,
You confounded *F*— Dogs, have you got that Whores trick?
Derry down, &c.

V.

Fine Caſes for Tooth-picks, his Highneſs brought over,
And curious wrought Tweezers, juſt landed at *Dover*.
Then Snuff-Boxes lined with the *Chevalier*'s Face,
That all his true Vaſſals may know his good Grace.
Derry down, &c.

VI.

But what tranſports of Joy in our Eyes wou'd appear,
Oh! Cou'd we but ſee the Original here?
What crowding, what running, what riding from far?
I mean, were his Head fix'd on *Temple-Bar*?
Derry down, &c.

VII.

VII.

Next declicate Swords, all inlaid with Gold;
But 'tis only the Handles, as I have been told,
For *Marlborough* taught 'em in Nine diſmal Years,
That true *Engliſh* Blades were far better than theirs.
Derry down, &c.

VIII.

Then come my bold *Britons*, be merry and wiſe,
And ſince you can beat 'em, their Offers deſpiſe;
For ſhou'd we not bravely theſe Baubles refuſe,
Next Year they will offer us their Wooden Shoes.
Derry down, &c.

IX.

O Liberty! Liberty! thou art too dear,
For *Britons* to part with, through Folly or Fear.
Then make not your Conſcience a ſpecious Pretence,
To part with that Jewel, which is its Defence,
Derry down, &c.

X.

But drink off a Bumper to glorious Queen *ANNE*,
And he that won't Pledge it, is no honeſt Man.
Then fill up one more to the *HANOVER* Line,
And a Fig for the Popiſh Pretender's Deſign.
Derry down, &c.

The TORY's *Triumph.*

To the Tune *of, Hey Boys up go we.*

NOW now the Whigs ſhall all go down,
The Tories up and ride,
Theſe Genuin's Sons of C—— and Cr——n,
On both ſhall get aſtride;
We'll damn theſe ſtiff Republicans,
As low as low may be,
And Whip and Spur will ſeize the Reins.
Then hey Boys up go we.

We'll broach our Tubs and Principles,
Of *October* paſſive Growth,
And 'till our Tubbs and Bottles fail,
Will ſtand and fall by both;
With theſe we'll rout their boaſted Cauſe
Of Legal Liberty,
Pretend the Church has broke the Laws.
Then hey Boys, &c.

Their Meeting-Houſes we will gut,
And then as we were wont,
We'll ſwear 'twas a Fanatick Plot,
And the Rogues themſelves have don't;
With *French* and Papiſts we will joyn,
To ſhew our Loyalty,
Set *Perkin* up with Right Divine.
Then hey Boys, &c.

We'll

We'll ſend our Fool the Country round,
His Way for to prepare,
With Trumpet, Pipe, and Flag and Drum,
Like Cavalcade of Bear,
The Church's Danger to advance,
Tho' ſuch a Tool as he,
Will ſerve 'till better comes from *France*.
Then hey Boys, &c.

We'll pray and curſe, addreſs and ſwear,
Pro-con the Revolution,
With *Hanover* confound the Heir
Of Paſſive Inſtitution;
The Legal Right to weaken thus
Our Intereſt it will be,
For *Perkin* then comes next in Courſe.
Then hey Boys, &c.

To bring this bleſſed Change about,
We'll jumble and confound,
Whig Politicks and Credit rout,
And ſo the Wheel goes round;
'Till having run our Ropes full reach
With Mirth and merry glee,
We find 'twill hold as well as ſtretch.
Then hey Boys, &c.

To the Tune of the Glorious Year.

OH for a tuneful Bard that ſings
Of mighty Numbers mighty Things,
To tell of what the whole World rings,
Great *Ormond's* Warlike Glory.
Now no more the ſacred Strain,
Chuſe *Marlborough* to adorn their Train,
For what has he done this Campaigne,
To be the Muſes Story?
Nor let our *Harley* be forgot,
Who managing as t'other fought,
Has done likewiſe the Lord knows what,
For all was his adviſing;
And under theſe two mighty Men,
The Odds is almoſt One to Ten
But we maſter *France* again,
The *Salique* Law deſpiſing.
For both our Chiefs and Stateſmen too,
As being *Britain's* firm and true,
Are Enemies to *France* we know.
As *Marlborough* to *England*, Sir;
Let's baniſh then our idle Fears,
Since *Harley's* here and *Ormond* there,
And *Marlborough* is now no where,
But out of all Command, Sir.

OH

AH purblind Whigs, to ſay that Moderation
Is like yourſelves, laid by and out of Faſhion,
Alas! it runs like Wild-fire through the Nation.
Our Stateſmen now are moderately wiſe,
Their Honeſty is of a moderate Size;
The Commons moderately careful are,
Of fairly ending a ſucceſsful War.
A moderate Peace we find will be our Lot,
By moderate Guarantees ſecur'd God wot;
And we ſhall moderately happy be,
Tho' when, the Lord of *Oxford* knows, not we.
We're moderately tax'd; ah, that's a Jeſt
The Tories cry —— And ſo is all the reſt.

PASQUIN at PAULS.

ANNA was once the Wiſe, the Great, the Good,
Whilſt firm to ſtrict Alliances ſhe ſtood;
Victory caus'd her hither to repair,
Triumphant Praiſe to offer every Year:
But now the Wiſe, the Great, the Good's become
The Tool of *F* ——, the Scorn of *Chriſtendom*.

The MORAL.

How Vain Inconſtant are the beſt of Men,
Change East *to Day, to Morrow* South *again?*
How frail is Royal Word, or Solemn Vow,
Which ſerve no more but for the preſent? Now.
Alas! Alas! (*it would our Patience ſhock*)
Semper Eadem's, *turn'd a Weather-cock.*

A POEM to the Earl of Godolphin.

By Dr. G———h.

WHILST weeping *Europe* bends beneath her Ills,
And where the Sword deſtroys not, Famine kills;
Our Iſle enjoys, by your Succeſsful Care,
The Pomp of Peace, amidſt the Woes of War.
So much the Publick to your Prudence owes,
You think no Labours long for our Repoſe:
Such Conduct, ſuch Integrity are ſhown,
There are no Coffers empty, but your Own.
From mean Dependance Merit you retrieve,
Unask'd you offer, and unſeen you give:
Your Favour like the *Nile*, Increaſe beſtows,
And yet conceals the Source from whence it flows.
No Pomp or Grand Appearance you approve;
A People at their Eaſe is what you love;
To leſſen Taxes, and a Nation ſave,
Are all the Grants your Services wou'd have.
Thus far the State-Machine wants no Repair,
But moves in matchleſs Order by your Care;
Free from Confuſion, ſettled and Serene;
And like the Univerſe, by Springs unſeen.
But now ſome Star, ſiniſter to our Pray'rs,
Contrives new Schemes, and calls you from Affairs;

No Anguiſh in your Looks, or Cares appear,
But how to teach th' Unpractis'd Crew to ſteer.
Thus like a Victim, no Conſtraint you need,
To expiate their Offence by whom you bleed.
Ingratitude's a Weed of ev'ry Clime;
It thrives too faſt at firſt, but fades in time.
The God of Day, and your own Lot's the ſame;
The Vapours you have rais'd, obſcure your Flame;
But tho' you ſuffer, and a while retreat,
Your Globe of Light looks larger as you ſet.

On Queen ANNA's *Departure*, 1714.

By the Rector of Cheſhunt, *and preſented to the Lords of the R —— cy.*

WHEN Princes fall, ſome think that Juſtice flies,
And that with *Anna* all Religion dies;
I the reverſe; that Hers and O*xf—d*'s fate,
(From whence we may our happy *Æra* date)
Give to both drooping, the moſt Vig'rous State.
The One tho' Good, yet like the yielding Wax
Took all Impreſſions, owing to Her Sex.
The Other ſuch a Doubler in his Trade,
Religion, Honour, all a Handle made.
Thrice happy *Britain!* Now a Hero Reigns,
With *Britiſh* Blood and Courage in His Veins.
Hence all effeminate Sobs, all ſlaviſh Fear,
Our *George for England*, and a *Marlbro'* here,
Great Things Preſage to the Autumnal Year.

In

In Praiſe of Brunſwick *MUM.*

By *Ber. Michel* Eſq;

BEHOLD *Pythagoras*'s Cube, I think
When he invented, *Mum* was his Drink,
So ſolid, ſprightful, noble is this Liquor,
It makes the Judgment firm, the Invention quicker.
Let vulgar Wits drink Wine, *Apollo* come
And fill my Budget with *Caſtalian Mum*;
That Golden Tincture taken from the Face
Of *Ceres*, when thou didſt her firſt embrace;
Which makes thee Youthful, whence I do conjecture
That 'twas not *Wine*, but *Mum* that was thy Nectar.
The pratling Cups of *Bacchus* are too weak,
Mum commands ſilence, and can make us ſpeak.
The Curb and Spur of *Pegaſus*, none can
Speak wiſer than the Tongue-reſtraining Man;
Fill up my Romakin, nay, fill't up fuller,
I'll nick it till I have a Sanguine Color;
Now ſtop (brisk *Ganimed*) I plainly ſee
That all our Phiſiognomies agree.
Now for a Catch, begin Boy, and I'll follow
And ſing the Counterpart to great *Apollo*,
And firſt let's clear our Voices with a Hum,
And nothing ſing but *ſalu cele* } *berri* } *Mum.*

A Copy of *VERSES.*

THE true-born *English* generous and wiſe,
Hate Chains but do not Government deſpiſe,
Rights of the Crown, Tributes and Taxes they,
When lawfully demanded freely pay:
Force they abhor, and Wrongs they ſcorn to bear,
Juſtice with them was never held ſevere,
More guided by their Judgment than their Fear.
Power here by Tyranny was never got,
Laws may perhaps enſlave 'em, Force cannot.
Kings are leaſt ſafe in their unbounded Will,
Joyn'd with the wretched power of doing ill;
This Iſle to ſervile Yoaks did never bow;
What Conquerors ne'er preſum'd, who dares do now?
Roman or *Norman* never could pretend
To have enſlav'd; they made this Iſle their Friend.

A New BALLAD.

To the Old Tune of Chevy-Chaſe.

GOD proſper long this free-born Iſle,
And make to *Britons* known!
To talk of Peace is ſcarce worth while,
Unleſs 'tis Good or None.

Tho' Taxes may by Peace abate;
  Yet what Man gains a Teſter,
If Skin be patch'd o'er broken Pate,
  Before we cure the Feſter?

We have abjur'd; then reſt aſſur'd,
  Ye Clergy or ye Lay-men!
That Noble Act muſt be ſecur'd,
  Or elſe Lord help us! *Amen.*

With each Heart's Vein dread *Europe*'s Chain!
  Since there no Thing more true is;
Than that, if *Spain* muſt appertain
  To *Anjou*, He is *Lewis.*

God ſave the Queen, if thus they mean,
  And from old *Lew* defend her!
Since Five and Five is no more Ten,
  Than He is our Pretender.

He own'd King *Will.* and ſo wou'd ſtill,
  To gain a breathing Truce;
Then keep his Royal World, until
  To break it ſerv'd his Uſe.

So faithleſs Winds decoy the Ship,
  With Promiſe to perſiſt;
Then into ſome croſs Corner ſlip,
  And drive her as they liſt.

Who firſt a Mouſe-trap did invent,
And baited it with Bacon;
This mythologic Warning meant,
Be not by fair Words taken!

In vain poor Souls have flock'd in Shoals,
If Peace ſhou'd Slaves decree 'em;
To offer up at Quire of *Paul's*
Their needleſs Pſalm *Te-Deum.*

It was not thus in Days of old,
As Hiſtories repeat;
For Men did then a Diffrence hold
'Twixt Vict'ry and Defeat.

Nor was the Secret often known,
Thro' Courſe of Ages paſt;
The conqu'ring Side to be undone,
The Conquer'd gain at laſt!

A Gameſter, at a Hazzard-Bet,
Wou'd think't a Bubble-Caſe;
When Main is thrown and Stake is ſet,
To loſe it to *Deux-Ace.*

Thus ſmitten Hearts feel cruel Darts,
From a receding Eye;
Which *Parthian*-like, as Love aſſerts,
At once can kill and fly.

When injur'd *Greeks* beleaguer'd *Troy*,
And liv'd in Boots ten Years;
They let the Place no Reſt enjoy,
'Till burnt about their Ears.

Sly Proffers of tho' wiſh'd-for Peace,
With Sword in Hand, they heard;
But ſcorn'd Hoſtilities ſhou'd ceaſe,
'Till Wrongs were firſt repair'd.

No leſs than Madneſs it was thought,
At that wiſe Time o'-day;
To claim the Prize for which they fought,
And then to give 't away!

Kind Vict'ry; thus we're like the Cow,
Which crumps her Back and Tail;
And, after yielding Milk enough,
Friſks round and ſpills the Pail.

Then, this Diſpute to reconcile,
Let's end where we begun;
Nor talk of Peace as worth the while,
Except 'tis Good or None.

And ſo God bleſs our Gacious Queen!
And may our Pray'rs ne'er ceaſe;
That his great Hand wou'd intervene,
Be it a War or Peace!

Advice to the *HIGH-CHURCH.*

YOU talk of your *High-Church* Addreſſes,
Their Loyalty, Zeal and Affection;
ut tho' our Neceſſity preſſes
You ſtill keep the *Whigs* in Subjection.

nd will not one Peny beſtow
To reduce the proud Spirit of *France*,
nd not ſuffer the *Whigs* for to ſhow
How much they are willing t' advance.

ou all have great places of Truſt,
Yet remember on whom ye depend;
ay God you be faithful and juſt,
And prove honeſt Stewards in the end.

u ſay that we muſt have a Peace,
On the Articles *France* does propoſe,
hy then all our Troubles will ceaſe,
And a Fig for our *impotent Foes*.

e know they're not able to ſtand,
Nor hinder their Country from Ruin,
High-Church does grant their Demand,
And ſcorns to ſeek their undoing.

A

Their

Their Charity thus they extend,
Nor will they advantages take,
They hope to have *France* for a Friend,
And therefore a Peace they will make.

Pray think on the ways of old *Lewis*,
How unfaithful he ever has been;
You know what I tell you most true is,
Then have more regard for your Q——n.

If you give unto *Philip* the *Indies*,
And all the whole Kingdom of *Spain*,
He quickly will tell you his Mind is
What *Lewis* has lost to regain.

For why should he stand to the Bargain
His Grandfather made for himself,
He'll tell you *'tis not worth a Farthing*,
Nor will he be thought such an Elf.

Old *Lewis* once laid in his Grave,
The Grandsons too soon may unite,
And they that have Money may have
Great Numbers of Soldiers to fight.

With Vigour then push on the War,
'Till better Proposals are made:
All sinister Treaties abhor,
And secure to the Subjects their Trade.

Remember how much it has coſt
The *Spaniſh* Dominions to gain;
How many brave Men we have loſt,
And ſhall we then labour in vain.

Five Millions the *H——ders* proffer
To lend you, if that you have need:
Then do not refuſe ſuch an offer,
But accept of their Favour with ſpeed.

The kindneſs you ſee of the *D—ch*,
Which if you refuſe, I admire it;
The *Whigs* too will lend you as much,
Or more if the Q——n require it.

The Age of Wonders:

To the Tune of *Chivy Chaſe*.

THE Year of Wonders is arriv'd,
The Devil has learnt to dance;
The Church from Danger juſt retriev'd
By help brought in from *France*.

Nature's run mad, and Madmen rule,
The World's turn'd upſide down;
Tumult puts in to keep the Peace,
And Popery the Crown.

In all the Ages of the World,
Such Wonders ne'er were ſeen;
Papiſts cry out for th' *Engliſh* Church,
And Rabbles for the Queen.

The Pulpit thunders Death and War,
To heal the bleeding Nation;
And ſends *Diſſenters* to the Dev'l,
To keep the Toleration.

The High-Church Clergy mounted high,
Like Sons of *Jehu* drive;
And over true Religion ride,
To keep the Church alive.

The Furioſo's of the Church
Come foremoſt like the Wind;
And Moderation, out of Breath,
Comes trotting on behind.

The Realm, from Danger to ſecure,
To foreign Aid we cry;
With Papiſts and Nonjurors join,
To keep out Popery.

King *William* on our Knees we curſe,
And damn the Revolution;
And to preſerve the Nations Peace,
We ſtudy its Confuſion.

With treacherous Heart and double Tongue,
Both Parties we adhere to;
Pray for the Side we ſwear againſt,
And curſe the Side we ſwear to.

To Heaven we for our Sov'reign pray,
And take the Abjuration;
But take it *Hocus-Pocus* way,
With jugling Reſervation.

Sacheverel like, with double Face,
We Pray for our Defender;
To good Queen *Anne* make vile Grimace,
But drink to the Pretender.

With Presbyterians we unite,
And Proteſtant Succeſſion;
But if the Devil came for both,
We'd give him free Poſſeſſion.

Our Scheme of Politicks is wiſe,
Good Lord! that you'd but read it;
'T pulls *Marlbro'* down, to beat the *French*,
And the Bank, to keep our Credit.

Becauſe our Treaſurer was juſt,
And Houſe of Commons hearty,
And neither wou'd betray their Truſt,
Or ſell us to a Party:

Our

Our Buſineſs is, that neither may
Their Places long abide in;
But get ſome choſen in their room,
As no man can confide in.

Who ſhall deſerve your mighty Praiſe
For Fund, and eke for Loan;
And may the Nation's Credit raiſe,
But never can their own:

Becauſe declaring Rights to reign,
Our Parliaments have part in;
We'll have the Queen that Claim diſown,
For one that's more uncertain.

The Reſtoration to make plain,
That *Pirkin* mayn't miſcarry,
We've wiſely wheedl'd up the Queen
To Right Hereditary.

The Dignity of Parliaments,
The ſtronger to imprint in 's;
We hug the Prieſt who they condemn,
And ridicule their Sentence.

In order to diſcourage Mobs,
And keep the People quiet;
The Rabblers we condemn for Form,
But not a Rogue ſhall die yet.

The Duke of *Marlborough* to requite,
For retrieving *Engliſh* Honour;
His D——ſs ſhall have all the Spite
That Fools can put upon her.

For Battles fought, and Towns reduc'd,
And Popiſh Armies broken,
And that our *Engliſh* Gratitude
May't future times be ſpoken:

While fighting for the Nation he
Looks Danger in the Face,
We ſtrive to inſult his Family,
And load him with Diſgrace.

Becauſe he's crown'd with Victory,
And all the People love him;
We hate the Man for the Succeſs,
And therefore will remove him.

And now we're ſtirring up the Mob
Againſt a new Election,
That High-Church Members may be choſe
By our moſt wiſe Direction.

That Queens may Parliaments diſſolve,
No doubt 'tis right and juſt;
But we have found it out that now,
Becauſe ſhe may, ſhe muſt.

The Bankrupt Nation to reſtore,
And pay the Millions lent;
We'll at one daſh wipe out the Score,
With Spunge of Parliament.

Then we carry on the War,
With neither Fund or Debit;
And Banks ſhall eat us up no more,
Upon pretence of Credit.

If not, we'll cloſe with Terms of Peace,
Preſcrib'd by *France* and *Rome*;
That War, being hudled up Abroad,
May then break out at Home.

A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *Now now comes on the glorious Year*, &c.

ATtend good People and give Ear,
Liſten a while and you ſhall hear,
What ſtrange account *Guiſcard*'s Affair,
Will make in future Story;
How he was taken up and try'd,
How he all the fact deny'd,
How he was wounded and how he dy'd,
To *Britains* endleſs Glory.

If Fate be not miſtaken, He
Taking a turn one two or three,
By order of the Miniſtry,
  Was ſeized in the Park Sir;
And thence convey'd to a Room of State,
Where Privy Counſellors debate,
The grand Affairs of Church and State,
  As ſome do make Remark Sir;

But when that the noble *Harley* found,
The Knife in's Breaſt had made a Wound,
The Counſel did to Battle ſound,
  Like claps of any Thunder;
Chairs and Standiſhes, Ink and Pen,
To fly about the Room were ſeen,
But 'twas valiant St. *John* then ſtept in,
  And made the Count knock under.

In the Article of Death was he,
So compos'd that all agree,
For preſence of Mind and Bravery,
  He could be out done by no Man;
And by the greatneſs of his Soul,
That did the paſſion of Fear controul,
And kept his Spirits firm and whole,
  He ſure muſt be a *Roman*.

A valiant and a noble Peer,
Prompted by Prudence more than Fear,
Thought fit a while to diſappear,
  Under the Counſel Table;

And Reaſon for his Elopement gave,
That ſure no Perſon that was brave,
A Hand in ſuch a Fray could have,
To draw his ruſty Rapier.

A noble Duke to ſee fair Play,
Which he had never done, ſome ſay,
Thought it the moſt convenient Way,
To mount upon the Table;
And when their Safety he had ſeen,
Put up their Swords cry'd, Gentlemen,
For what can one Man do to ten,
To hurt you he's not able.

And now my Friends I ſhould do wrong,
Should I forget in this my Song
To tell which Side he did belong,
Before I end my Story;
Some ſay he was a Whig, but I,
Being brought up in Popery,
And being call'd Monſieur *L'Abbee*,
Declare him a rank Tory.

An Excellent new Song, called, Credit reſtored, in the Year of our Lord God, 1711.

To the Tune of, *Come prithee*, Horace, *hold up thy Head.*

ALL *Britains* rejoyce at this Turn of the State,
Which *reſcu'd from Plunder* the Nation;
From this happy Year you for ever may date
Of Credit the Reſtoration.
La, la, &c.

To begin with the Bank, which the Learned aver,
Of Credit the meaſure moſt true is,
It flouriſhes ſo, that One Hundred Pounds there,
Now at leaſt worth a *Hundred and Two is.*
La, la, &c.

Tho' once it was more, as the Faction does boaſt,
Intrinſick worth never can vary:
Their *Twenty and Seven*, they find to their Coſt,
Like our *Two* is but *Imaginary.*
La, la, &c.

And to ſhew that the *Landed Intereſt* riſes
In this happy Adminiſtration,
Our Navy for *Cheeſe* pays at leaſt double Prices,
And *Hogs* are in high Reputation.
La, la, &c.

And thus whilſt our Stateſmen, with vigilant Care,
Made all *ſuch Commodities* dearer;
In the whole we have loſt *one Year's Tax* for the War,
And therefore the Peace muſt be nearer,
La, la, &c.

Next open to all a *Subſcription Book* ſtood,
In which if ſome Fools would not enter,
Theſe Stateſmen not only *propos'd* what was Good,
But they likewiſe *compell'd* them to venture.
La, la, &c.

And ſuch fair Accounts the *Subſcribers* will ſee,
That ſurely there can be no looſing;
For *Shepherd* and *Blunt the Directors* ſhall be,
With *More* of her M——y's chooſing.
La, la, &c.

The Love of his Prince then whoever expects,
Or wiſhes his Fortune were double,
In *Mortimer's Hole* muſt lay all his Effects,
Where they never will give him more Trouble.
La, la, &c.

For the *Door is now ſhut*, and ſince all Men agree
Things ſtand upon ſolid Foundations;
Thoſe ignorant Wretches diſtracted muſt be,
Who can fear *in* this Court *Alterations*.
La, la, &c.

And

And E— *R*——*s* shall go to the House of *Hanover*,
To fix the *Right Hereditary*;
So now the Pretender can never come over,
Nor the settled Succession miscarry.
La, la, &c.

And further so watchful our Rulers have been,
That Perkin should never enslave ye;
The *Man*, who prefer'd him to our Gracious Queen,
Is not to preside o'er the Navy.
La, la, &c.

And less would they trust the renoun'd *P*——*gh*
In that Post, tho he much laid about him;
They knew if he rambled the *Continent* thorough,
Sea-Affairs would go better without him.
La, la, &c.

For the Seamen may gain, in the *South-Sea* Trade,
Their Pay, since so rudely they crave it;
And who can complain that a Debt is unpaid?
When the Lubbards *for fetching* may have it.
La, la, &c.

Those extravagant Rogues would have spent in a trice,
What they gain'd with much Danger and Trouble;
But our Governors prudent have found this Device,
That they might not their Families bubble.
La, la, &c.

Great Schemes like to theſe might be well brought to (bear,
Since the Perſons imploy'd were not ſmall;
For who ſhould they be but the good *M*——*r*,
And the beautiful *A*——*l*.
La, la, &c.

Young *Cato* to them had the next mighty Share,
And all muſt acknowledge that he is
As buſy and warm in * *his Country's Affair,*
As in her own Hive any Bee is,
La, la, &c.

For an Inſtance of this he in Publick maintain'd,
That the *Debt was of meer Grace and Favour*;
Which though this Great Orator fully explain'd,
Yet her M——y paid it, God ſave her.
La, la, &c.

Thus our Debts being clear'd from the fruitful *South-* (*Sea*,
In Wealth we ſhall grow daily ſtronger;
Tho' Stock-Jobbing fails, why diſmay'd ſhould we be,
Since we want to be truſted no longer.
La, la, &c.

---

* Examiner *the laſt.*

For

For a Box is juſt landed, by which we may find
Our Work done in *France* and *Peru* is;
And the long wiſh'd for Peace already is ſign'd
Betwixt *Arthur Moſe* and King *Lewis*.
La, la, &c.

A New BALLAD *on a late* Strolling Doctor.

To the Old Tune of, *Hey Boys! Up go we*; or what other you pleaſe.

GOOD Folks, I pray, have not you heard
Of a *Criminal* of late,
Who has rode thro' Town and Country too,
In a moſt pompous State?
In a moſt pompous State indeed,
With a Train of brainleſs Fools,
All manag'd by ſome K——s above,
And made their Eaſy Tools.

This was a Man in holy Church,
Of Republican Renown
In * Eighty Eight, who labour'd hard
To pull his Sovereign down;
To pull his Sovereign down to rights,
And ſet up Glorious *WILL*,
The braveſt Prince that e'er before
The *Britiſh* Throne did fill.

* *Revolution*.

But

But this ſame ſhuffling Prieſt has ſince
A ſilly Turn-Coat prov'd,
And by his Paſſive Doctrine has
The Mob to Rebellion mov'd:
The Mob to Rebellion mov'd, (ah R——n!)
Againſt the Church and Queen,
And all the Laws *impune*; ſure
The like was never ſeen.

This Prieſt in all his Strollings met,
With more than Fidler's fare,
For h' had Meat and Drink, and Yellow-boys,
And Women e'en to ſpare:
And Women e'en to ſpare, forſooth,
Thanks to their thick-ſcull'd Fools,
That were manag'd by ſome K——s above,
And made their Eaſy Tools.

The *Levites* of this Jollity
Reſolving to partake,
Came thick and threefold into th' Crowd,
Juſt as at any Wake;
All to *Huzza*, and ſhew themſelves
As Arrant Oafs and Fools,
As e'er were rid by crafty Kn——s,
That knew who were their Tools.

And now to work they went full drive,
Addreſſes for to make;
And Slap-dash *Lives* and *Fortunes* all,
Sans Senſe or Reaſon Stake:

Sans

Sans Senſe or Reaſon ſtake, ſuch are
These wretched Miſcreant Fools,
Who are manag'd by ſome Kn——s above,
And made their Eaſy Tools.

But would would you gladly know herein,
What was their main Intent?
Why 'twas to have the Queen (God bleſs!)
Call a new Parliament:
Call a new Parliament forthwith,
To pleaſe theſe Tory-Fools,
Who are manag'd by ſome Kn——s above,
And made their Eaſy Tools.

And Ah! when that is once obtain'd,
What next will be their Cry?
A Whirligig, a Turn-about,
And Change of Miniſtry;
A Change of Miniſtry no doubt
Would pleaſe theſe *Bedlam* Fools,
Who are manag'd by ſome Kn——s above,
And made their Eaſy Tools.

But then to plague the *Whigs*, on whom
They hope to wreak their Spight,
The Acts of *Settlement* they Damn,
For *Hereditary Right*:
For *Hereditary Right*, in Hopes
To pleaſe theſe High-Church Fools,
Who are manag'd by ſome Kn——s above,
And made their Eaſy Tools.

But

But how do they confound this Right,
Both Human and Divine!
Her *Majesty's*, and also That
Of th' *Hanoverian* Line:
This only's made a Stale, to draw
In *Country* Puts and Fools,
Who are manag'd by some Kn——s above,
And made their Easy Tools.

But now stand clear, for the Bellow is,
Oh! the Danger of the Church!
Th' *Apostolick* must by no means
Be left in woeful Lurch.
But *Non-Resistance* stoutly must,
Be held up to old Rules,
Or else some Kn——s above would lose
Their new Bigotted Tools.

Pray God bless good Queen *Anne*, and keep,
And mightily defend her
From all that sooth Her to Her Face,
Yet wou'd bring in Pretender:
Yet wou'd bring the Pretender in,
To undeceive those Fools,
Who have been manag'd by some Kn——s,
That call'd them their n'own Tools.

ENGLAND's *Joy*; or the GERMAN's *Triumph*.

To the Tune of, *Now, now, comes on, &c.*

BEhold, brave Boys, good News I bring,
For which with Joy drink Healths and ſing,
The Guns did roar, and Bells did ring.
Grief unto Joy was turned:
The joyful Tydings came from *Spain*,
That King *Charles* and his noble Train,
Some Thouſands there have took and ſlain,
For which King *Philip* mourned.

The Twenty ſixth of laſt *July*,
To *Philip* then this News did fly,
Five Thouſand *Palatines* was nigh,
Brave Valiant Men all marching
To join the *Germans* with all Speed,
At which News *Anjou* cry'd indeed,
To mourn I never had more need,
This News it is ſo fearfling.

Which makes my blooming Soul to quake,
My Bowels for to twiſt and ake,
And noble Joints with Dread to ſhake,
To think what Miſchief's brewing:

If

If here much longer we do ſtay,
They'll come and make a bloody Fray,
Therefore with Speed let us away,
To prevent utter Ruin.

They mov'd their Siege, as 'twill appear,
The *Germans* being void of Fear,
As *Spaniards* marched in the Rear,
Not meaning to diſſemble,
But for to be reveng'd on thoſe,
Who was King *Charles*'s mortal Foes,
The *Germans* in with them did cloſe,
Which made the *Spaniards* tremble.

Like valiant Men who took Delight
In Fields of bloody War to fight,
With Courage then in Armour bright,
While Drums and Trumpets ſounded;
The thundring Cannons then did ſmoak,
Which ſoon the *Spaniards* Army broke,
We gave them ſuch a fatal Stroke,
Which their great Hopes confounded.

The *Spaniards* forced were to yield
And in that fatal bloody Field,
Six hundred Officers were kill'd
And took, where Guns did rattle:
Whoſe mighty Balls the Ground then tore,
And killed Seven Thouſand more
Of Soldiers who lay in their Gore,
This was a bloody Battle.

Of them we did ſuch Havock make,
Which made the *Spaniards* Hearts to ake,
Thirty large Cannons we did take,
Fair Pillage and no Plunder,
Beſides Standards and Colours too;
The reſt of them we did purſue,
Which made King *Philip* ſwear Morblieu,
And cry'd I muſt knock under.

As I am now thus put to Flight,
And my brave valiant Men of Might,
To my old Dad begar I'll write
The Truth, and will not flatter:
Tho' cruel, politick, and wiſe,
Theſe Tydings will his Soul ſurprize,
And make the Tears ſtand in his Eyes,
To hear of this great Slaughter.

When *Lewis* heard this ſad Expreſs,
His Babe was beat with Heavineſs,
His Heart was fill'd to that Exceſs,
With a deep Sigh he ſounded;
And when his Senſes came again,
He cry'd, Farewel the Crown of *Spain*,
We long have ſtrove, but all in vain,
This News my Heart hath wounded.

Philip, my Soul is griev'd for thee,
My Child, I cannot think nor ſee,

Where we can go, both ſafe to be
From Foes ſo ſtout and cruel;
If thee and I had done at firſt,
That Thing which is call'd Fair and Juſt,
We had been wiſe; but now we muſt
Expect to be as Fuel.

The Devil told me Years ago,
Over my ſtout inſulting Foe,
I every Year ſhould Maſter grow,
Which Thing I did deſire!
But now I'm left in great Diſtreſs,
I find to my great Heavineſs,
I every Year loſe more or leſs,
The Devil is a Liar.

Battles and Cities I do loſe,
To rob me they will not refuſe,
To take my Towns they pick and chooſe,
And daily do me plunder.
I plac'd my Hopes upon a Rock,
Which my ſtrong Foes do daily ſhock,
And now methinks I hear them knock
At *Paris* Gates like Thunder.

My Foes are daily up and down,
With Swords like Graſs to cut me down,
In little time they'll take my Crown,
Then muſt my Grandeur periſh,

To

To think of this my Heart does bleed,
Now of a Dram I ſtand in need,
Bring me a Quart of *Gen.* with Speed
My fainting Soul to cheriſh.

An Account of the Surrender of BEthune, *&c.*

To the Tune of, Let *Mary* live long.

BRAVE Boys, let us ſing,
With Hearts much delighted,
And not be affrighted,
There's Hopes the *French* King, he muſt buckle to,
And that in few Days;
Let's give God the Praiſe for conquering Blows,
In hopes ſtill for ever,
In hopes ſtill for ever to conquer our Foes.

But few Weeks ago,
Through Heaven's Direction,
And mighty Protection,
We very well know, with Courage ſo bold,
Bethune, that ſtrong Town,
Like Men of Renown, our Soldiers beſieg'd;
Which Place to ſurrender,
Which Place to ſurrender, the *French* were oblig'd.

Curſe their Wooden Shooes,
To their Kings Aſſiſtance,
Made ſo much Reſiſtance,
We many did loſe of brave valiant Men;
But with Cannon-Balls,
We ſo thump'd their Walls, which batter'd 'em down,
Which did ſoon oblige them,
Which did ſoon oblige 'em, for to quit the Town.

With Cannons but two,
Which Thing was requir'd,
With Sighs then retir'd,
This blood-thirſty Crew, to ſome other Place;
While *French* lad did look,
Poſſeſſion we took; being ſmil'd on by Fate:
Thus Towns we have gained,
Thus Towns we have gained, tho' at a dear Rate.

Likewiſe 'tis well known,
King *Philip* that Hector,
Who ſtrove for the Victor,
He was overthrown at *Catalonia*,
By King *Charles* the Third,
Whoſe conquering Sword play'd him ſuch a Bout,
That *Philip*'s brave Army,
That *Philip*'s brave Army, was put to the Rout.

And ſince that in *Spain*,
Malice not being ended,
King *Philip* pretended
To meet us again, in Hopes of Revenge,

The

The *Germans* we hear,
Like Men void of Fear, made Canons to roar,
Which made *Philip*'s Army,
Which made *Philip*'s Army to reek in their Gore.

Thoſe that were not kill'd,
To be thus defeated,
With Sorrow retreated;
Many in the Field, they threw down their Arms,
And away did run,
Crying, We are undone for ever, bagar;
But we ſoon did make them,
But we ſoon did make them all Priſoners of War.

When amongſt the Dead
For Pillage we gazed,
Like Men much amazed,
Shot clear thro' the Head, the Duke of *Havre* we ſaw.
The Marqueſs *de Bay*,
In this bloody Fray, Fate on him ſo frown'd,
Whether dead or living,
Whether dead or living, he could not be found.

Thus *Spaniards* we beat
To their Grief and Sorrow,
Vexation and Horror,
The Pillage was great we took in the Field;
We miſs'd the main Prize,
Philip in Diſguiſe, he went off alive;
Of all his brave Soldiers,
Of all his brave Soldiers, went with him but Five.

And while it is hot,
Boys let us not leave him,
Perplex him and grieve him,
If to *Madrid* got, we'll be with him there;
And in little Space,
Force him to give Place, that this Princely one,
King *Charles* may be ſettl'd,
King *Charles* may be ſettl'd with Joy on his Throne.

When *Lewis le Grand*
He heard *Philip*'s Letter,
Cry'd, inſtead of better,
As I am a Man it is worſe and worſe;
My Towns they do gain,
Thy Men they are ſlain by a rugged Crew,
Philip, my dear Darling,
Philip, my dear Darling, Child, what muſt we do.

'Twas in thy Defence,
This laſt War I enter'd,
And ſo boldly ventur'd,
A Piece of Nonſence to do as we have:
The Crown was not thine,
No more than 'twas mine; For this wicked thing
Moſt Chriſtians do count me,
Moſt Chriſtians do count me a Dr'ch of a King.

In Tears I lament
For to ſee my Folly,
I cannot be jolly;
Too late I repent, with deep Groans, begar:
I ſee my dear Child,
In a little while, they will take my Crown,
And then my great Grandeur,
And then my great Grandeur, with Shame muſt go down.

At Night when I ſleep,
Then I am ſo troubled,
My Sorrows are doubled,
With Sighs I do weep, and dream that I ſee;
Marlborough by me ſtand,
With Sword in his Hand, Prince *Eugene* and *Heſſe*,
Saying, thou old Tyrant,
Saying, thou old Tyrant, Thy Heart we will pierce.

My Sorrows are ſo,
To ſmile I ſhall never,
My Tears like a River,
From my Eyes do flow, with Streams to my Breaſt;
You that do me love,
Let Pity you move my Caſe to condole,
And bring a Dram to me,
And bring a Dram to me, to cheriſh my Soul.

The Thankſgiving: A New PROTESTANT BALLAD.

To an Excellent Italian Tune.

LET's ſing the New M——y's Praiſe
With Hearts moſt thankful and glad,
For the S——ſmen of theſe our Days
Are the wiſeſt that ever we had.

But not to wander too far
In the Maze of their endleſs Merit;
I'll give you an Inſtance moſt rare
Of their Vigilance, Wiſdom, and Spirit.

They heard on Queen *Beſs*'s Birth-day
The Prentices had an Intent,
Th' old *Proteſtant* Gambol to play,
Which *Churchmen*, they thought ſhould prevent.

The *Frolick*, it ſeems, was no leſs
Than to carry about in Proceſſion,
A *Pope* in *Ridiculous* Dreſs,
And to burn it by way of Diverſion.

Beſides theſe turbulent Fo'ke
(Than their Anceſtors much more uncivil)
To their Pageant had addded the Joke
Of a *Perkin*, and eke of a *Devil*.

With

With Cardinals, Jeſuits, Fryers,
A Cart-load together at leaſt,
Intended to Crown their Bonefires,
A very unſeas'nable Jeſt.

For ſure there cou'd be no Senſe,
When a Peace is coming upon us,
T' affront ſuch a powerful Prince
As the Pope; why it might have undone us.

Then if the Moſt Chriſtian King,
Should have taken it ill at our hand,
Such a very unmannerly thing
Might have put the Peace to a ſtand.

The *Jacobites* next, to be ſure,
Would have ris'n to defend their Maſter;
And who could have told where a Cure
Could be found for ſuch a Diſaſter?

Beſides it would bear a doubt,
Whether burning the Pope and the Devil,
Might not be deſigned to flout,
At *High-Church* and Dr. *Sacheverell.*

Furthermore in theſe Days of Sin
'Twas fear'd by Folks that were hearty,
A numerous Mob might have been,
Ev'n rais'd for the Dev'l and 's Party.

'Twas

'Twas therefore expedient found,
To ſend the Foot-Guards on the Scout,
To ſearch all the Suburbs round,
And find the bold Pageant out.

They took it, and, as it was fit,
A Magiſtrate Wiſe and Great
The Criminals ſtrait did commit,
That the Law might determine their Fate.

Then for fear of a Reſcue by Night,
At which we ſhould all ha' been troubled,
'Twas order'd (and ſure that was right)
That the *Guards* ſhou'd be ev'ry where doubled.

Beſides that no Harm might come nigh us,
The Bands ſo well Train'd were drawn out,
And as long as theſe Heroes ſtand by us,
The Devil himſelf we may rout.

What tho' ſome People did ſneer,
And call 'em the Pope's Life-Guard;
They ſtood to their Arms and their Beer,
All Night, and kept Watch and Ward.

So God ſave our gracious Queen,
And Her Miniſters every one,
And he that don't ſay *Amen*,
Is a Churl, and may let it alone.

The *Hanover* Houſe God preſerve,
And blaſt the Pretender's Hope:
The Proteſtant Cauſe let's ſerve,
And give to the Devil the Pope.

The LONDON ELECTION:
A BALLAD.

THE *Londoners*, lately perceiving the Dangers
Of a *Treaty of Commerce* in favour of Strangers,
Which quickly would render them Objects of Pity,
Would ſhut all their Shops up, and beggar the City,

Had firmly reſolv'd ſuch Patriots to chuſe,
As would Penſions reject, and Places refuſe;
Who ne'er were concern'd in ſurrendring of Charters, *
Nor rank'd Sir *John Friend* in the Army of Martyrs; †

Who would not encourage a Riot's encreaſe, §
And Conſtables threaten in keeping the Peace;
Nor in the dark Liſt of thoſe Jury-men ſtood, *
Who Papiſts to pleaſe had ſhed Proteſtant's Blood.

---

* Sir *G. N.*
† Sir *J. C.*
§ Sir *R. H.*
* *W. W.*

A Poll now begun, it was quickly paſt Doubt,
That the ſervile Court-Tools would ſoon be thrown out.
That the City hereafter would make a brave ſtand
Againſt all Encouragements of Monarch *Le Grand*:

That the Favourite-Bill at laſt would miſcarry,
To the Grief of his Friends both *Robin* and *Harry*;
That *Matthew* from *Paris* wou'd ſoon be forc'd Home,
And His Brother, Count *Tariff*, receive his juſt Doom.

This put *Harlequin* in ſuch a ſad Fright,
That the News of the Day broke his Sleep ev'ry Night.
Directions muſt therefore be ſpeedily ſent
How theſe diſmal Effects the Sheriffs might prevent.

A *Sacheverell* Mob was then tutor'd and paid
To make a loud Raving, No Merchants, No Trade;
And the * Jaylor of *Ludgate* gave full Pots of Ale,
Whilſt † *Gatton*'s Half-Crowns flew about thick as Hail.

Next Pick-pockets, Sharpers, and other vile Fellows,
Were forc'd from the Stews, the Goal, and the Gallows.
Nay, many a Zealot leap'd out of his Grave
The Church, 'twas pretended from Ruin to ſave.

---

* Stacy.
† Eſq. N.

That

That no Votes might be loſt, others took ſo much Care
They were mounted on *Pegaſus*, brought thro' th Air;
From Port *Mahon*, or *New England*, they came
In a Day, did their Buſineſs, and went home the ſame.

By thoſe corrupt Means, a Majority gain'd,
And the Ends which their Managers aim'd at obtain'd,
For a Scrutiny ſome to the Sheriffs apply'd,
Who granted at laſt, what at firſt they deny'd.

Then * *Towzer*, the Basket Man fain wou'd have prov'd
All Councellors ſhou'd, out of Court, be remov'd,
Since the Judges would ſhew, that they care not a Straw
For the Rules of right Reaſon, or Dictates of Law.

Having made a long Speech, without Head or Tail,
Yet ſuch as in late common Councils prevail,
He went home to his Spouſe, to let Deareſt know
How finely he talk'd, and how the Scrutiny'd go.

With the Leave of his Worſhip, I next would declare
Who were his Collegues in this weighty Affair;
But to ſay how much Braſs to each does belong,
Is a Task that I can't reconcile to my Song.

Hither Ruby-fac'd † *Jerry*, from the *Oxford-Arms* Clan,
Who toaſt ev'ry Night the Youth at *Lorrain*,

* *L- day Co.*
† *J-y C-lin.*

Was ſent to aſſert, ſhould there be an Occaſion,
Their Right who refuſe the damn'd Abjuration.

Here * *Jack Puſſe* let fly his Quirks, and his Puns,
As faſt the † Blackſmith pops off his great Guns;
And with wonderful Skill ſtrove to make it appear,
That no Affidavits were Evidence there.

Here Barreſter *Dicky*, deeply read in the Law,
Who knew by Experience the Uſe of a Flaw,
Diſfranch'd whole Companys all in a Fury,
And was at the ſame time, Judge, Witneſe, and Jury,

Nothing elſe but his Nonſenſs and Noiſe cou'd be heard,
So well were the Sheriffs for Drudgery prepar'd;
Leaſt the Truth ſhould be known, ſo ſtrong was their (Fear,
Twas unluckily ſaid, They had ſtopped one Ear.

Yet ſuch Villany was, each Moment detected,
They ſaw that their Friends wou'd all be rejected;
Nine Companies finiſh'd, they therefore adjorn'd,
And the Four worthy Knights unelected return'd.

It's very well known there had been a Deſign,
To have traffick'd with *France* to the loſs of our Coin,
Againſt which the beſt Oppoſition was made,
By Such as was throughly acquainted with Trade.

---

* *T. A-dr-ws City Att--y.*
† *J--es.*

They reſolve, ſince the Merchants have been ſo uncivil,
High Church * Divines ſaid, That Trade was an Evil,
The City ſhould be repreſented hereafter,
By thoſe who knew nothing at all in the Matter.

The French *King's Thanks and Advice to the Tory M--b--rs and M-n--rs.*

To the Tune of Lillibullero.

WELL play'd my dear Friends for the Catholick (Cauſe,
You manage it bravely by learning my Laws;
What ſhou'd Whigs do with Pow'r to oppoſe ſuch as you?
To the Right Line and *Lewis* be faithful and true.
Hang Law and Liberty,
Damn Law and Liberty,
Make Law and Liberty truckle to you:
'Tis your Tory Privilege,
My French *Prerogative,*
All Law and Liberty quite to ſubdue.

You muſt ſeize their Old Rights without Shadow of (Wrong,
Who of his have deprived your *Jemmy* ſo long.
Your Electors would be your King's, if you let 'em.
But our Wooden Shoes will far better fit 'em.
Hang Law, &c.

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* *Bp. Pk--r of O--d.*

Always tell the People, 'Tis for them and the Church;
But when you are chosen, then leave 'em i'th' lurch:
Learn 'em this, and they swallow Transubstantiation,
Then mount their blind Faith, and ride the tame Nation.
Hang Law, &c.

You must stick at no Lying or swearing whatever;
You need not want Money to treat 'em, as never:
As you've flatter'd and brib'd to the heighth for their (Votes,
You then fall at their Feet, now fly at their Throats.
Hang Law, &c.

Here's my Purse to answer your Charges and Pains,
And to bind your Electors in *French* Gold Chains;
As now they are bound, so make them obey,
Or shew 'em to *Newgate* or *Tyburn* the way.
Hang Law, &c.

Tell the sheepish Dissenters, They without any Care
May depend for their Safety on God and their Pray'r:
Or if thrown out of Places, and thrown into Goals,
'Twill but speed 'em to Heav'n with forwarder Gales.
Hang Law, &c.

For the Whigs that refus'd you, remember their Poll;
And my *frenchify'd* Friends, who shall dare to controul?
But if some will to Law, like the *Aylesbury* Men,
You must lay 'em in Goal, and their Council again.
Hang Law, &c.

If

If you get the Petitions once happily ended,
The Q— and the L—s will be thereby befriended;
Then Model the Rights of the Voters, and then
Always you, or your Friends, will be Parliament-men.
Hang Law, &c.

But what if you make this to be your laſt Choice?
Should Brutes (in their Carriage and Senſe) have a (Voice?
Why not ſet up at once for Eternal Dictators,
And put into Practice what is in your Natures?
Hang Law, &c.

Now you have pay'd for their Votes, you may honeſtly (ſeize 'em,
So of Trouble and Care in their chuſing, you'll eaſe 'em,
Their own Money tack'd to a well-framed Bill,
Will ſoon all truckle and bow to your Will.
Hang Law, &c.

Then *Rome* and High-Church we'll intirely unite;
For *Laud* and *L'Eſtrange* make the Difference ſlight.
Should Abby Lands go, we'll make their Eſtates
To pay for't, who will not drive on at our Rates.
Hang Law, &c.

We'll bring in young *Jemmy*, and raiſe his Arrears
By Plunder, and Taxes on all Mutinier's.
Low-Church and Diſſenter that will not comply,
Shall be fin'd, whip'd, impriſon'd, ſtarv'd, Baniſh'd and (dye.
Hang Law, &c.

French, *Scotch*, *Iriſh* Arms, ſhall together combine
With brave *Engliſh Jack* to reſtore the Right Line,
In a new Tripple League, *France*, *Britain* and *Spain*,
Over all the known World ſhall Abſolute Reign.
Hang Law, &c.

Your *Jemmy* ſhall Places and Honours beſtow,
Which to my faſt Friends for his Throne he will owe,
And ſhall make them deſcend, as the Crown which he (wears,
In deſpite of all Claim to yours and your Heirs.
Hang Law and Liberty,
Damn Law and Liberty;
Make Law and Liberty truckle to you,
'Tis your Tory *Priviledge*,
My French *Prerogative*,
All Law and Liberty quite to ſubdue.

The MANAGERS:

A BALLAD.

To the Old Tune of Chevy-Chaſe.

GOD bleſs our Gracious Sovereign *ANN!*
I mean for to rehearſe
The noble Actions, as I can,
Of her great Men in Verſe.

A Ballad to their Merit may,
Moſt juſtly then belong,
For why they've given all away
To *Lewis* for a Song.

Now in the Tale that I'm about,
'Tis proper to begin
With telling you, if I'm not out,
How firſt thoſe Folks got in.

They cry'd, *The Danger of the Church*,
Which did ſo near ſurround her,
If Tories left her in the lurch,
The Whigs would quite confound her.

Beſides, that we were grown ſo poor,
The War had coſt ſo much,
And all that we were fighting for,
Was to enrich the *Dutch*.

They ſaid the Duke of *Marlborough*
The War would never end;
For while he always beat our Foes,
How cou'd they e'er be Friends?

'Tis not the Means, theſe Folks did ſay,
To make all Diſcord ceaſe,
But not to ſtrike a Blow, the Way
To make a laſting Peace.

When

When they by raiſing Diſcontent,
Their Tricks they did prevail;
For Peace unto the *Hague*, they ſent
My good Lord Privy-Seal.

To him was joyn'd a noble Lord,
That has no Parallel,
To draw the Pen and eke the Sword,
Command as well as Spell.

Lord *Harry* too the Ocean croſs'd
Poor *Torcy* to confound,
Which Journey has the *French* King coſt
Full many a Thouſand Pound.

Of Treaties many, ſome for Pelf,
Theſe Men were Undertakers;
There's one may execute it ſelf,
The other will their Makers.

Lewis no more ſhall draw his Sword,
For ſolemnly he ſwore,
With *Anne* he'd keep his Royal Word,
Which he ne'er kept before.

The Barrier which he yields the *Dutch*
Shall well defended be,
And, that they mayn't be troubled much,
Himſelf will keep the Key.

They

They have ſettled well the Terms of Trade;
As it was in Sixty Four;
And thankful we may be to have made
So much, when they had more.

And now they try'd by ſubtle Art,
Being got in ſure Poſſeſſion,
To change the Thing next the Queen's Heart,
The Proteſtant Succeſſion.

Myſterious *Oxford* therefore wou'd,
From his profound Library,
Prove, no Right to the Crown was good,
But Right Hereditary.

To aſſert this Truth they did compound
A Noble *Folio*,
Some noble Lords they likewiſe bound
In *Duodecimo*.

And now this Doctrine to ſupport,
Who cou'd they think of fitter,
Or to defend in open Court,
Than our Black Knight Sir *Peter*.

What tho' we took him for a Friend,
We need not make a Pudder;
For who's ſo proper to defend
One King as is another?

But now as Things to fall are known,
Between the Cup and Lip,
Juſt ſo the Scheme was quite kick'd down,
By one unlucky Slip.

For you muſt know our Miniſters,
Who would be thought ſo crafty,
Are now together by the Ears,
And thence proceeds our Safety.

The *Examiner* does tell the Cauſe,
Why they can never hit,
Or elſe, whoever dream'd, it was
'Cauſe ſome had too much Wit.

No matter tho' how't came about,
Or on what fatal Night;
But this I'm ſure, when Knaves fall out,
Honeſt Men get their Right.

The Duke of *Kent*, God bleſs his Grace,
Is going to *Hanover*;
And ſince Things wear ſo good a Face,
Our Fears muſt needs be over.

Now all Stocks may riſe, and all do well,
No Mortal can deny a
But that the Crown's ſecur'd in Tail
On Proteſtant *Sophia*.

Let honeſt Men together ſtand,
And hang this M———
O then we want to ſave *England*
No other Guarantee.

Libertatis Amator :

A LITANY.

FROM the lawleſs Dominion of Mitre and Crown,
Whoſe Tyrannies are Abſolute grown ;
That Men become Slaves to Altar and Throne,
And can call neither Bodies, nor Souls their own.
Libera nos Domine.

From a Reverend bawling *Theological* Profeſſor,
From a *Proteſtant* Zealous for a *Popiſh* Succeſſor:
Who for a great Benefice ſtill leaves a leſſer,
And ne'er will die Martyr, nor make good Confeſſor,
Libera, &c.

From *Deans*, and from *Chapters*, who live at their Eaſes,
Whoſe Leachery lies in renewing *Church* Leaſes ;
Who live in *Cathedrals* like Maggots in Cheeſes,
And lie like *Abby*-Lubbers ſtew'd in their own Greaſes,
Libera, &c.

From

From *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, Scholaſtical Fry,
Whoſe Leachery's with their Landreſs to lie;
Of *Church* and *State* their Wants to ſupply,
That Religion and Learning may never die,
Libera nos, Domine.

From a *Holbourn-Hill* Parſon, whoſe Pulpit rings,
With *Jure Divino* of Biſhops and Kings:
And from the true Scripture falſe Evidence brings,
That Kingſhip and Prieſthood are two ſacred Things,
Libera, &c.

From a Miniſter of the *Engliſh* Church Breed,
Mother *Church*'s own Son by Epiſcopal Seed;
Who with *Tale-Tub* can burleſque *Lord*'s *Prayer* and (*Creed*,
And can the whole *Bible* ridicule for a need,
Libera, &c.

From a Scandalous, Limping, Litigious *Vicar*,
Of whom his Pariſh grows ſicker anſt ſicker;
Who taught his dull Maid to grow quicker and quicker, (quor,
And who ſtole the Tankard when he drunk out the Li-
Libera, &c.

From an *Altar-Piece Monger*, who rails at *Diſſenters*,
Aud Damns *Non-Conformiſts* in the Pulpit he enters:
Yet all the Week long his own Soul he ventures,
By being ſo Drunk that he cutteth Indentures.
Libera, &c.

From

From young Boys Ordain'd, whoſe Beards are not grown;
From a Journey-Man *Preacher*, to ſome dignify'd Drone,
Who, whatever Text he Preaches upon,
Sill talks of *Rebellion* and *Forty One*,
Libera Nos, &c.

From a *Proteſtant* Church, where a *Papiſt* muſt reign;
From a *High Tory* Parliament, to *England* a Stain:
Who becauſe ſome honeſt *Members* the *Plot* would make plain,
Their Elections made void, and they ſent Home again,
Libera Nos, &c.

From Fools, Knaves and Villains, Prerogative Tories,
From *Church* that for the *Babylon* Whore is;
From a Pretended Prince, like Pear rotten at Core is,
From a *Court* that has Millions, yet as *Job* poor is.
Libera Nos, &c.

From all that would the *Hanover* Succeſſion bambouzle,
And thoſe *Villains* that honeſt Mens *Mouths* wou'd up Muzzle,
From thoſe that love nothing but *French* Wine to guzzle,
And with their Knaviſh Quirks, and Tricks us would puzzle.
Libera Nos, &c.

From a *W*——*r* at St. J——*s*'s, and another at *Paris*,
From the *Harliquin* Plot well known to *Bob. Farriſs*,
Deliver us, Lord, from this very Thing,
From the Sham Prince of *Wales*, and the *French* King.
Libera Nos, &c.

Sir *ROGERS*'s SPEECH TO HIS MERCENARY TROOPS, At *W*----

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, & carcere, Dignum,
Si vis esse aliquid. Juvenal.

WElcome my Bosom-Friends, once more we're met,
In hopes to Conquer, and our Foes defeat.
Success has hitherto advanc'd our Cause,
And only seeming Good has gain'd Applause:
More than a thousand Thanks to you are due,
Your Friendship's prov'd, for daring to pursue
Designs by me contriv'd, and had in view.
Almost the Works compleat, a Peace is made,
Gainful to me, tho' sure to ruin Trade.
M——*gh* from whom *France* long did wait her Doom,
Is now discarded, and sent far from Home.

Had

Had he his Conqueſts to this Time purſu'd,
And *Britiſh* Hands in *Gallick* Blood inbru'd;
I muſt have ſuffered an inglorious Fate,
Be then expos'd to Scorn and publick Hate,
And all my Hopes be daſh'd of being Great.
Thus Obſtacles remov'd by dext'rous Art,
With Safety now I act the Villain's Part:
Succeſs has made me Bold, and void of Shame,
A Traytor's Deeds I love, tho' not the Name.
Whilſt I'm ſupported by ſuch generous Friends,
Such who'll aſſiſt to gain the wiſh'd for Ends;
James, tho' but Young, yet skilful in Command,
Shall then return to rule his Native Land.
Would you ſoon perfect this our Great Deſign?
Exclaim againſt the *Hanoverian* Line:
To ſooth the Prieſts, muſt be your chiefeſt Care,
Tell them that they of equal Power ſhall ſhare.
At ſuch a Juncture, they are uſeful Tools,
T' impoſe by Cant and Noiſe on Pious Fools.
Then next the Power of the Prince maintain,
Aſſert that Oaths can't bind, that Laws are vain:
Dare to defend an Arbitrary Scheme,
Diſown thoſe Rights which many Subjects claim:
Boldly diſcharge your Truſt, and faithful prove,
'Tis Gold that ſhall your groundleſs Fears remove;
Gold from Abroad convey'd, and which appears,
Proud of the Royal Image which it bears.
Were to this Image Human Voice but lent,
You'd learn the Thoughts of him it repreſents:

You'd know how much he favour'd our Deſigns,
What Pains he takes to animate our Minds.
Till now, a Proſpect he ne'er had before,
Tho' long he's ſought his Pupil to reſtore.
Plots have been well contriv'd, and deeply laid,
Yet unſucceſsful prov'd, and been betray'd.
To perfect what's begun muſt be your Care,
And not of Vict'ry or Succeſs deſpair,
Hopes of Reward ſhou'd urge you to purſue th' Affair.

Thus with a cunning Look, and artful Smile,
Spoke the bad Genius of our *Britiſh* Iſle.
An Enemy to all that's Juſt and Brave,
Ever a proud, deſigning, crafty Knave:
How did his darling Friends about him throng,
Eager to ſuck the Poiſon of his Tongue?
Fearleſs of Dangers, and becoming bold,
Reſolv'd to ſell their Native Land for Gold.

A New SONG.

To the Tune of, *Marlborough puſh 'em again.*

WHO mounts the loftieſt Dignities
By execrable Calumnies,
Prompts infernal Perjuries
Throughout

Throughout our State of *Millan*;
Does promiſe what he ne'er intends,
Reſcues our Foes, betrays our Friends,
Is, whatever he pretends,
A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

Who prompts his Prince to give out Lies,
With Shams and Ambiguities,
By Bribery blinds the Peoples Eyes
Of our beſotted *Millan*;
Our Debts who ſinks into the Sea,
Plunders a wealthy Treaſury,
Whate'er you ſay, he is to me
A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

Who blaſts our numerous Victories,
And yields to Fugitives the Prize,
Together with the Liberties
And precious Trade of *Millan*;
Our Sacred Altars does expoſe,
To be o'erturn'd by faithleſs Foes,
Will prove, I'm certain in the cloſe,
A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

Who breaks a Nation's Conqu'ring Sword,
And takes a perjur'd Tyrant's Word,
Unions diſſolve, and does diſcord
All Friendſhip throughout *Millan*;
Let little Souls whom he prefers,
Exalt his Fame above the Stars,
To Men of Senſe he ſtill appears
A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

If Perjur'd, Leud, Ambitious Prieſts
Turn Sacred Myſt'ries into Jeſts,
And into paſſive ſilly Beaſts
The Freeborn Men of *Millan*;
Rebellion Preach againſt the Prince,
To Tyranny Obedience,
He is, who grants him Preference,
A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

Who Traytors ſend, and Rebels back,
To trample on their Prince's Neck,
And yet pretends to pay Reſpect
Unto the Prince of *Millan*;
Who Rebels, without Senſe of Shame,
Crowns with a Regal Diadem,
Does to the World himſelf proclaim
A Fool, a Knave. a Villain.

Let our Mob-S----te now addreſs,
And as they pleaſe themſelves expreſs,
And call the Danger of Diſtreſs
The Happineſs of *Millan*;
Term little ſordid Actions, great,
Yet all who Treaty-breakers hate,
Will properly denominate
A Fool, a Knave, a Villain.

Tho' ſome degenerate Lords ſhou'd call
A Separate Treaty, General,
The truly Great will ſtand or fall
With our once *glorious Millan*;
And let the aſtoniſh'd World to know,
They all diſdain to ſtoop ſo low,
And ſcorn the Poppets of the Show,
Thou Fool, thou Knave, thou Villain.

Guiſcard's GHOST

TO

Lord *B*-------*ke.*

HAil Noble Lord! my Knife had err'd indeed
If it had made thy loyal Side to bleed.
Our Cauſe the ſame, thou haſt with greater Art
Purſued and ſtruck the Tr———r to the Heart.
Go on, brave Youth, young Maſter ſees afar
The Pains thou tak'ſt to bring him home from *Bar.*
His Reign ſhall crown thee with unknown Delights,
Fryars ſhall bleſs thy Days, and Nuns thy Nights.
Champaign's bright Nectar ſhall each Day flow round,
And with Love's ſofteſt Joys each Night abound.
Two blooming Siſters ſhall put off thy Hoſe,
And Lady Abbeſſes tuck up the Cloaths.

Then

Then to make eaſie all the Sweets of Life,
Rome's Diſpenſation rids thee of thy Wife;
Of Bankrupt ſhe need ne'er complain,
Some Tokens of thy Love will ſtill remain.
Diſpatch my Boy, let no Man wear a Wand,
Who does thy well-concerted Plots withſtand.
Far from the Throne remove its truſty Friends;
That's the ſure way to gain thy pious Ends.
Then draw thy fatal Steel; for one more Blow,
What thou agreedſt to when in *France*, will ſhew.

A STANZA *put upon* Tyburn.

HAil Reverend Tripos! Guardian of the Law,
Sacred to Juſtice, Treaſon's greateſt Awe,
Do thou decide the Nation's weighty Cauſe,
And judge between the Judges and the Laws:
So ſhall no guiltleſs Blood thy Timber e'er pollute,
But righteous Laws ſhall vouch all thou ſhalt Execute.

The CONSTITUTION.

HAppy the People where no Prieſt gives Rules,
Whoſe ſlaviſh Doctrines fetter free-born Souls;
Where unconſtrain'd Obedience is paid
Only to Laws, that we our ſelves have made.

Such

Such *Britain* is, and ſuch ſhe ſhall remain,
Beneath the Bleſſings of Great *George*'s Reign;
Where Prince and People gratefully do ſtrive:
He guards our Rights; we his Prerogative.

Then curs'd be thoſe who wou'd our Rights betray
To the vain Luſt of Arbitrary Sway;
Who, proud of Miſery and fond of Chains,
Extol the Beauty of Deſpotick Reigns.
But let that Prieſt be curs'd for evermore,
Who has forgot the Chains we'd like to wore;
Condemned be to *Gallick* Wooden Shooes,
Who dares our native Freedom thus abuſe:
Let him be gone, and preach that Doctrine where
The Subject's Birthright is eternal Fear:
Thoſe little *French* Devices won't take here.
Doom'd as a paltry Vagabond is he,
That dares to cenſure *Britiſh* Liberty.
Why prithee, Fool, what are our Rights to thee?
Thou that art only fit for Slavery.
In vain 'tis then that we our Gifts beſtow
On thoſe, that wou'd our Happineſs o'erthrow;
Who, nurs'd with Charity, and bleſt with Peace,
Grow wanton, under great abuſed Eaſe,
Shall impudently dare to recommend
Thoſe Slaveries, from which we them defend:
In vain abroad for Freedom do we fight,
If theſe warm'd Snakes at home abuſe our Native Right.

TO

A New BALLAD,

At the Proclaiming of His Majeſty King GEORGE.

To the Tune of, Ye Commons and Peers.

By *J. P.*

I Thought to have ſent
My due Compliment,
Condoling on Change of Affairs;
But whilſt it was framing,
I heard, at Proclaiming,
Your Lordſhip ſhew'd violent Airs.

'Tis with Pleaſure I find
My Lord in that Mind,
With Front ſo open and glad:
For I'm certain if he
Has occaſion for Glee,
There's no one has cauſe to be ſad.

Yet ſutely a QUEEN,
Such as She has been,
Deſerv'd from Your Lordſhip a Tear;
And if your State Heart

Cou'd

Con'd not join in that Part,
Hypocriſy well wou'd appear,
Tho' I've Grounds to ſuppoſe,
'Twas that Part you choſe:
For how cou'd your Aſpect be true?
We Rejoice, and we Laugh,
Becauſe we are ſafe,
But prithee, what Reaſon have you?

The Lamentation of a Sinner.

In Imitation of the Stile of Hopkins *and* Sternhold.

HOW very wicked have I been
To fly the Conventicle,
The Place that I was bred within,
For Poſt and Truſt to ſtickle?

The Language I of Saints forſook,
Old *Zekiel* oft had taught me,
And damn'd like any *B———ke*,
So'd his Example brought me.

With Nods and Shrugs have I deceiv'd,
Eke ſtudied I Grimace;
And for to have my ſelf believ'd,
Practis'd upon my Face.

The

The Things I never meant, I ſpoke,
My Miſtreſs I deluded;
And oft the Gods I wou'd invoke,
To have my Senſe obtruded.

With ſober Phiz I gravely ſaid,
Inviolably maintain;
And when that otherwiſe I did,
I whiſper'd *France* and *Spain*.

The T———y I plunder'd ſore,
And brib'd the P———t;
Created P------rs by Half a Score,
Elſe where had I been ſent?

To *France*, what we by Conqueſt got
And eke our Trade alſo,
(*Spain* I affix'd to *Philip*'s Lot)
I falſely did betrough.

In meer Pretence I ſaid my Mind
Was *Attach'd* to *H*———*r*,
But in Reality deſign'd
To bring young *Perkin* over.

With all theſe Crimes upon my Head,
And multitudes beſide,
I do the Day of Reckoning dread,
And what will me betide.

AN

An Excellent New

HYMN,

COMPOSED

By the Prieſts of the Order of St. *Perkin*, for the Uſe of HIGH-CHURCH, upon their approaching Day of Humiliation, being the Coronation-Day of His Truly Proteſtant Majeſty King *GEORGE*.

PART I.

1 OH! Why doſt thou forſake us thus?
Muſt thy griev'd *Zion* mourn?
Unto our dwindling Thouſands, ſoon
O! *Lucifer*, return.

2 Proud *Hermodactyl*'s lofty Head
Is humbl'd to the Duſt:
Lord *Gambol* now is laugh'd to ſcorn,
In whom we plac'd our Truſt.

3 And eke His Grace of *Mobington*,
Full ſore we do lament;
Who, in the Day of Tryal, ſtood
All Dangers to prevent,

4 That dreadful Day, when *Damere*'s Arm
Salvation for us wrought;
And *Purchas* at the Head of Mob,
'Gainſt *Whiggiſh* Squadrons fought.

5 When canting *Presbyterian* Tubs
Were made a Sacrifice,
And coſtly Flames in *Lincoln-Fields*,
Roſe to the wond'ring Skies.

6 Whoſe interpoſing Intereſt did
Our Generals ſave from Death,
And, cheating *Tyburn* of its due,
Preſerv'd their precious Breath.

7 *Spitfire* no more can do us good,
The *Schiſmaticks* prevail:
And truſty *Rummer*, in diſgrace,
May ſet up ſelling Ale.

8 For why, the Matter's very plain,
French Claret's out of Seaſon:
Then who wou'd Factor be in *France*,
That hath but Senſe or Reaſon?

9 Now honeſt *Brogue* to Native Land,
Muſt Lacquey home again,
If that a Martyrdom by Hemp,
Does not his Flight reſtrain.

10 But if that truſty *Con* ſhou'd 'ſcape
Their *Whiggiſh* Cruelty,
O! ſend him back that he may write
Our Martyrology.

PART II.

11 Why doſt thou thus thy Slaves requite,
And not regard our Cry?
Lo! in the bitter Pangs of Death
Does thy lov'd HIGH-CHURCH lie?
12 Her worthy Sons, (hard Fate!) from all
Employments are diſplac'd,
No hopes to riſe again: And *Whigs*
Are with their Honours grac'd.

13 Strangers do Lord it over us;
Oh hopeful Reformation!
But where's a Prince to bleſs us with
A ſecond *Reſtauration?*
14 Thy Martyr'd Sire, and thou, Great *James*,
Were wretchedly trepan'd,
And exil'd Penſioners, thy Race,
Are in a foreign Land,

15 Was it for this thy Servants ſtrove
With ſo much Care and Toil,
And Peace, paſt Underſtanding, made,
For this their native Soil?

16 Was't all Religion Catholiek,
And the Right Line t'exclude,
They ventur'd Neck and all, and ſhall
Brunſwick on us intrude?

17 Quickly ariſe to our Relief,
Our Faith begins to fail us:
For now the *Hanoverians* come,
We fear the Rogues will Jail us.
18 *Paſſive-Obedience* backward ſhrinks,
And *Non-Reſiſtance* dies;
Nature Rebels, and Fact declares,
Our Principles are Lies.

Nothing but Truth.

A BALLAD.

To the Tune of, *A Beggar, of all Trades, is the beſt.*

THere was once a Glorious Q——,
That fill'd *G——t B——n*'s Throne;
She Fought for all her good Allies,
And to preſerve her own,
When a Fighting we did go, did go, did go,
When a Fighting we did go.

She

She had a certain General
That almoſt conquer'd *France*,
Both lov'd at Home, and fear'd Abroad,
Where e'er he did advance,
There a Conquering we did go, &c.

At *Blenheim*, on the *Danube*,
He did the Empire ſave,
And at *Ramillies*, each *Briton*
From being made a Slave;
When to Paris *we did go*, &c.

This Q——, when ſhe had ſaved thus
All *Europe* from its Fate,
She thought ſhe muſt ſave *F——ce* too,
And thought 'twas not too late,
When to U-trick *we did go*, &c.

We ſtill had beat the *F——ch* ſo,
The Q——— moſt wiſely thought
They were not worth the Conquering,
If they were not worth a Groat;
For to U-trick *we did go*, &c.

To raiſe them a new Conqueſt
Fit for her Arms and Fame,
Whate'er ſhe'd won of *F——ce*
She gave them up the ſame;
When to U-trick *we did go*, &c.

Let no one e'er reproach her,
That Honour or that Gain,
Invited her to Battail,
For there she gave up *Spain*;
When to U-trick *we did go*, &c.

She gave up all in *Europe*
For Castles in the Air:
G—— *B*——— for the *S*—— *S*—*a*,
And we may all go there;
If a Trading we will go, &c.

She gave up all her H———r,
Her Treaties and her Word,
In quitting of her Allies,
And *Charles*, for *J*—— the Third;
And to Lorain *we may go*, &c.

What strange Contradictions
We of late have seen;
A Conquering and a Glorious,
And yet a losing Q———;
When to U-trick *she did go*, &c.

K—— *J*—*my* fights for *E*———*d*,
Q—— *A*—— did fight for *F*——*ce*;
And he that at St. *James*'s,
His Interest would advance,
To Paris *strait must go*, &c.

Now who can ſing her Praiſes,
For all her Pity ſhown,
If *Ch----s* ſhould loſe the Empire
And *J*---- ſhou'd have his own;
Then a Whiſtling we may go, &c.

If *F---ce* ſhou'd take away our Trade,
And *J*--- ſhould take our Crown,
And Popery come in, to pull
Our Church of *England* down;
Then to Paris *we may go*, &c.

But theſe are all but Follies,
Devis'd by *Whiggiſh* Men;
For when our Trade, and all is gone,
We a'nt worth taking then;
For a Begging we ſhall go, &c.

Then God bleſs our Wiſe Miniſters,
Who give up all our Trade,
That of *F*———*ce* and the Pretender
We may not be afraid;
Since a ſtarving we may go, &c.

To keep out *Rome* and Popery
Is eaſy, if we will;
But acting for its Intereſt,
We may be Church Men ſtill;
And with Tories *we may go*, &c.

Then God bleſs our Wiſe Miniſters,
Who have found out the Art
Of Cheating them with Fancies;
But hate them in their Heart;
Then with Tories *we may go*, &c.

Go on then with your fine Sets,
You Men of *B---t---ſh* Iſle,
To ſave your ſinking Church and State,
Make neither worth your while;
'Tis no Matter where we go, we go,
'Tis no Matter where we go.

A BALLAD.

YE clamorous Whigs what makes you uneaſy
Whilſt your Gracious Queen *Anne*'s on the [Throne,
Who has told you ſo often (one wou'd think that [ſhou'd pleaſe ye,
The Good of her People's her own.

What need ye to fear, ſince ſhe, (Heavens love her)
What *next to her Heart* has aſſur'd ye,
Is the Proteſtant Succeſſion in the Houſe of Hanover,
How can you have better Secur'ty?

The

The *Miniſtry* are for our Good too moſt zealous,
And in ſerving their Country take Pleaſure:
Nay, Who of its Safety can ever be jealous
Whilſt Sir *Anthony* handles its T——e.

'Twas happy for us our Q——n ſaw it fitting,
The *Old Lovers of War* to diſplace, Sir,
And diſſolving the Senate that then was a Sitting,
Call one who *for Peace made more haſt, Sir.*

Bad was our Condition before, 'tis moſt plain,
When the Marſhals of *France* were ſo hardy,
As to beat our poor G——l in every Campaign,
Who ſo oft' of Miſconduct was tardy.

Yet a Peace now we've got, not only to pleaſe *us*,
But eke our truſty Allies, Sir,
Which of a Land War moſt expenſive will eaſe us,
And many great Burthens beſides, Sir,

ow Trading will flouriſh and Tradeſmen grow rich,
For the *South Sea* will do it, depend on't;
elſe *A——r M——* is a Son of a B——,
Who makes us believe *there's no end on't.*

for Commerce with *France*, tho' ſome offer to ſhow
It was ne'er advantageous before;
t *Daniel* will tell you *now*, it needs muſt be ſo,
For the Reaſons that he has in ſtore.

What

What a Pother you make about *Dunkirk* in vain,
When to deſtroy it *Sieur Tugghe* ſays it's pity:
Yet becauſe it was promis'd, you muſt needs be in [pain
'Till 'tis done; is not this very pritty?

And who'll ſay there's Danger of a Popiſh Succeſſor,
Or that *James* will e'er ſit on this Throne,
When *Abel* and *O——th* do weekly profeſs, Sir,
(By their Maſters Direction) there's none.

For tho' our Friend *Lewis* ſhou'd take an Occaſion,
To back him with Thouſands of Men;
Our Fleet being ready, we'd ſtop the Invaſion,
And ſoon ſend him homewards again.

That the Church is now proſperous you cannot but ſee,
For none are thought worthy of *Gifts*, Sir,
But ſuch ſolid Divines as all will agree
Are the pious *S——ll* and *S——t*, Sir,

For ſhame then leave grumbling, and learn, tho' be late,
This Truth, and believe it from me,
What tends to the Good, both of Church and of State,
Our Rulers know better than we.

The Tories *Advice to the Whigs; or, The* Phyſician.

A New SONNET.

FIE! fie! ye Whigs, for Shame have done
With this your idle Fear;
It would provoke a very Stone
To ſee you perſevere.

How can ye think we ſhou'd deſire
Young JEMMY the *Pretender*,
The Son of ſuch a well known Sire,
To be our *Faith's Defender*.

We *All* are for the CAMBRIDGE LORD,
And *Perkin* do defy;
And if you will not take our Word,
You needs muſt think we Lye.

Then let the DUKE come here, you ſay;
But no, we anſwer, Never:
Becauſe moſt fervently we pray,
The *Queen* may Live for Ever.

Ar----th----t, that wondrous Sage,
By Phyſick's Art has hit on't,
That great Phy——n of the Age,
That never ſtudy'd bit on't.

This

This *Ar---th---t*, he doth declare,
By many well drawn Papers,
That if the *Duke* ſhou'd e'er come here,
Some Folks would have the Va-----rs.

This his Opinion o'er and o'er
He'll Swear to, and will Sign;
Thus 'tis, you ſee, what wou'd you more,
Par Ordonnance du Medicin.

The OX *Roaſted* and the BULLL *Baited*

On the Examiner's *Supporters, call'd* OX *and* BULL.

NEW Revolutions, new Alarms
Did trouble us of late,
The Examiner, as King at Arms,
Uſurp'd *Clarencieux*'s Seat,

The LION and the UNICORN,
Thoſe old Supporters of the Crown,
He thence had violently torn,
And like *late Miniſters*, pull'd down.

When

When *OX* and *BULL* were in their place,
By this new Tyrant ſet,
Monſters they ſay, with *Humane Face*
But Horns and cloven Feet.

Such Omens, Gods avert! at C——rt
Let *OX* and *BULL* no more be ſeen,
They might the Examiner ſupport,
But never could the Q—— n.

On the late Examiner.

O *Jonathan* of merry Fame,
As *Swift* in Fancy as in Name!
Here lie, as thou haſt often done,
Thy Holy Mother's pious Son;
Depriv'd of Paper, Pen, and Ink,
And (what's a greater Plague) depriv'd of Drink:
For lo! Thy Idol *OX*, thy *Staff* and *Rod*,
As you might ſay, is dropt by G——d.

Your rampant *BULL* of comely Gate,
Who leap'd all *Cows* he could come at,
Was ne'er ſo tame in all his Life,
As now he ſees the *Butcher's Knife.*

But *Baiting* firſt is *Hockley* Play,
And then comes on the *Slaughter* Day.
Then O ye Sons of *Britain* take your fill,
For all the Market ſays, *He is fit to kill.*

But if *BULL* Beef ſhould prove too tough,
Or for ſo many Mouths not quite enough;
Go take the *OX*, he's much the *fatteſt Beaſt*,
An *OX well roaſted* is an *Engliſh* Feaſt.

The True-born Subject's Reſolution. To the Tune of, *A Health to the Conſtitution.*

CHear up brave Boys, let's joyful be,
And drink a Glaſs moſt heartily,
Although the *Jacobites* we ſee
About us are ſo buſy:
Thoſe knaviſh Fools, what would they have!
What do they think us to enſlave!
If ſo, their Wills they ſhall not have,
They may as well be eaſy.

You *Engliſh* Hearts that faithful be,
That will maintain your Liberty,
By *Jacobites* deceived not be
With flattering Deluſion:
Though they cry out for *Church* and *Queen*,
No Loyalty in them is ſeen,
But their Deſigns have always been
To put us in Confuſion.

Was it not ſo ſome Years ago,
When Wooden Shoes and Chains alſo,
Prepared were for us to go
All in a curſed Slav'ry ?
So would they now our Rights invade,
And call in *Perkin* to their Aid :
But if ſuch Plots as theſe are laid,
We, Boys, will Face them bravely.

We'll Face them, Boys, and let them ſee,
We will maintain your Liberty ;
Nor will we here have *Popery*,
Nor no *Popiſh* Pretender :
But Valiantly, like Sons of Fame,
Our Laws and Rights we will maintain,
Though *Jacobites* oppoſe the ſame,
Our Church we will defend Her.

In ſpite of all thoſe Knaves and Fools
That now do preach up paſſive Rules ;
And ſo deceive a pack of Fools,
In Ignorance to lead them :
Although they now drink Healths and Sing
Unto their ſham pretended King ;
If they think fit, let him come in,
We have a Halter for him.

The Drums ſhall beat, the Trumpets ſound,
With Colours flying all around ;
Come, Boys, we all will ſtand our Ground,
And fight for our *Hanover*.

With Sword in Hand we will maintain
Our Liberty while Life remain,
Like *William*, (*Hanover* again)
Shall make them ſcamper over.

My *Hearts* of Gold, it is more brave,
To die like a Man, than live like a Slave,
Rather than they their Wills ſhould have
For to bring in their Younker:
Then, Boys, we'll Face the worſt of Foes,
And give them ſtout good *Engliſh* Blows;
And when we have conquered our Foes,
To *Hanover* a Bumper.

Then *Jacks* and *Papiſts* too I ſay,
Muſt pack up Awls, and trump away;
For if there comes a Reckoning Day,
Away they all muſt ſcamper:
Diſguiſed then away they'll flee,
Aſham'd an honeſt Man to ſee,
Becauſe they know their Treachery,
Though now they ſeem to banter.

But, bonny Lads, let us not fear
Our *Hanover's* Eſtabliſh'd here;
Though at us now they laugh and jeer,
They brag and bounce, and hector:
In *Hanover* aloud we'll ſing,
Our Prince's Praiſe, his Fame will ring;
And all the merry Bells ſhall ring,
When he doth ſway the Scepter.

Caſt off your Hats, let us I ſay,
To *Hanover* let us Huzza;
And now begin a Health, I ſay,
To *Hanover* moſt bravely:
Not only will we do this Thing,
But ever will we ſtand by *Him*;
Nay, Life and all, ſhall go for *Him*;
But we will loſe it fairly.

A Hue and Cry after *Abel*'s Peace, and his *Oxford-Arms* Feaſt: Or, the Frenchify'd *Tory*'s Lamentation. To the Tune of, *Guiſcard*.

O All true *Jacks* and *Tories* here!
Poor *Abel* begs you'll drop a Tear,
For we have loſt our Peace we fear,
And eke our bold Pretender.
Old *Lewis* ſends him to *Lorrain*,
From whence he'll ne'er return again,
Neither by *France*, nor yet by *Spain*,
But round about by *Bender*.

From thence by help of *Turk* and *Pope*,
He'll ſave poor *Abel* from the Rope,
And greater Men than he, we hope,
Or elſe we're all undone, Sirs.

Caſt

Alas! alas! for our High Church,
If *Lewis* leaves her in the Lurch,
Our Penance must be Hemp, not Birch,
Our Sins for to atone, Sirs.

What bilk'd, o' Feast at *Oxford-Arms*,
The Thought each *Tory*'s Soul alarms,
Because it bodes us further Harms,
Than Halter to poor *Abel*.
For without *Indies*, without *Spain*
In *Lewis*'s Hands, it is in vain,
For us to think our Cause to gain,
And to Re-build our *Babel*.

Help *B*——*ke*, help *T*——*r*,
Help *P*——*r*, Gautier, Menager;
Help *Ma*——*m*, help from every where,
To save our High Church Heir, Sirs.
St. *Patrick* Teagues in *France*'s pay,
Ye chattering Monsieurs come away,
And make the *Whigs* a bloody Day,
Or else we shall Despair, Sirs.

Keep out, keep out, *Han*——'s Line,
'Tis only *Ja*——*s* has Right Divine,
As High Church Parsons Cant and Whine,
And sure we must believe them.
But if they cannot have their Peace,
Their Stock will every Day decrease,
And they will ne'er see *Perkin*'s Face,
So their false Hopes deceive them.

Curs'd be the Head, curs'd be the Hand
Made *France* inſiſt on Codfiſh Land,
On Bretons Cape the P——ce to ſtrand!
Oh! Montſerrat, Antego,
Oh! Nevis and St. Chriſtophers,
For you we muſt keep on the Wars,
And loſe Cold Ingots and Gold Bars,
Beyond Ter del Fuego!

A SONG for the Fifth of *November*, the Day of the Gunpowder Plot. To the Tune of *Guy Fauxe's Lanthorn:* Or, *The High Church Lamp. Hibernice Lillibarlero.*

THIS is the bleſs'd Day which a Plot did betray,
To blow up our King, and our Parliament too
When Papiſts and Atheiſts did ſcamper away,
And durſt not perform what they ſwore they wou'd (do:
The Gunpowder Plot ſhall ne'er be forgot,
Nor *James's* Intriguing with *France* and with *Rome*:
Let's always remember the Fifth of *November*,
When Papiſts and Tyrants did twice meet their (Doom.

Faux, with his Dark Lanthorn, was caught by the Neck,
As he was preparing to blow up the Train;
That ſo both our Church and our State he might wreck,
And bring us to Popery and Slavery again.
The Gunpowder Plot, *&c.*

Curs'd

Faux,

Faux, *Piercy*, and *Rockwood*, with *Rome*'s other Saints;
Her Stanleys, her Garnets, her Digbys, and Wrights,
Her Owens, her Winters, her Catesbys, and Grants,
They revelled by Days, and they plotted a Nights.
The Gunpowder Plot, &c.

Her Gerards, her Tesmunds, her Halls, and her Keys,
Her Baldwins, her Bates, and Treshams combin'd,
The Power of the *Pope* and the *Spaniard* to raise,
That they might restore the High Church to their (Mind.
The Gunpowder Plot, &c.

Some did themselves murther, and others were shot;
Some were burnt with Powder, for others prepar'd;
Some Couples were hang'd for this damnable Plot;
Great pity it was that any were spar'd.
The Gunpowder Plot, &c.

What *Rome* thus had lost in *James* the First's Reign,
In that of the Second she hop'd to retrieve;
'Cause *France* was more strong to support her than (*Spain*,
But once more the Fates did the Harlot deceive.
The Gunpowder Plot, &c.

For *William* from *Holland* with Forces came o'er,
And this blessed Day in *Great Britain* did Land;
To save us from *France*, and from *Rome*'s bloody Whore
And *James* run for Shelter to *Lewis Le Grand*.
The Gunpowder Plot, &c.

Thus, tho' we were almoſt undone by the Dad,
As Millions ſtill living do well underſtand:
French Papiſts and Tories, a Thing called his Lad,
Would fain have to govern and rule o'er the Land.
But Gunpowder-Plot ſhall ne'er be forgot,
Nor James's Intriguing with France and with Rome:
Let's ever remember the Fifth of November,
And may all our Perkinites have their juſt Doom.

AND will this wicked World never prove good?
Will Rogues and Catholicks never prove true?
Will *Peircy*, *Catesby*, and *Rockwood*,
Make all this famous Land to Rue;
By putting us into ſuch a Fear,
With Huffing, and Puffing, and *Gun-a powdere*?

Anno One Thouſand Six Hundred and Five,
So long a time there's few Men alive,
That either can or will remember
That terrible Fifth Day of November;
When they put us in ſuch a Fear,
With Huffing, *&c.*

Under the Parliament Houſe, they ſay,
Great ſtore of Gun-powder they did lay;
Thirty ſix Barrels, as is reported,
And ſundry Faggots ill conſorted,
With Iron Bars upon them all,
To put us in a deadly Thrall,
With Huffing, *&c.*

Then

Then out of the Vault *Guy Faux* was taken,
And carry'd before Sir *Francis Bacon*;
And being examin'd about the Act,
He boldly did confeſs the Fact;
And ſwore he wou'd put us in ſuch a Fear,
With Huffing, *&c.*

Then came forth Sir *Thomas Knevet*,
You filthy Rogue! Come out of the Door,
Or elſe I ſwear by G———s Trevet,
I'll lay you flat upon the Floor,
For putting us all in ſuch a Fear,
With Huffing, *&c.*

And was it not a miraculous thing,
To ſee how God preſerv'd our King?
The Queen, the Prince, and his Siſters dear,
And all the Lords, and every Peer,
And all the Lands in every Shire,
From Huffing, *&c.*

Then God preſerve our Council wiſe,
Who firſt found out this Enterprize;
Not only them, but the Lord *Mount-Eagle*,
My Lady, and her little Beagle,
His Ape, his Aſs, and his great Bear,
From Huffing, and Puffing, and *Gun-a-powdere.*

The Second Part. To the ſame Tune of *Lillibullero.*

THere are ſome of our High-flying Gentlemen ſeem
To be riding a full Poſt Gallop to France;
Nor do they ſtop there, but jog on towards Rome,
And riding Tantivy, faſt thither advance.
Tory, Tory, Tantivy Tory,
Who among Men can drive faſter than we?
With what we begun, we reſolve to go on,
Our Scheme ſo well laid, ne'er abondon'd ſhall be.

By the Steps which they take, they would let all Men (know,
That the Proteſtant Line is neareſt their Heart,
And whether the Whigs will believe them or no,
They fear not to gull the blind Mob by their Art.
Tory, Tory, Tantivy Tory,
Who among Men can drive faſter than we?
With what we begun, we reſolve to go on,
Our Scheme ſo well laid, ne'er abandon'd ſhall be.

That theſe are true Sons of the Chuch, does appear
By their Actions, which All throughout Europe may view;
But whether of England, or Rome? Some do fear,
To the former they're falſe, to the latter they're true.
Tory, Tory, Tantivy Tory,
Who among Men can drive faſter than we?
With what we begun, we reſolve to go on,
Our Scheme ſo well laid, ne'er abandon'd ſhall be.

To pleaſe our good Maſter, we ſhall not refuſe
To ſlander the Dutch, and late Miniſtry-too;
Their ſo much fam'd Gen'ral we'll likewiſe abuſe;
But ſo order Matters, that all may ſeem true.
Wonder, wonder, if e'er we knock under,
Having ſuch a kind Maſter, as Lewis le Grand;
Who will highly regard us, and greatly reward us
If accompliſh we can, what we've taken in hand.

Our Policy's great, out do us who can?
We know how to buble a Nation that's wiſe;
Tho' the Whigs us oppoſe, yet there is not a Man,
That can tell what we drive at, when under Diſguiſe.
Wonder, wonder, if e'er we knock under,
Having ſuch a kind Maſter, as Lewis the Great;
Who will highly regard us, and greatly reward us
If what we begun, we can fully compleat.

We'll forfeit our Heads, but accompliſh our Ends,
And bring in the Chevalier, whom we deſign,
Great *Lewis* and He, being both our good Friends,
They'll protect us from thoſe, who againſt us com-
(bine,
Over, over, Chevalier over,
The Schiſmatick Whigs againſt us combine;
Haſte over to *Dover*, and baffle *Hanover*,
With all that ſtand faſt to the Proteſtant Line.

Whether Bribes, or true Love to the Catholick Cauſe,
Have theſe Men induc'd to drive on at this Rate,
Is hard to determine; but certain our Laws
They treat like an Almanack quite out of Date.
Wonder, wonder, there's reaſon to wonder,
That ſuch Men as theſe 'ſcape the Halter ſo long;
Who the Cauſe have betray'd, and are not afraid
To do the good Queen, and the Nation ſuch Wrong.

All true *Engliſh* Men, who love their good Queen
And their Country, muſt needs be much griev'd,
To ſee both abus'd, as the like has ne'er been;
And ſuch Honour loſt, as can ſcarce be retriev'd,
Wonder, wonder, there's reaſon to wonder,
That ſuch Men as theſe 'ſcape the Halter ſo long;
Who the Cauſe have betray'd, and are not afraid
To do their good Queen, and the Nation ſuch Wrong.

An Elegy on the Death of Pamphlets.

WHAT *shall whole Reams of Breathless Pamphlets die*
And no one Living sing their Elegy?
O B——b——r *deal the dismal News around,*
No Conduct *now must rise from* Fairy Ground;
No dull Tom Double, *or* John Bull *appear,*
To make us what in Truth we never were;
No Mother Haggy, *nor St.* Alban's *Ghost,*
To recommend an Atheist *to a Post.*
All, all the Scandal which thy Press has born;
That yet remains unwip'd, or yet untorn,
Martyr'd on Pies shall stick, or Plumbs shall wrap,
A Sacrifice to every Grocers Shop,
Though thou methinks might'st greater Merits plead,
Be tolerated longer to be read;
Since but for Loads of Scandal from thee thrown,
An Infamy by Purchase made thine own:
Some Men who carry Things so wondrous high,
Would have experienc'd what it was to die.
And others with Impostumated Power,
Been told there are Apartments in the T——r.

But what has Abel *done to be thus trick'd?*
Han't he been Can'd, been Buffetted and Kick'd?
From Coffee House *to* Coffee House *expos'd,*
Like a blown Deer *for* Calumny *been nos'd?*

Bee

Been beat into Repute, and render'd Famous,
Even for ſubſcribing Abel Ignoramus;
For empty Periods full of Noiſe and Scandal,
And for Untruths that never had a Handle?
Such Perſecutions one would think might ſave
Him and his Tory-Paper *from the Grave.*
Prevail for a Reprieve, at leaſt till he
Might Speak to thoſe with whom he is in Fee:
Plead on his Knees for Pitty and for Grace,
And beg ſome Scavenger's or Duſtman's Place,
Since he in Filth has hitherto been dabbling,
And nothing but the Party's Nonſenſe babbling.
As for our Parts, we Proteſtants *true blew,*
The Poſt-Man, Obſervator, *and* Review,
With all profound Humility ſubmit
To any Tax, *on* Noiſe, *or* News, *or* Wit,
Well knowing, that if Strength of Tory, *ſuch is,*
To go without his Leading-Strings *and* Crutches,
The Whigs *whoſe* Cauſe *could ever go alone,*
Muſt ſtill be ſaid to ſtand in need of none.

EPIGRAM.

BEhold the Bigots, in blind Zeal alone,
Drink the Prieſt's Health, till they impair their (own;
And whilſt they would themſelves true Churchmen ſhow,
They loſe their Reaſon and Religion too:
Thus will their Guide (to great Ambition prone)
Allow no Party Chriſtians but his own;
When want of Charity declares him none.

Queen of the Ocean, fair *Britannia*, riſe;
From leaden Bands of Sleep unſeal thy Eyes.
Awake to Glory: Be, as once before,
When *William* ſtretch'd thy Fame from Shore to Shore,
And taught thy Foes to fear no greater Name,
Till in accompliſh'd Time, a *Brunſwick* came.
O! True Deſcendant of a Royal Line,
In whom at once the Saint and Hero join;
Born to retrieve a ſinking Nation's Fate,
And raiſe her High, in Vertue, as in State;
To urge her Conqueſts in a Righteous Cauſe,
And give eternal Sanction to her Laws.

Juſt Heaven! We now forgive thy vengeful Hand,
For all the Plagues that ſcourg'd an Impious Land;
For all ſhe felt in long in glorious Reigns,
Oppreſs'd with Rebels Arms, and Tyrants Chains;
Since from their Errors we are taught to know
What Duty Subjects, and what Princes owe:
And *Britain* can with equal Pleaſure ſee
Her Monarch Glorious, and her People Free.

How chang'd the Scene! How different is the View
From what of late our doubtful Country knew!
A ſudden Sickneſs ſeiz'd the trembling Land,
Heavy prevail'd and ſhorten'd *Marlbro's* Hand.
He went, the *Voluntary Exile* went,
And left the ungrateful Iſland to repent;

While

While factious Statesmen, careless of her Grief,
Indulg'd their Feuds, and brought her no Relief;
Till he, like some bright Star, appear'd again,
The glorious Harbinger of *George*'s Reign.

In *Britain*'s Kings all Countries claim a Share,
For so before they bless'd her *William*'s Care.
And now Kingdoms, and his Virtues too,
(The best Succession) are devolv'd on you.
O may the Land, all Storms of Envy past,
Be just unto that Hero's Shade at last,
Pay every Honour to his Ashes due.
While we with Joy and Admiration View,
How much he lov'd us by his choice of you!

I need not Sing what is already known,
Of what bright Jewels sparkle in the Crown;
How lately sully'd, now it will appear
Which were the true, and which the *false ones were*,
Marlborough's return unto the Souldiers Sight,
Welcome to all their Eyes as wisht for Light;
Renown'd for Council, and for Courage great,
And Merit only made him Fortunate.
Lewis in earnest never wou'd have mourn'd
Great *Anna*'s Death, had *Marlborough* not return'd.
He Loyal, true, and trusty ever was,
And now for Rightful *George* his *Sword* he draws,
The same his Courage, and the same his Cause.
Lewis 'tis thought, laught in his Sleeve to see,
Mordyke impos'd on our late Ministry.

The times are chang'd, no more his Laughing Day,
Great *George* now Reigns, and *Marlbro'* doth *Obey*.

G. C.

The *French* High-Church's Lamentation for the Diſaſters which befel her on the 4th and 5th of this Inſtant *November*. To the Tune of, *Guiſcard*: Or, *A Health to the Conſtitution*.

ALAS! Alas! *French* High-Church Groans,
For broken Heads and batter'd Bones,
Given to her true and natural Sons,
The Fourth Day of *November*.

When ſhe her Beaux, her Mobs and Prigs,
Sent out to murder all the Whigs,
Who round the Bonfires danc'd their Jigs,
Great *William* to remember.

But *Hone!* O *Hone!* their Courage fail'd,
When they by Whigs are Re-aſſail'd,
As if Flight were on Jacks Entail'd,
* *Secundum uſum Sarum*,
The Rogues deſpis'd the *Iriſh* Brogues,
And *French* aſſembled at La Hogue's;
And though the High-Church were in Vogues,
They vow'd they would not ſpare them.

As at the Battle of the Boyn,
The Jacks were paid in proper Coyn,
And ſmote in Hip and Thigh, and Groyn,
Were forced to Retreat, Sirs;
At *Gracechurch-Street*, and the *Exchange*,
The Whigs did take a juſt Revenge,
And made *French* High Church quit the Range;
'Tis needleſs to repeat, Sirs.

Alas! Alas! for *Charing-Croſs*,
The Jacks did there ſuſtain a Loſs;
Were beat in Parties, and in Groſs,
Which *Bucks*'s Trumpets ſounded.
French High Church bravely run away,
And left the Curſed Whigs the Day,
While Jackiſh Gameſters loſt the Play,
Which all their Friends confounded.

But though their Mobs can't Whig's o're-awe,
They'll ſurely deal with them by *Law*,
If *Iriſh* Witneſs have their Saw,
And be allowed to ſwear, Sirs:
By Creeſt and Patrick they will Vow,
But yet to prove it know not how,
That High Church Cake was turned to Dough,
And *Whigs* they will not ſpare, Sirs.

Johnſon and *Burrows* muſt to Pot,
As if they'd formed this Wiggiſh Plot,
Though Heaven does know they nothing wot;
But were to ſell their Liquor:

Yet 'cauſe they did not ſhut their Doors,
Againſt thoſe Whiggiſh Sons of Whores,
Both he and ſhe muſt pay their Scores,
Or they'll mawl him and trick her.

Alas! alas! for *Jenny Man*,
'Cauſe ſhe don't love the Warming-Pan,
High Church will all her Actions ſcan,
Since ſhe was an Inch long, Sirs;
She is no Friend to Right Divine,
Therefore ſhe muſt not ſell *French* Wine,
But Tea and Coffee, very fine,
And ſure that is no Wrong, Sirs.

The JUGLER's-BOX.

A SONNET ſet to the Sternholdian Strain.

OH diſmal News as ever was heard!
How ſhall I bring it out?
Alack a-day, I'm e'en afraid,
To tell it I'm in Doubt.

Was ever Plot ſo deeply laid,
And eke ſo monſtrous Fell?
Surely in Shades below 'twas made,
And took its Riſe from Hell.

Piſtols of old, and Daggers too,
In Hands both fierce and bold,
Were the ancient means ſuch Feats to do,
Moſt dreadful to behold.

But now, ah me! new Schemes are us'd,
The Righteous to deſtroy;
Such as a Heathen would refus'd,
Wherewith one to annoy.

Oh dire Machine! A ſtonying Box!
Full fraught with Seeds of Ill,
Pregnant with I--k--ns, F--l--ks,
And more tremendous Q---ll!

And with moſt Deviliſh Artifice,
So gird about with String,
That 'pon its opening in a Trice,
'Twould have a curſed Spring.

Curſed indeed! though ſad to ſay,
How fatal it might have been,
Had not a *Wiſeman* been in the way,
To have cut the Horrid Twine.

The Twine, I ſay, ſo Craftily,
Was ty'd all round about,
That ſo it might at once let fly,
And make a deadly Rout.

But we rejoyce and are full glad,
Yea, filled we are with Glee,
That the Upright, no Miſchief had,
But was from Danger free.

Oh

Oh may theſe bloody Men, no more
Such Miſchief machinate !
Or if they do, may Vengeance pour
It all on their own Pate.

A SONG for King *William*'s Birth-Day. To the Tune of, *Lilliburlero.*

LEt's ſing the brave Hero, whom Heaven did ordain
To quell wicked Tyrants, and Nations ſet free;
Who humbled proud *Lewis*, and cut thro' the Chain
That he made for People of every Degree.
Hero, Hero, ſing the brave Hero,
William the Glorious, the Gallant *Naſſaw*;
The Hero who ſav'd us, when *James* had enſlav'd us,
The Hero who ſav'd our Religion and Law.

French *Lewis* did league with Popiſh King *James*,
The Proteſtants all over the World to deſtroy;
The Tyber did threaten to ſwallow the Thames,
That Papiſts our Poſts and Eſtates might enjoy.
Hero, Hero, *&c.*

King *James* did us threaten with his *Iriſh* Hoſt,
And Papiſts on Church, State, and Armies obtrude
The Jeſuits, and *Rome*'s other Leaches did boaſt,
That they ſhould be glutted with Heretick Blood.
Hero, Hero, *&c.*

King

King *James* sent our Proteſtant Biſhops to the Tower,
And all our good Clergy had Smithfield in view;
Great ſwarms of *Rome*'s Locuſts did hope to devour
Thoſe who to Religion prov'd ſtedfaſt and true.
Hero, Hero, *&c.*

King *James* for advancing his Catholick Cauſe,
Our Colleges, Benches, and Pulpits, did fill
With Papiſts, that ſo our Religion and Laws
Might both be now modell'd, and tun'd to his Will.
Hero, Hero, *&c.*

King *James* ſeiz'd our Charters, and garbl'd our Towns,
That he might have Parliaments at his Command;
Our Lords and our Gentry, by Bribes or by Frowns,
He would have perſwaded for Popery to ſtand.
Hero, Hero, *&c.*

James, cut Throats made Judges, and Juries did pack,
That he might diſpoſe of Eſtates and of Lives;
And that all might be ready the Nation to wrack,
His Prieſts were to Stallion our Daughters and Wives.
Hero, Hero, *&c.*

By Whippings and Tortures, exorbitant Fines,
Knives, Axes, and Halters, and wreſting of Law;
James murther'd our Laymen, and laſh'd our Divines,
And ſwore he would keep us for ever in Awe.
Hero, Hero, *&c.*

The Nation no longer the Tyrant could bear,
But bravely reſolv'd for Great *Orange* to call;
Even thoſe who to Paſſive Obedience did ſwear,
Sent for him to reſcue the Kingdom from Thrall.
Hero, Hero, *&c.*

The Tyrant alarm'd, like a Coward did quake,
As ſoon as he heard that brave *William* would come;
He cring'd and he flatter'd, he own'd his Miſtake,
And promis'd our Rights to reſtore all, and ſome.
Hero, Hero, *&c.*

But *James*, when inform'd that a Tempeſt diſpers'd
Part of the *Dutch* Fleet, he did alter his Mind;
His Promiſes, old and new, were revers'd,
For Oaths made to Hereticks never can bind.
Hero, Hero, *&c.*

The Gallant *Naſſau*, when the Wind turn'd about,
Purſu'd his Deſign, and in *Britain* did Land;
When *James* march'd againſt him with his Popiſh Rout,
And at *Salisbury* Plain he did threaten a ſtand.
Hero, Hero, *&c.*

Our Proteſtant Troops and Commanders we ſaw,
That *James* at the Nation's Deſtruction did aim;
Abandon'd by Daughters and both Sons in Law,
To ſtand by him longer they thought it a Shame.
Hero, Hero, *&c.*

The Tyrant's Heart ak'd, and his Noſe it did Bleed,
So James thought it proper his Flight to begin;
Then back he did gallop with Horſe at full Speed,
And ſoon was pull'd down from the Throne for his Sin.
Hero, Hero, &c.

Thus Orange, like Cæſar, came, ſaw, and did conquer,
His Foes were diſpers'd like a Miſt by the Wind;
And James went to France with his Warming-Pan Younker,
O that he had left ne'er a Tory behind!
Hero, Hero, &c.

Let's ſing the brave Prince who Great Brittain did ſave,
And reſcu'd her Darling, the Glorious Queen Anne,
Whom Papiſts and Tories would ſend to her Grave,
And adopt Dada's Brat from the French Warming-Pan.
Hero, Hero, &c.

Let's ſound William's Fame, and his Mem'ry advance
In Songs of high Triumph, again and again;
The Hero who lower'd the Ambition of France,
And neither allow'd her the Indies nor Spain.
Hero, Hero, &c.

May Hanover proſper whom Great William choſe
To finiſh what He and Brave Anne had begun;
As we drove out King James, ſpite of Lewis's Noſe,
Let's keep the true Daughter, and hang the falſe Son.
Hero, Hero, &c.

For the Youngſter, to prove himſelf of the Right Line,
King James, in whatever was Bad, will exceed;
And then it is eaſy for us to divine
Hanover's Protection we ſadly ſhall need.
Hero, Hero, &c.

Then curs'd be thoſe Prieſts, and thoſe Laymen to boot,
That with this Succeſſion ſo gladly would part;
May our Laws them purſue, and cut off Branch and Root,
While Hannover's neareſt her Majeſty's Heart.
Hero, Hero, ſing the Brave Hero,
William the Glorious, the Gallant Naſſau;
Who that he might ſave us from thoſe who'd enſlave us,
Hanover's Succeſſion eſtabliſh'd by Law.

Another, to the Tune of *A Health to the Conſtitution.*

COme my Brave Boys, like Whigs and Friends,
Wh' abhor Double Dealings and Siniſter Ends,
Together with Hearts, let's join our Hands,
And GLORIOUS *WILL.* remember.
What tho' the Tories now Rule the Roaſt,
We're not afraid nor aſham'd of this Toaſt,
IMMORTAL MEMORY muſt not be loſt,
This Fourth Day of *November.*

Tho' th' Heroe's gone, his Name we'll Revere,
And bleſs th' Happy Day that brought him here,

The

The Remembrance thereof our Hearts will chear,
And give our Wine a Flavour.
Let Bumpers around your Joys expreſs,
And Glorious *Naſſau*'s Memory bleſs,
A true Engliſhman can do no leſs,
Nor otherwiſe gain our Favour.

'Twas *WILLIAM* that ſav'd us when our Laws,
Were taught to ſupport the Romiſh Cauſe,
And Religion, and all that's deareſt, was
In Danger juſt to periſh.
'Twas the God like Hero came,
(WILLIAM that Eldeſt Son of Fame)
What Briton can repeat his Fame,
Without a grateful Reliſh?

Have we a Fence, both for Church and State,
And a Queen that we love, but the Tories hate?
(As well we may think, by their Schemes of late)
Forget not the Revolution;
'Twas That, that Secur'd us from our Foes,
And a Senſe of Wonders did diſcloſe,
Which was owing to *WILLIAM*, as ev'ry one knows,
Who ſettled our Conſtitution.

The Belgick Genius, Wiſe and Great,
Our Gloomy Fears did Diſſipate,
And gave a Glorious Coup d'Eclat
To Arbitrary Power:

Secur'd us from wearing Wooden Shoes;
From a Prieſthood that would lead us by the Noſe.
And made our Foreign Home-bred Foes
Away for Fear to Scower.

Thus ſav'd by WILLIAM's Politicks,
We value not Warming-pan, nor its Tricks;
But ſpite of all whom w' know 'twill vex,
One and All w' abjure th' Pretender.
Let *Lewis* the XIVth Father the Brat,
We care not a Fig for him, nor for that;
But a Bumper we'll drink ('twill do good at Heart)
To ANNE, our Faith's Defender.

May ANNA follow WILLIAM's Rules,
And may She be ſafe from Knaves and Fools,
Whom *France* does uſe as proper Tools,
To bubble us out of our Senſes.
What tho' the Prieſts talk of Right Divine,
And of a Succeſſion in the Line,
Let 'em go on with a Canting Deſign,
We value not ſuch Pretences.

Therefore once more, fill my brave Jolly Boys,
A Bumper to our Hopes and Joys,
Let the Jacks and Tories make a Noiſe,
One Day 'twill be all over.
May ANNA long the Scepter Sway;
This is our Wiſh, for this we pray,
And after that we'll bleſs the Day,
That brings us our HANOVER.

A Song for the Fifth of *November*, the Day of the Gunpowder-Plot, to the Tune of *Guy Fauks's Lanthorn*: Or, *The High-Church Lamp. Hibernicè Lilliburlero.*

THIS is the Bleſs'd Day which a Plot did betray,
To blow up our King, and our Parliament too:
When Papiſts and Atheiſts did ſcamper away,
And durſt not perform what they ſwore they would do.
The Gunpowder-plot ſhall ne'er be forgot,
Nor *James's* Intriguing with *France* and with *Rome*;
Let's all remember the Fifth of *November*,
When Papiſts and Tyrants did twice meet their Doom.

Faux, with his Dark Lanthorn was caught by the Neck,
As he was preparing to blow up the Train:
That ſo both our Church and our State he might wreck,
And bring us to Pop'ry and Slav'ry again.
The Gunpowder-Plot, &c.

Faux, *Piercy*, and *Rookwood*, with *Rome's* other Saints;
Her *Stanleys*, her *Garnets*, her *Digbys*, and *Wrights*:
Her *Owens*, her *Winters*, her *Catesbys* and *Grants*,
They revell'd by Days, and they plotted a Nights.
The Gunpowder-Plot, &c.

Her *Gerards*, her *Teſmunds*, her *Halls* and her *Keys*;
Her *Baldwins*, her *Bates's* and *Treſhams* combin'd,
The Power of the Pope and the *Spaniard* to raiſe,
That they might reſtore the High-Church to their Mind.
The Gunpowder-Plot, &c.

Some did themſelves murther, and others were ſhot;
Some were burnt with Powder, for others prepar'd,
Some Couples were hang'd for this damnable Plot;
Great pity it was that any were ſpar'd.
The Gunpowder-Plot, &c.

What *Rome* thus had loſt in *James* the Firſt's Reign,
In that of the Second ſhe hop'd to retrieve,
Cauſe *France* was more ſtrong to ſupport her than *Spain*;
But once more the Fates did the Harlot deceive.
The Gunpowder-Plot, &c.

For *WILLIAM* from *Holland* with Forces came o're,
And this bleſs'd Day in *Great-Britain* did Land,
To ſave us from *France*, and from *Rome's* bloody Whore,
And *James* run for Shelter to *Lewis* Le Grand.
The Gunpowder-Plot, &c.

Thus, tho' we were almoſt undone by the Dad,
As Millions ſtill living do well underſtand:
French Papiſts and *Tories*, a Thing called his Lad,
Would fain have to govern and rule o'ere the Land.
But Gunpowder-Plot ſhall ne'er be forgot,
Nor *James's* Intriguing with *France* and with *Rome*:
Let's ever remember the Fifth of *November*,
And may all our *Perkinites* have their juſt Doom.

Exhortation to England *to keep the SEA.*

THe true Proceſs of *Engliſh* Policy
Of utterward to keepe this Reigne in reſt

Of

Of our *England* that no Man can deny;
Ner ſay of Sooth but it is one of the beſt,
Is this, that who ſeeth *South*, *North*, *Eaſt* and *Weſt*
Cheriſh Merchandize, keep the Admiralty;
That we be Maſters of the narrow See.

For *Sigiſmond* the Great Emperor
Which yet reigneth, when he was in this Land
With King *Henry* the fift, Prince of Honour,
Here much Glory, as him thought, he found
A mighty Land which had take in hand
To werre in *France* and make Mortality,
And ever well kept round about the See.

And to the King thus hee ſayd: my Brother
(When he perceived two Townes Caleis and Douer)
Of all your Townes to chuſe of one and other
To keep the See and ſoon to come ouer
To werre outwards and your Regne to recover:
Keep theſe two Townes ſure and your Majeſtee
As your tweyne eyne: to keep the narrow See.

For if this See be kept in Time of werre
Who can heere paſs without Danger and wooe:
Who may eſcape. who may miſchiefe differre
What Marchandie may for by bee agoe:
For needes hem muſt take trewes every Foe
Flanders and Spaine, and other truſt to mee
Or ellis hindred all for this narrow See.

Therefore I caſt mee by a little writing
To ſhew at Eye this concluſion,
For conſcience and for mine acquiting
Againſt God and a geyne Abuſion,
And Cowardiſe, and to our Enemies confuſion.
For foure things our * Noble ſheweth to mee
King, Ship, and Swerd and Power of the See.

Where ben our Ships where ben our Swerds become
Our Enemies bed for the Ship ſet a † Sheepe
Alas our Rule halteth; 'tis benome:
Who dare well ſay that Lordſhip ſhould take keepe;
I will aſſay, though mine Heart ginne to weepe
To doe this werke, if we will ever thee,
For very Shame to keep about the See.

Shall any Prince what ſo be his Name
Which hath Nobles moch leche ours,
Bee Lord of See, and Flemings to our blame,
Stop us, take us, and ſo make fade the flowers
Of Engliſh State and diſteyne our Honours:
For cowardiſe alas it ſhould ſo bee,
Therefore I ginne to write nowe of the See.

---

* *The Gold Noble coyn'd by* Edward III. *was ſtamped with the King's Effigies, a Ship, the Sword, and the Sea, to denote our Sovereignty of the Seas.*

† *The People of Brittany and Flanders ſaid then in ſcorn to the Engliſh.* Take a Ship out of your Noble, and put a Sheep in its place.

The

The EPILOGUE,

As it was ſpoken to the Farce of the Walking Statue, Acted by the Scholars of St. *Paul*'s School, after the Tragedy of *Julius Cæſar*, on *Tueſday* the 17th of *February*, 1712.

Spoken by one of the Scholars, under the Character of Sir *Timothy Tough*.

I Met an old Acquaintaince going over,
Whoſe Purpoſe is to Ride full Poſt to Dover:
He has large Commiſſions from moſt Trades in Town,
For nothing now but what is *French* will down.
He ſays he'll bring us Toys and Trinkets, Glaſſes,
Will ſhew us our Miſtakes, as well as Faces:
Relicks, t'advance the Purchaſer, in Marriage,
Some to preſerve the Ladies from Miſcarriage.
Others by Sea, or Land, t'enſure from Loſſes;
And for fine Boſoms, charming Beads and Croſſes
Eſſence, Perfumes, Hung'ry, and Holy Water,
For which there may be great Demand hereafter.
He'll bring us Things, by Sacred Workmen wrought,
Shall pardon ev'ry Sin—— before 'tis thought:
He'll invite Men of's Holineſs Retinue,
Will drive the Devil out—— if he be in you.

Says

Says he, we Sins confeſs, and are forgiven,
There's a ſhort and pleaſant Way to Heaven:
His Worſhip has become me wondrous well,
But how his Saintſhip won'd, I cannot tell.
He'd a converted me, forſooth, the Spark
Began to praiſe the *Pope*, and *Grand Monarch*:
Told me his mighty Love for the *Engliſh* Nation,
That h'd Refine our Politique, and Faſhion,
And make us Glorious People, on the firſt Occaſion.
That he by Age, and by Experience Wiſe,
Knows all State Stratagems, and Myſteries.
When Num'rous Towns, Impregnable are won,
When he's hand preſt, and very near undone,
When he dares truſt no longer Sword or Gun.
When *Engliſh* Phyſick vears his Bowels, he
A Secret has will cure by—— Sympathy:
When his bold Troops are beaten o're and o're,
He has his Invincible Lewidore.
You'll by his Friendſhip gain your End and Eaſe,
And keep what his Arms baſely loſt, by Peace:
But——
I'm not of ſuch believing pliant Stuff,
Don't you all know, I'm Sir *Timotheus Tough*:
No Fawner; but of *Engliſh* Tough Deſcent,
My Father ſat in the *Long Parliament*.
If Pope or Devil, venture among us,
Here, *Harry*, *Tom*, bring me my Blunderbuſs.

BRITAIN *Ungrateful.*

INgratitude's the Growth of *Britain*'s Isle,
A Vice abhorr'd in every Foreign Soil;
There, when transcendent Merit claims Regard,
And Conqu'rors have, as they deserve, Reward.
Their glorious Toils recording Poets sing,
With Acclamations loud the Cities ring;
The charming Fair look with propitious Eyes
For Beauty has been always Valour's Prize.
All gen'rous Hearts by various Methods shew
How much those Nations to their Warriour's owe.
But here Illustrious Patriots are defam'd,
And *Marlbro*'s Actions by strange *Monsters* blam'd.
Not that fam'd *MARCH* describ'd in lofty Strains,
Where *Addison* his noble Muse unreins,
Not proud *Bavaria*'s Flight, nor *Iser*'s Streams
Crimson'd with *Gallick* Blood, Immortal Themes!
Not *RAMILLIES*, an happy Scene that yields
Ample Revenge for fatal *Landen* Fields.
Not all those Vict'ries which made *ANNA* Great;
And, as they own, REGENT of *Europe*'s Fate
Can him protect from the Continuall Wrongs,
And Calumnies of execrable Tongues.

But

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And, as they own, REGENT of *Europe*'s Fate
Can him protect from the Continual Wrongs,
And Calumnies of execrable Tongues.

But yet in vain would *baneful Faction* blaſt
Thoſe Laurels which *as long as Time ſhall laſt.*
Him Neighb'ring *Belgian* States with Joy receive,
Who did their Country in Diſtreſs relieve;
Him grateful *Germany* is fond to own,
The late SUPPORTER of th' Imperial Throne:
Him, whilſt a Foe, *Bourbon* himſelf reveres,
And Loves the Man, tho' he the GENERAL Fears,
Such diff'rent Treatment hath the Hero found,
At Home *revil'd*, Abroad WITH PRAISES CROWN'D.

A PROPHECY.

WHen Seven with Seventeen Hundred Years ſhall joyn,
And *Sol* advance above the (*a*) *Vernal* Sign; (a) *Summer.*
Then ſhall a Race of Glorious Lays ſucceed,
Thames ſhall (*b*) unite and mingle with the *Tweed*; (b) *Union.*
Freſh Wonders then ſhall glad the *Britain*'s Eyes,
As Roſes from the Thiſtles ſhall ariſe,
As White (*c*) and Red ſhall no Diſtinction make, (c) *The 2 Croſſes.*
But the ſame Poſt of Honour joyntly take;

No

Not but some Accidents shall intervene,
And Losses croud before the promis'd Scene.
Batavian Blood (*d*) *Iberius* (d) *Battle of Almanza.*
Plains shall dye,
Britains before a *British* (*e*) Gene- (e) *Duke of Berwick.*
ral fly,
Both Land and Sea Misfortunes shall produce,
And well laid Projects cease to be of use;
But see the (*f*) Lion roar, and whet (f) *Britains.*
its Paws,
Summon its Courage and extend its Jaws.
Now rush with haste, impetuous to the Prey,
Now growling bear the bleeting Fold away.
Such, Such shall be the (*g*) *Celtiberian's* (g) K. Philip.
Fate,
Such the departed Hopes of *Gallia's* State:
A Church (*h*) upon a Hill shall cross (h) Churchil.
the Main,
New Conquests to attain and Trophies gain;
An (*i*) *M* shall quite explod the Letter (i) Marl.
(*k*) *V.* (*k*) Vendosme.
And two fam'd (*l*) *S's*, (l) *D. and P.* of Savoy.
(*m*) *T* and (*n*) *M* subdue; (m) *Tess* (n) *Meda.*
Tho' for a time for want of means and ways,
An (*o*) *V* shall in an (*p*) *S* vast (o) Villers. (p) Suabia
Treasures raise,
Whole Provinces lay waste, and Towns shall force,
Unable to resist the Victor's Course,

But (s) *Lombardy* to *Provence* then shall come,
(s) *Duke of* Savoy.

And make (t) *L* call his grand Destroyers home;
(t) Lewis XIV.

Leave (u) *S* to (x) *C*, his just and lawful Claim,
(u) Spain. (x) Charles.

While (a) *P* like (b) *A*s contented with a name,
(a) Philip. (b) August.

And the once Tow'ring Lillies bend their Head,
Their Hopes deceas'd and Expectations fled,
As from their Stem and Olive Branch shall shew,
What Honors Lillies to fam'd Roses owe,

And (c) *L* shall sue for Peace his Realms shall want,
(c) Lewis.

Which none but (d) *A* can give, and none but *A* would grant.
(d) Q. Ann.

Loquere ut te Videam!

Verses on His Majesty's Declaration in Council, at St. *James's*, *September* 22, 1714.

A Beauteous Youth who did in *Athens* dwell,
Brought to a grave Philosopher to tell,
His Thoughts on one whose Aspect look'd so well;

Manly

Manly he ſtood, with Mein Majeſtick walk'd,
All round he gaz'd, but not one Word he talk'd:
The great wiſe Man, curious to know his Mind,
Which in that Body did its Lodging find,
Seeing a Form ſo pleaſing to his Eye,
Cry'd, ſpeak my Youth! that I thy Soul may 'ſpy.

So on King *GEORGE*, as through the Streets he rode,
Almoſt adored by us as a God;
Our eager Eyes with joyful Hearts we place,
Liking the Features of his Royal Face;
Yet curious ſtill we waited till he ſpoke,
To know the Soul in that Majeſtick Look:
This Declaration ſhews compleat the King,
And tells the Bleſſings which his Reign will bring.

To the KING's Moſt Excellent Majeſty.

PRince, form'd by Heav'n the Weight of Crowns to (bear
Inur'd to Greatneſs, ripe for Royal Care!
Who, Ruling all, by Wiſdom rul'd alone,
Can'ſt fill and grace with Majeſty the Throne!
For Peace and War, for Council and for Fight;
The Prop of Empires, and the World's Delight!

Bleſt be Thy Reign! Rever'd Thy God-like Sway!
With Heav'n command, where Free-born Souls obey!
There, like Thy ſelf, our Sun, Impartial ſhine!
Thou Nature's Fav'rite, Thy whole People Thine!
As blending Streams concur to meet the Sea,
Divided Realms joyn, reconcil'd in Thee.
Their Tears of Joy vye with the Grief it coſt
A Land, that knows what loſing Thee ſhe loſt.
Retrieving *Britain*, *GEORGE*, ev'n *Europe* ſaves;
And Kings unborn half-fated to be Slaves.
Now *Albion*'s great and haughty Pow'rs are aw'd:
Let all but *Rome* and Tyranny applaud!
Wealth flow! Laws, Freedom, Vertue with Thee Reign!
Faith own her Patron; and his Lord, the Maid.
Our Champion-Saint a Royal Victim freed:
The Greater *GEORGE* to free the World's decreed.

A Country TALE.

COLIN, a Raw, but Heady Swain,
That tended Sheep upon the Plain,
Scarce knew the Terms of *Hoi-Ge-Ho*,
Or when the Team ſhould Stop or Go,
What Seaſon's proper for to Plough,
What Ground to Fallow, what to Sow,

Or

Or how to Cheapen, Sell, or Buy,
Or any Parts of Husbandry;
Being once hir'd to *Widow Scot*,
Who own'd much Land, and Farm'd to boot,
Grew vain, and fancy'd he could do
A Thouſand Things he never knew:
The ſtupid Louts amaz'd to ſee
Colin advanc'd to ſuch Degree,
Cry'd out, *Sure he is ſomething more*
Than Country Volk do take him for.
The cunning Yeomen ſmoak'd the Bite,
And ſneer'd the Widow's Want of Wit,
And o'er a Cup of Nappy Ale
Would crack a Jeſt and merry Tale
Of *Colin*'s Blunders and his Cheats,
With many other pretty Feats;
How careleſly he us'd to keep
His private Stock, and Pariſh Sheep;
But rather than his private Stock
Should want, he'd borrow from the Flock:
Beſides, how *Colin* once had been
Thought Tardy, but ſet right again,
It being his good Luck to keep
A Dog that ſtrongly ſmelt of Sheep,
And when the Uproar firſt was heard,
Poor *Mouſe* was hang'd, and *Colin* clear'd.
No ſooner *Colin* ſettled was,
But threw th' Old Servants out of Place;
Old *Cid*, the *Hind*, was firſt diſcharg'd,
Who had the Rents and Fines enlarg'd;

Coli

Clin went briskly on below,
The Widow ſeldom car'd to know
Whate'er was done, ſo *Gip* and She
Might have their Syrup and their Tea:
This *Gip*, an ugly dowdy Jade,
Whom Widow *Scot* familiar made,
And had preferr'd from Milking-Pail,
To Dreſs her Head, and Pin her Tail,
Had ſtol'n away the Widow's Heart,
That they could never be apart:
This *Gip* and *Colin* had combin'd
To keep the Widow warm, and blind:
The Houſe thus modell'd, all Things went
Swimming, and to their Heart's Content,
And all was *Colin*'s Management.
Such great Concerns in *Colin*'s Hand,
Still often put him to the Stand;
He'd fain have kept ſome Servants in,
T' have learn'd by them to Manage fine,
They ſwore he trick'd, and would not joyn:
So he was forc'd to ask Advice
Of thoſe he thought not very Wiſe.
The Farm, in Time, grew courſe and wild,
The Fences broke, made but one Field;
The Cattle dy'd for want of Care;
And ev'ry Thing out of Repair:
The Stock, both Quick and Dead, was ſold,
And *Colin* ſtill kept all the Gold;
He took up Sums at Twelve *per Cent*,
When all before at Five had lent;

But yet he, uncontroul'd, went on,
And, with Succeſs, being harden'd grown,
At Harveſt turns off Carter *John*,
And puts in *James*, a Pariſh Boy,
A good Condition'd Youth, but Raw;
James Driving of an heavy Load,
Thro' a ſtrait Lane, and miry Road,
Not Knowing when to uſe his Whip,
The Horſes ſtand, then friſk and leap,
And over-ſet the Load of Wheat,
That *James* was bruis'd in his Retreat:
The Village hooted when they found
The Wheat ſo ſpoil'd, the Carter ſtunn'd;
They forthwith to the Widow went
With, *This is* Colin's *Management*:
The Widow, frighted at the Cry,
Begg'd they'd ſome preſent Help apply,
And bid them haſte for Carter *John*,
The Man ſhe muſt rely upon.
Colin, with all his Scoundrel Crew,
The Rabble's Rage and Village flew.

A TALE.

TWo *Farmers* once had rais'd Debates,
About the Bounds of their Eſtates,
Which one of them encroach'd upon,
By Hedging t'other's for his own.
At this cry'd *Hodg*, pray Neighbour *Hugh*,
Whence is't you this Injuſtice do?
The Land which you have thus Enclos'd,
Can be on Oath for mine depos'd.
Hark you, quoth *Hugh*, vain Babbling ceaſe,
For 'tis all one to hold your peace,
Since he that has the Longeſt Purſe
Is in the Right of't now, in courſe.
Hodg Sigh'd, as knowing ſo much Wealth
Would juſtify the baſeſt Stealth,
And make even Guilt itſelf appear
Like Innocence, with faultleſs Air,
However, ſince he underſtood,
Sighing would do but little good,
Unleſs ſome other Means were us'd,
To get that done which *Hugh* refus'd,
Amongſt ſome honeſt Neighbours went,
To whom he made his ſad Complaint,
And all his Grievances imparted,
Wrong'd as he was, and broken-hearted:

The Neighbours, one and all, cry'd out,
His Caſe might be Redreſs'd no doubt,
Would he but to the Laws apply,
For an immediate Remedy,
And give Squire *Equity* his Fee,
On his Side to draw up a Plea,
Since no one *Farmer* in the Land
In *Equity*'s Contempt could ſtand.

Hodg ſhook his Head, and ſcratch'd his Ears,
Diſtracted between Hopes and Fears;
But, at the laſt, took Heart of Oak,
And thus to his Adviſers Spoke;
Rather then be Defrauded ſo,
I'll do as you would have me do,
Mortgage my Farm, and ſtraitways part
Both with my Waggon and my Cart,
Convert my Team to ready Coin,
Sell every Acre that is mine;
Dobin *himſelf ſhall go, to ſhew,*
Tho' I am Poor, I'll have my Due.

The Cart and Horſes forthwith Sold,
Were all converted into Gold,
And thenceforth there commenc'd a Sute,
To put an End to the Diſpute;
Tho' one was Plaintiff, one Defendant
So long, 'twas thought there'd be no end on't.
When after Nine Years Noiſe and Stir,
About *Rejoinder* and *Demur*.

Matters were to their Criſis brought,
And *Hodg* had ſeveral Verdicts got;
Which, in the Sequel, and Concluſion,
Muſt needs have come to Execution,
That would have pay'd him o're and o're,
For what he had disburs'd before.

Hugh, that foreſaw how Things would go,
To ward off the approaching Blow,
Cry'd out, *Friend* Hodg, *I'll tell thee what,*
I know thou art not worth a Groat,
Haſt ſpent what thou couldſt rap and run,
To carry this ſame Law-Suit on;
But yet, for I in Conſcience can't
Forward thy Poverty and Want,
Suppoſe I ſhould thy Field reſtore,
Should Things go as they went before?
Should thoſe our Feuds *and* Quarrels *ceaſe,*
And we, like Neighbours, live in Peace?
God's Bleſſing on thy Heart, quoth Hodg,
Do that, and there's no further Grudge,
But all Things ſhall forgotten be
That lately paſs'd 'twixt Thee and Me.

The Field accordingly convey'd
Back to its Owner, *Peace* was made;
And the *Defendant* Homewards went,
With all the Tokens of Content,
To think that, tho' the Day was loſt,
H'ad ſav'd the Charges and the Coſt.
When the poor *Plaintiff*, who, at laſt,
Come to conſider what had paſs'd,

Found his Miſtake, his Hair he tore,
Like any Mad-man rav'd and ſwore;
And cry'd, *'Twas better* Hugh *ſtill held*
Poſſeſſion of this Curſed Field,
Than I ſhould have it at a Rate
That my Undoing muſt compleat.
Fool that I am, another Term
Had ſav'd my Chattels *and my* Farm,
Had put me in a way to live,
And my paſs'd Loſſes to retrieve;
But now the very Land I've gain'd,
Muſt, for the Charges, be diſtrain'd;
For Payment of my Debts muſt go
After my Carts, and Team, and Plough,
And I, my Neighbours Scorn and Jeſt,
For a mere Ideot *ſtand conſeſs'd:*
Who could ſuch Ignorance diſplay,
As to be loſt, yet win the Day.

The Application.

NATIONS, from hence, may learn to know,
How to treat with a Subtle Foe;
How to accommodate Affairs,
And put a Glorious End to Wars.
Not after Conqueſt and Succeſs,
Accept an Ignominious Peace.

And

And thou, Great Britain's *fruitful Isle,*
On whom repeated Vict'ries smile,
On whom both Fame and Fortune wait,
All what is worthy of thy State;
Think of the many Lives thou'st lost,
The Millions which the War has cost,
The Debts that yet remain unpaid,
And Taxes on thy Subjects laid,
Before thou mak'st a rash Advance,
To Terms of Amity with France,
Since without Spain, *for which Thou'st fought,*
Thou must be Ruin'd on the spot;
And a Bad Peace *is worse by far,*
Than all the Miseries of War.

The Brussels *Scrivener.*

HEnriquez, a wealthy Burgher's Son,
In *Flemish* Madrigals well known,
For a *Slim Kerle*, who ran astray,
And with the *Lambkins* us'd to Play:
He was a Lad of pretty Parts,
And had some smatt'ring of the Arts;
pert were his Looks, and Carriage free;
And ev'ry Motion degagée:

But heat of Talk impair'd his Wit;
He often miſs'd, and rarely hit;
In Rage he'd Twirl his Cap about,
And tear a harmleſs Lining out;
His Father Built a pretty Houſe,
And furniſh'd it for *Henriquez* Uſe;
His *Office* too was Saſh'd in Front,
That none could paſs but look upon't;
But *Henriquez*, ne'er for Buſineſs made,
Would often curſe his Books and Trade,
And ſwore he'd ne'er himſelf confine
From Eight to Twelve, from Two till Nine;
Still *Henriquez* great Ambition was,
To have an Office and a place,
That he might cheat the VVorld, and be
Thought buſie, yet from Buſineſs free;
Henriquez gay Temper did incline
To *Mirth*, good *Chear*, brisk *Frows* and *Wine*;
But his prevailing Paſſion lay,
To S——ck, and VVomen had the ſway;
They lov'd, becauſe they lik'd his pay;
His Bount'ous Nature quickly ſpread
The *Madam*'s came, he frely bled;
The Ladies of the Induſtry,
At laſt procuring a tempting She;
The Prize a Walloon Cornet's Wife,
The Spouſe a very Tool of Life;

The place of Meeting. *Bruſſel's* Park,
The time an hour before 'twas dark,
Henriquez and Madam punctual were,
The Bargain ſeal'd, the Bliſs drew near;
But ſhe a parleſs ſubtle Quean,
Knowing young *Henriquez* tender Vein.
Made *Jago* privy to the Plot,
And planted him to hit the Blot.
Henriquez in Raptures ſeiz'd the Fair,
She panting 'twixt Delight and Fear,
Rouz'd *Jago*, juſt when Extaſy
Left Nature's Ebbing Channels dry;
He with Rage and brandiſh'd Sword,
(*Dunder* and *Blixam* was the word;)
Dragg'd trembling *Henriquez* from the Bed,
'Twixt two ſuch diff'rent Scinces half dead,
And ſwore he inſtantly ſhould bleed;
Young *Henriquez* never car'd for Steel,
Unleſs with Syrup temper'd well;
And ask'd if Money would not buy
His Life, and Duccatoons ſupply
The loſs of Honour, clear the Infamy?
The ſubtle Gipſy ſhed a Tear,
And whiſper'd *Jago* to forbear;
He ſtill the more Impetuous grew,
Making a *Feint* to run him through;
With that poor *Henriquez* ſign'd a Note,
Eight Thouſand Guelders was his Scot,

And all the Favour he could get,
Was to recover his cold Fit,
And then be kick'd out in a clammy Sweat.

BORN to a tripple Kingdom I ſubmit
To Providence, in all Heaven thinks fit,
If the all Potent King of Kings Ordain
That I, his Servant in due time ſhall Reign,
My Sword I'll Sheath, not claiming then the Rod,
Cæſar demands not what belongs to God.
Ah! could the hardſhips of an injur'd Heir
Bring Mercy down the Guilty Land to ſpare.
After the great Example of my Sire,
With Patience I would bear th' Almighty's Ire.
Whilſt Vertuos *ANNA* ſprung from *James* the Juſt,
Preventing greater Ills deſerves the Truſt.
Still let Her Rule, for 'tis Her Right alone
During my Exile to ſupply my Throne.
But when to do me Right *Britain*'s encline,
Then the Juſt Siſter will the Crown reſign,
Which to Her Fame will greater Glory gain
Than all the Wonders of Her gentle Reign.

Theſe Verſes was writ under the Picture of a Prince with his Sword drawn. } The Pretender.

The MOBB's *Addreſs to Sir* R——d H—— *K*----*t Lord M*——

To the Right Honourable the Lord M— with the Elect Common Council of the City of L——

The humble Addreſs of the Mobb, lately commanded by Dr. S——l, *and unpuniſh'd by Your Lordſhip*, &c.

May it pleaſe Your Honours,

WE your moſt obedient Vaſſals, the Mob, lately aſſembled in moſt parts of the Liberties and City of *Weſtminſter*, being thereunto lawfully call'd, or at leaſt conniv'd at, do return our moſt hearty Thanks to your Honours, for your ſeaſonable Defence of our juſt Cauſe, in your late Addreſs, which with ſo much Care and Diligence you procur'd to be preſented to Her Majeſty; humbly acknowledging it a peculiar Condeſcenſion in your Honours, that for our ſakes you are pleas'd to open your ſaid Addreſs even with a notorious Falſhood.

We think it our greateſt Happineſs that we were beforehand with your Honours in ſpying and puniſhing *thoſe inſolent and daring Attacks that have*

been

been publickly made, and eſpecially in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, on our moſt happy Conſtitution.

We quickly ſaw the Effects of *Republican Notions infus'd into the minds of Her Majeſty's Subjects* and therefore we apply'd a ſpeed and effectual Remedy againſt them; ſuch as will for *ever maintain the Royal Prerogative as the only Eſſential of the Conſtitution*, and ſhew that all Laws are Invaſions and Encroachments upon it.

Begging of your Lordſhip moſt earneſtly to point out to us who thoſe particular Perſons are, *who infuſe theſe vile Republican Notions, and Antimouarchical Principles*, which have ſo juſtly alarm'd your Lordſhip (a Sagacity leſs than your Lorſhip's being inſufficient for ſuch a work) aſſuring your Lordſhip, that with utmoſt Care and Diligence, we will bring them ſpeedily to condign Puniſhment, being eager and ready to give this finiſhing Stroke to your glorious Year; promiſing that whenever Her Majeſty ſhall think fit to lay aſide Her Crown, the Biſhops their Lawn-Sleeves, the Lords and Commons to give up their Rights and Privileges, and all ſeem reſolv'd to turn Presbyterians and Republicans, all which your Lordſhip is ſo very apprehenſive of; why then be aſſur'd that we your High-Church and moſt dutiful Mob, *will uſe our utmoſt Care and Diligence to raiſe all riotous and tumultuous Aſſemblies, and with undaunted Vigour*, ſuch as your Lordſhip appears to be endow'd with, will oppoſe all Perſons at home, and bring any Pretender from abroad, who will keep up the Authority of the Crown, and tie the People down to *That* Paſſive Obedience, which your Lordſhip, the Doctor, and all your Friends, we of the Mob eſpecially, preach, practiſe, and ſhew in our Speeches, Addreſſes, Sermons, common Diſcourſes and A-

ctions. And to do this, we are ready, whenever your Lordſhip thinks fit, to Huzza, Plunder, Fight, Burn, Murder, and to obey any other lawful Command.

We have read and conſider'd *many Seditious and Scandalous Books, Pamphlets and Sermons, which awaken'd us to a ſerious Conſideration of the fatal Conſequences of ſuch Doctrines*, too viſible in the Rebellious and Undutiful Behaviour of the Diſſentors to her Majeſty's Sacred Perſon, and the Proteſtant Succeſſion as by Law eſtabliſh'd; and in their endeavouring to deſtroy the Monarchy it ſelf, by lending their Money (when others call'd theirs in) to ſupport this dangerous War; dangerous to our deareſt Friends and Intereſts!

We therefore crave leave *to declare our utmoſt Deteſtation of all Anti-Hereditary Principles*, and to aſſure your Honours of our ſteddy and unſhaken Obedience to the Renown'd Doctor, and to his Sermons, ſo well and honourable ſupported by your Lordſhip, and ſo learnedly defended by *D. D.*

We needn't mention *our hearty Zeal for the Preſervation of the Church of England*; Our late glorious Actions, as well as the whole Courſe of your Honours Lives and Converſations, demonſtrate that we know the Church to be founded on the Doctrines and Practices of the Apoſtles and Primitive Chriſtians; after whom your Lordſhip, Doctor, and we have ſo exactly copy'd in the practice of Paſſive Obedience and Non-Reſiſtance.

But we muſt own, that we have *a tender Regard to all Perſons of Conſciences truly ſcrupulous*; ſuch eſpecially as ſcruple to take the Oaths to the Government,

vernment, or elſe ſwallow them with a few Scruples of the *St. Germain* Diſpenſation; which cannot fail of producing a *firm Reſolution to maintain the Proteſtant Succeſſion as by Law eſtabliſh'd in the Illuſtrious Houſe of* Hannover; your inexpreſſible Regard to which Houſe, muſt perpetuate the great Bleſſings which the City enjoys under your wiſe and unparallel'd Government. And in obedience to your Honour's worſhipful Commands, notwithſtanding all that our Falſe Brother Captain *Tom* has writ, and ſeditiouſly ſpoken againſt us, *we will uſe our utmoſt Care and Diligence, to ſuppreſs all Riotous and Tumultuous Meeting-Houſes; and with undaunted Vigour*, as we lately did, *to the laſt, oppoſe all her Majeſty's* Troops whether at home or abroad, who ſhall attempt to diſturb either your Honours or our ſelves in the *peaceful Enjoyment of our glorious Midnight Revels*; or that ſhall dare by officious Letters to reprimand your Miſgovernment, or diſcompoſe the Serenity of your Lordſhip's moſt ſolemn, ſedate and ſhining Countenance.

God bleſs the Doctor and your Lordſhip.

HUZZA,

THE

THE LONDON ADDRESS.

Madam,

WE the Hundred and Fifty Elect of the Gown,
By his Lordſhip conven'd from all Parts of the Town,
Now you've turn'd out your Friends, for which Heavens bleſs you!
Conceive we may ſafely miſlead, and Addreſs you.
In the firſt Place we beg you'd be pleas'd to take Notice,
For 'tis nothing but Truth, *Verbo Sacerdotis*,
That the Hearts and the Hands of High-Church-Men were never
Yet known in State-Matters to travel together:
This we wiſely premiſe, that from thence you may gueſs,
What Credit is due to our Loyal Addreſs.
The Tryal was wicked, no Precedent for it;
And as *Genuine Sons of the Church*, we abhor it:
Of your Honour, no doubt, 'twas a horrid Invaſion,

To

To maintain to your Face, and that of the Nation,
That the late Revolution, by which you now reign,
Was free from Rebellion's moſt damnable Stain:
Your Majeſty's Title we ſay's by Deſcent,
Tho' we ſwear 'tis confirm'd by the Peoples Conſent.
Thus the Church Bacon's ſav'd, come Whig or come Tory,
We've a Meaning reſerv'd to prove we are for you;
We have taken the Oaths, and our Livings ſecur'd,
Yet *ne'er heard of his Claim*, whoſe Claim we've abjur'd.
Sometimes in our Works, *Right Divine's* our Expreſſion,
Sometimes we cry up the Eſtabliſh'd Succeſſion;
So catch as catch can, we've engag'd the Careſſes
Of St. *Germans* and *Hanover* by our Addreſſes.
We own 'tis a Sin your juſt Pow'r to *reſiſt*,
Yet we vow *to withſtand it whenever we liſt*;
For if we but fancy that Slavery's coming,
My Lord cries to Horſe, and we fall a Drumming.
We thought the *French* King was reduc'd enough long ſince,
And to ruin him quite, was too cruel in Conſcience;
We therefore all joyn in this peaceable Pray'r.
Oh! Lord *ſcatter thoſe that delight in the War.*

To

To conclude; Oh! Thou Mother of our Mother-Church,
Good Grandmother leave us not now in the Lurch;
You see we are here in a Militant State,
And our Triumphs, God knows, are promis'd us late;
Ah! do you indulge us in the next Convocation,
We'll drive your Supremacy out of the Natton,
And hoist up our own, till the next Restauration.

DECLARATION *without Doors.*

O Ye *Britains*, draw near,
With Attention give Ear
To my most profound Declaration,
It may do you some good,
Tho' I'm not understood,
By twenty wise Men in the Nation.

I'm a P———t M———r
Who shall sit in *N*———*er*,
To settle the N——'s Affairs,
Make T—— and L——,
Not forgetting a Clause,
About the High Church's Repairs.

The High Church's Power
Has to this very Hour,
Been of all my caballing the true End;
But I ſwear by my M———,
If you don't chooſe me ———,
The Cauſe will be certainly ruin'd.

I have ſent Horſe and Man
To do all they can,
To ingage all your V—— for the C———,
Some Money I've paid,
And more Promiſes made,
Of fine Things I'll do when I come there.

I was ſworn to the Church,
Both to People and Porch,
And I'm fond of the Name of High-Flyer,
I have ſhewn my Good-will
For Occaſional Bill,
And ſo ſet the whole N—— on F——.

If I get in the C——,
It will quickly appear
Who is for the Church, and who is not, Sir,
I'll wipe off the Paint,
Made me look like a Saint,
And Moderation ſhall die on the Spot, Sir.

I was

I was chosen for the Nests
Of your Highflying P———,
Those dainty young Sons of *Apollo*;
Now my Wit's at a head,
I'm appointed to lead,
And I'm sure that S. H—— will follow.

My Learning t' Advance,
I travell'd to *France*,
From *Paris* quite down to *Toulon*,
Where they make People pray,
The Government Way,
And convert them *a mode de Dragoon*.

Before I came home,
I travell'd to *Rome*,
And receiv'd the infallible Blessing;
I ne'er scrupled to bow,
To the Slipper or Toe
And bestow'd a true Protestant Kissing.

I view'd the great Church,
And admir'd the Porch,
And I counted the Steps to the Altar,
I went to the Matin,
Said my Prayers in *Latin*
And I sung to her Ladyship's Psalter.

I Bleſs'd the Three Nations
With my wiſe Obſervations,
That they might my Learning Inherit,
But as ſoon as 'twas Printed,
I ſincerely repented,
'Twas ſo laugh'd at I never could bear it.
Now from Popery and *Rome*
I'm to C——y come,
Where I'm quite over-run with Religion;
The High Church and I
Such Experiments try
You would ſwear we had *Mahomet*'s Pigeon
The Occaſional Bill
Was fram'd in our Mill,
Of true Catholick Preparation;
The Warp and the Woof
Look'd like Proteſtant Stuff,
But the Devil was in the Faſhion.
I Huzza'd for the Tack,
For I was always a Jack,
And was fond of *Jure Divino*;
But with what intent,
Or what 'twas I meant,
That's a thing neither you know nor I know.
To High Church I'm as true,
As a Proteſtant blue,
And fain wou'd Diſſenters be Mobbing,
But we had ſuch a defeat
In C——y Street,
That we're damnably 'fraid of their drubbing,

hate Moderation,
It has ruin'd the Nation,
Both the B——s and Q—— are infected;
Do but ſet me i'th' C——
I'll the High-Church repair,
And Religion ſhall ſoon be diſſected;
We have made ſuch advances
You'd think them Romances
All the Churches on Earth to Unite-a,
That *Mahomet* and we,
May quickly agree,
And *Rome* ſhall no more Men affright-a.
Our true *Engliſh* C——,
Shall to Popery approach,
And Popery to her ſhall advance;
The Siſters ſhall kiſs,
Paſs by what's amiſs,
And we ſhall ſhake hands, Sir, with *France*.
Thus the Tools of the Age,
Shall quickly grow Sage,
When they Cant of their Union and Peace, Sir;
This will Union convey,
The true Catholick way,
And the World ſhall be all of a Piece, Sir.
If the Whigs and Diſſenters,
Should think to prevent us,
And oppoſe us with d—— Moderation,
By Unanimous V——,
We will cut all their T——,
And ſo we'll Unite the whole Nation.

Queen Elizabeth's *Day: Or, The Down-fall of the* Devil, Pope, *and* Pretender.

To the Tune of Bonny Dun-dee.

LET us ſing to the Mem'ry of glorious Queen *Beſs*,
Who long did the Hearts of her Subjects poſſeſs,
And whoſe mighty Actions did to us ſecure
Thoſe many great Bleſſings which now do endure:
For ſhe then did lay that ſolid Foundation,
On which our Religion is fixt in this Nation;
For Pop'ry was put into utter Diſgrace,
And Proteſtantiſm ſet up in its place.
But could ſhe have lived as a Looker-on,
Until this good Time, to ſee how ſhe's out-done;
She muſt have acknowledg'd that nothing ſhe dar'd,
Could be with the preſent great Actions compar'd:
For altho' ſhe did reign in Times that were evil,
She never did ſeize the Pope or the Devil,
Nor ſave the Prieſts or Pretender from Flame,
Nor Right unto any ſuch Images claim.
But now, God be thanked, we know what we do,
Which many wiſe Governments never did know;

For we have diſcover'd a damn'd Whiggiſh Plot,
To burn the Pope, and the Devil knows what,
Beſides the Pretender, and four Jeſuits,
Four Cardinals alſo, and four other Prieſts,
In all fifteen Images, made up of Straw,
Which are not allowed by any known Law.
And therefore a Council was call'd, for to know
What in this Conjuncture was fit for to do;
And after a long and a learned Debate,
Orders were given to a Secr'tary of State,
That he ſhou'd a Meſſenger at dead of Night ſend,
With ſome Grenadeers, to ſecure and defend
Theſe dangerous Figures from Fighting and Thrall,
And lodge them in's Office adjoining *Whiteball*.
Where will ſit a Committee t'enquire the Reaſon,
And know if the Pris'ners are guilty of Treaſon;
Who made the fine Cloaths; and if by any Law
They dar'd to make ſuch Statues of Straw t
And if they cannot prove themſelves innocent,
Oh, then they'll be had before the P————t:
And Juſtice will there be impartially had,
Which will make the Nation rejoice and be glad.

LONDON: November 24th, 1711.

WHEN the *Rye-Houſe Sham*, for no Man of Senſe can call it *a Plot*, was thrown upon the *Whiggs*, in the latter End of the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, a certain Noble Perſon, who was near enough to Buſineſs to hear all the Examinations, was pleas'd to Expreſs himſelf very Angry that it was laid no better together; *G——d damn them*, ſays he to one of

of the Hellish Engines of that wicked Affair, *if we had not been in a confounded Neceſſity of a Plot, it ſhould never have gone on; for it was ſo Naked, that the* Whiggs *could not but find it all out.*

It ſeems to be the ſame Caſe now, and thoſe People who make ſuch an Out-Cry of a Deſign, and a Plot, in Dreſſing up the Effigies of our Three Capital Friends, the *Devil*, the *Pope*, and the *Pretender*, muſt needs be in great Neceſſity of a *Plot*.

What would the empty Malice of theſe Fools make it? The *Pope* and the *Devil* have been in many a Plot againſt this Unhappy, Miſerable, Divided Nation. But to be in a Plot againſt the *Devil* and the *Pope*, that's the Devil, indeed, and is nothing but Banter.

And then, as I ſaid above, ſo ſimple a Story; —— a Plot! For what? *To raiſe the Mob*, ſay the *Tory Party*. How can that be, ſay we, when the Mob is *all on your ſide? Examiner*, No. 11.—— The *Whiggs* muſt be Mad if they raiſe a Mob now, when you have the Council all in your own Hands; For the *Whiggs* to raiſe a Mob would be to fire their own Houſes, pull down their own Meeting-houſes, and Arm the Deſperate Rabble againſt themſelves.

Then how ſhould the Two Mobs act? *Ay, ay*, ſay the *High-Churchmen, there lay the Plot*; the Deſign was to bring the Rabble together by the Ears.—— *This cannot be the Caſe neither*: For every body ſays the *Whigg* Mob is not able to ſhew it ſelf againſt the *other*: There's no Fighting the *High-Church* Mob now; for *Abel* has always aſſured us they are Ten to One againſt the *Whiggs*;—— ſo that, every Way, this muſt be a Sham, a meer Pretence, ſhewing, That the Party were in a ſad Neceſſity to have a Plot; and rather than want one, brought forth ſuch an Empty, Senſeleſs Story as this.

But let us Enquire a little, then, into Two Things in this extraordinary Caſe:

1. What is the real Grievance to the *High-Church*, and what the Offence that the Government has taken at the

Dreſſing up a Proceſſion for Queen *Elizabeth*'s Night; and why is it a Grievance?

2. What was the real Deſign in this Proceſſion? What can be charg'd upon them? And was there any appearance of a Plot, or Deſign, or Riot, or call it what you pleaſe?

As to the Firſt, The Quarrel is manifeſt, *viz.* Diſobliging the *French* King, Angrying his Holineſs, and leaving a great Impreſſion amongſt the People in the Caſe of the *Pretender*, and it would be very uncivil to uſe the *Royal Pretender* in ſuch a Manner, when we are juſt a going to make Peace.

If it were Unkind to uſe the *Pretender* in ſuch a manner, in like Caſe is the Affront to his *High-Allies*, St. *Lucifer* and the *Pope*, for his Confederacy with theſe is ſo ſtrong, that it muſt be Grievous to his *Pretending-Highneſs* to ſee them Involv'd in this General Conflagration of a *Heretick-Bonefire*, and ſo roughly handled by a *Proteſtant Mob*.

But you will, perhaps, be apt to ask here, *Why is this ſo ungrateful a Thing to ſome People?* But can any one be ſo ignorant as to ask ſuch a Queſtion in the Reign of *High-Church?* Has it been, 'till now, unknown to you, that, from the Beginning of this *Wicked*, *Flaming*, *Mad*, *High-Party*, there has been a ſtrict Confederacy between them and all the three Heroes of this Profeſſion: That there has been an exact Harmony in Action, a Union of Deſign, and a punctual Agreement in all their Meaſures? *High-Church* is the *Pretender*, and the *Pretender* is *Popery*, and *Popery* is the *Devil*.

Thus they hang all in a String, their univerſal Agreement has joyn'd them together, *My Curſe upon him that parts them:* Let them go, they are a bleſſed Crew, it's Pity *England* ſhould be troubled any longer with them; if they are but all together, tho' it were upon *Salisbury* Plain, for my part, I ſhould not be ſorry if we ſent them Guns, and Powder, for better is an Army of Open Enemies, than a Party of ſecret and diſguiſed Traytors; then we ſhould know what we had to do; then we ſhould ſee who and who were together; God

and *Us*, to the *Devil* and *You*: Whenever you pleaſe, Gentlemen, begin as ſoon as you will.

Let it be no more a wonder to any Man to ſee a Faction among us Oppoſe the carrying the *Pope* and the *Pretender* to the *Bonefire*.—— That Faction was always for *Popery*, always for the *Pretender*, always for *France*.

There is a great Queſtion ſtill behind, *viz. But how comes that Faction to have ſo much Influence upon our Miniſters of State, as to prevail upon them ſo far to favour them, as to interpoſe their Authority to prevent their innocent Proceſſion? We hope this Miniſtry are not of the League above-mentioned!*

No, no, Gentlemen, the Miniſtry of the League with the *Devil*, with the *Pope*, or with the *Pretender*, that's impoſſible! There are great and good Reaſons why the Miniſtry have thus far gratified that Party: But they do not belong to us: We are not to give Reaſons for what *Miniſters of State* do; their Reaſons are certainly Good; but for us to tell you what they are, is a Matter too wonderful for us; or, as *Virgil* expreſſes it in another Caſe:

Hic Labor hoc Opus.

and therefore we ſay no more to that.

The Second Head before us is, *What was the real Intention of the* Whiggs *in this Deſign?*

It is not in the leaſt to anſwer that wretched Rhapſody of Scandal, without Wit, Senſe, or Common Probability, that we mention it; 'Twas our Deſign, that this Paper ſhould not ſo much as name the vile contemptible Slanderer *Abel*, or, at leaſt, as little as poſſible, upon any Account whatſoever.

The *G's*, the *S's*, and Abridgment of Names this Villain would ſuggeſt to this Matter as a Plot, makes his Maſters bluſh;—— *If it may be ſaid to be in their Talent to be ſo modeſt at the Folly of it.*——

If there be any ſuch Plot, any ill Deſign, or any Thing like it,—— and they know the Men, why do they not lay hold of them, and bring them out? If they are in a Plot, the Law is open. He that knows a Traytor,

Traytor, and does not bring him to Juſtice, tranſfers the Treaſon to himſelf; as for Letters and Abbreviations, ſpeak out Villain, name them, they are not aſham'd, much leſs afraid, to appear and own that there are yet ſome honeſt Men left, who dare appear againſt the *Devil*, the *Pope*, and the *Pretender*, and againſt all that eſpouſe their Cauſe,——and declare they will make no Peace with them.

However, to confront Scandal and Slander with Matter of Fact, behold the Plot.—— We have here given the Publick the full and whole Deſign of the Dreſſing up theſe Effigies, and of the whole Proceſſion they were to make;—— and they that think they can make any more of it they are wellcome.

An Account of the Mock Proceſſion of Burning the Pope and the Chevalier de St. George, *intended to be performed on the* 17th *Inſtant, being the Anniverſary of Queen* Elizabeth *of Pious and Glorious Memory.*

The Proceſſion of the Pope, and Part of the Court of Rome.

TWenty Watchmen to clear the Way, with Link-Boys lighting them on each ſide,

Twenty four Bagpipes marching four and four, and playing the memorable Tune of *Lillibullero*.

Ten Watchmen marching two and two, to prevent Diſorder.

Four Drums in Mourning, with the Pope's Arms in their Caps.

A Figure repreſenting Cardinal *Gualteri*, lately made by the Pretender Protector of the *Engliſh* Nation, looking down on the Ground in a ſorrowful Poſture.

His Train ſupported by two Miſſionaries from *Rome*, ſuppos'd to be now in *England*.

Two

Two Pages, throwing Beads, Bulls, Pardons and Indulgences.

Two Jackpuddings ſprinkling Holy Water.

Twelve Hautboys playing the Tune of the *Greenwood Tree*.

Two Lackeys on each ſide of them, bearing Streamers, with theſe words, *Nolumus Leges Angliæ mutare*, *We will not Change the Laws of England*, being the Device on the Colours of the Right Reverend the Biſhop of *London*'s Troop, when he marched into *Oxford* in the Year 1688.

Six Beadles with Proteſtant Flails in their Hands.

Theſe follow'd by four Perſons bearing Streamers, each with the Pictures of the Seven Biſhops who were ſent to the *Tower*.

Twelve Monks repreſenting the Fellows who were put into *Magdalen College* in *Oxford*, on the Expulſion of the Proteſtants.

Twelve Streamer-Bearers with different Devices, repreſenting Sandals, Ropes, Beads, Bald-Pates, and Big-Belly'd Nuns.

A Lawyer repreſenting the Clerk of the High-Commiſſion-Court.

Twelve Heralds marching one after another at a great Diſtance, with Pamphlets, ſetting forth King *James* II's Power of diſpenſing with the Teſt and Penal Laws.

On each ſide of the Heralds fifty Links.

After theſe four fat Friars in their Habits, Streamers carried over their Heads, with theſe Words,

Eat and Pray.

Four *Jeſuits* in *Engliſh* Habits, with bloody Daggers in their Hands, with Flower-de-Luces on their Shoulders, inſcrib'd, *Indefeaſible*; and Masks on their Faces, on which is writ, *The Houſe of* Hanover.

Four Jeſuits in their proper Habits.

Four Cardinals of *Rome* in their Red Hats curiouſly wrought.

The

The Pope under a magnificent Canope, with a right Silver Frienge, accompany'd by the Chevalier *St. George* on the Left, and his Counſellor the Devil on his Right.

The whole Proceſſion clos'd by Twenty Streamers, on each of which was wrought theſe Words:

God bleſs Queen Anne, *the Nation's Great Defender!*
Keep out the French, *the Pope, and the Pretender.*

In this Order it was intended, with proper Reliefs of Lights at ſeveral Stations, in the March to go thorow *Drury-Lane*, *Longacre*, *Gerard-ſtreet*, *Piccadilly*, *Germain-ſtreet*, *St. James's Square*, *Pellmell*, *Strand*, *Katherine-ſtreet*, *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, *Drury-Lane*, *Great Queen-ſtreet*, *Little Queen-ſtreet*, *Holborn*, *Newgate-ſtreet*, *Cornhill*, *Biſhopſgate-ſtreet*, where they were to wheel about, and return thorow St. *Paul's Church-Yard* to *Fleet-ſtreet*.

And at the Temple, before the Statue of that Illuſtrious Lady whoſe Anniverſary was then celebrated; That Queen Wearing a Veil, on which are drawn the Picture of her preſent Majeſty, and under it the Battles of *Blenheim*, *Ramellies*, *Oudenard*, and the Paſſage of the Lines in this preſent Year, 1711.

After the proper Ditties were ſung, the Pretender was to have been committed to the Flames, being firſt abſolv'd by the Cardinal *Gualteri*. After that, the ſaid Cardinal was to be abſolv'd by the Pope, and burnt. And then the Devil was to jump into the Flames with his Holineſs in his Arms.

And let all the People ſay, Amen.

LONDON, November the 29th, 1711.

MEMORANDUM: *November* 17th, 1711; *Six Clock in the Morning*. I, Captain *Tom*, of the Pariſhes of the Suburbs, *&c.* in the County of *Middleſex* Eſq; Butcher, being attended with my uſual Guard this Day, came early in the Morning from my Reſidence in the Skirt of the City, to a certain Houſe not far from *Drury-Lane*, whither I was legally ſummoned, in Orde

Order to perform the Annual *Proteſtant* Proceſſion due to the Memory of the Glorious Queen *Beſs*, and to ſing to her Immortal Praiſe the following Hymn;

O! Queen Beſs, *Queen* Beſs, *Queen* Beſs,
Who ſav'd us all from Popiſh *Thrall?*
Queen Beſs, *Queen* Beſs, *Queen* Beſs.

That any one, whether *Whigg*, *Tory*, *Old Miniſtry*, or *New Miniſtry*, ſhould find Fault with me, or any of my Retinue, for this innocent Performing our Duty to the Glorious Reſtorer of the *Proteſtant* Religion, could never enter into our Heart eſpecially becauſe it has been my conſtant Practice, from Generation to Generation, for about 150 Years paſt; nor was we ever interrupted but Twice, Once, *and no Wonder it was, my Heart of Gold*, when a *Popiſh Council*, *Popiſh Miniſters of State* govern'd the Affairs of the Nation, then they forbid me, and my jolly Boys, our ancient Liberty of Burning the *Pope*; but what follow'd? I had my full Swing at them, and it was not long but we ſung them all out of the Nation for it,

Lillyburlero Bullenala.

But what *Devil* poſſeſſes the Folk now, and what a Conſternation do you think I was in when I came to the aforeſaid Place? For I was aſſur'd I ſhould find every Thing there, ready for the ſolemn Proceſſion which I was to make as aboveſaid —— There we had dreſs'd up, *and nicely two*, *Boys*, Old *Antichriſt*, the *Scarlet Whore*, with all her *Babyloniſh* Trinkets about her, much in the ſame Manner, as we believe ſhe will be dreſs'd, when the great Conflagration of *Popery* ſhall come, when the Kings of the Earth ſhall *hate the Whore, and ſhall burn her with Fire*; Rev. Cap. —— Verſ. —— Together with her, had we alſo dreſs'd up the great Dragon, the *Devil*, and *Satan*, according to Text alſo.—With theſe, we had adorn'd the Young *Wou'd-be-Tyrant*, the *Popiſh Pretender*, which noble Triumvirate, as being all in an Intereſt, and by me, and my honeſt Rabble, alike

alike abhorr'd, we were appointed to receive, and reſolved in a Triumphant Manner, tho' without the leaſt Diſorder, or Diſloyalty to our Governours, to carry according, I ſay, to our antient Cuſtom, thro' the City, and, with the accuſtomed Ceremony, to commit them to their juſt Doom in the Flames of a *Proteſtant* Bonefire.

I was told, indeed, as I came along, that I ſhould be bauk'd and diſappointed of my Show, and that all my fine Things would be taken away from —— *From me*, ſaid I, *that's impoſſible*; *all the Authority* Rome *and* Hell *has in this Nation dare not do it: As to Lawful Authority, ſays I, I am ſure that's on my Side, for the Queen is a Proteſtant Queen, God bleſs her Majeſty, She was bred a Proteſtant, and I am ſure She loves the Proteſtant Religion*; *and Her Majeſty can never be angry with honeſt Fellows for Burning the Pope.*

But, ſays the Man that told me this, *the* High-Flyers *are mad at it, and won't have you go on. Why then*, ſaid I, *the* High-Flyers *are* Papiſts, *for nothing but a* Papiſt *can be againſt me in ſo honeſt a Proceſſion as I am upon. Well, but*, ſays he, *they are making Friends to the Government to prevent your going on with your Show, for Fear of a Counter-Mob, and that therefore you will be diſappointed of your Show.*—— *I won't believe a Word you ſay*, quoth I; and on I went to the Place aforeſaid, where, to my great Aſtoniſhment, I found that, as the *Devil* would have it, the *Devil* was gone.

I found an Old Man at the Door, who, as ſoon as I made my Enquiry, put a Note into my Hand with a Direction thus,

Enquire at the Cock-Pit, *and know further.*

Away went Captain *Tom* to Court, and at a certain Place, between Hawk and Buzzard, as I ſaw all our Gentry in Captivity, under a ſtrong Guard, having been taken Priſoners the Night before.

Drawing near to his *Pretenderſhip*, I perceived a Label pinn'd to the Hinder Part of his Upper Garment; in *Welſh Arabic*, was written ſomething like Figures, I came nearer, and behold it was written, *Mat.* 28. ver. 13.

Ha-

Home I went, and look'd in my Grandmother's Bible for the Words, which appears thus; *His Diſciples came by Night and ſtole him away.*

Ay, ſaid I to my Comrades, *I thought ſo, I told you none but his own Diſciples would do it, for he that would prevent ſuch a Leaſh of Impoſtures, as the* Pope, *the* Devil, *and the* Pretender, *from being carried in an honeſt Proceſſion, and Sacrific'd to the Honour of Queen* Beſs; *what can we, honeſt Captain* Tom *and his Companions, think, but that they muſt be the Diſciples of one or t'other of them.*

Ay but, ſays one, *theſe were fetch'd away by Authority, you don't think they are his Diſciples, do you?* No, no, *ſaid I*, we are ſure the Government has a good Deſign in it, to prevent, not the Proceſſion, but the Diſorders which, they ſay, might have happen'd, and therefore I doubt not but when they think there is no Danger of Diſorder, they will give them to us again. — And then, Boys, we will carry them all to Queen *Beſs*,

Who ſav'd us all, from Popiſh *Thrall*;
O! Queen Beſs, *Queen* Beſs, *Queen* Beſs.

The MEDLY. Roger *the Countryman's Anſwer to Capt.* Tom's *Letter.*

Captain,

I Am fully ſatisfied with what you told me of your Zeal for the Proteſtant Cauſe, in all the Adventures you uſed to make. I had heard of the good Service you did at the Revolution, when *Jefferies* was at your Mercy, and Father *Petre* fled before you. How you ſcow'd *Whitehall* of the Trumpery that was found

there, and employ'd your Forces, that have ſometimes been ſo famous againſt Bawdy-Houſes, in the pulling down of Maſs-Houſes. I think 'twas pretty much the ſame ſort of Work, for theſe were ſet up by the *Whore of Babylon.* For my part, I ſhould have been with you then, had I not attended the Biſhop of *London* to *Nottingham*, when he, and his noble Troop guarded Her preſent Majeſty: And 'tis a Comfort to me, that I can again wrap my ſelf in the ſame broad Belt for the Queen, that I then buckled on to defend the Princeſs.

The good Things that you then did, could not fail to make me think well of you; and therefore when ſome told me, above two Years ago, that you led your Forces againſt the Meeting-Houſes, I could not believe it; and am confirm'd in my Opinion, by your own Letter, that it was not you, but ſome Uſurper, a *Perkin*, a Pretender, a Baſtard Captain *Tom.* Thoſe ſpruce Fellows that had tied their Wigs as we do our Horſes Tails, with a twiſt of Straw, I knew were none of your Civil Liſt, but the Spawn of *Venus* and *Rome*; cowardly and effeminate Rogues who have neither the Heart to meet a Soldier, nor to ſhun a Strumpet. And now, to ſhew the Confidence I have in your Honeſty, I muſt put you in mind, that *Fryday* next, the Third of *October*, is the Princeſs *Sophia*'s Birth-Day; and I conjure you, by all the Zeal that an honeſt Man ought to have for the Proteſtant Succeſſion, for that brave Family who are in it, the Liberties of *Europe* that are ſecured by it, the tumbling of Popery, and the reducing of *France*, that you be joyful on ſo good a Day. I have ſent you a Song, moſt of which has been in Print a long while the Tune came in with our Deliverance; 'tis the well known *Lillibullero.* I hope we ſhall get our Parſon into the Joy of that Evening for I'm confident if the Pretender come, he'll hold to the Reſolution of the *London*-Clergy, that *they have withſtood, and they will withſtand again.* If I can bring

bring over ſome of this Tribe, I ſhall fancy my ſelf a Succeſſor to my Nameſake Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*, who in his Time was *the Guide of the Inferior Clergy*. Rather than fail of their Company, I'll promiſe them the beſt *October*; and that Day is the Third of *October*; and we'll be call'd by the Name that I know pleaſes 'em, *The October Club*.

I have new vamp'd the following Song, after my Country Manner, for *Fryday* next, and hope the Author will pardon it.

The SONG.

A Plot's now on foot, look about *Engliſh* Boys,
Blow up the Plotters as ſoon as you can:
A Plot which our *Hannover*'s Title deſtroys,
And ſhakes the High Throne of our Glorious Q. *Anne*,
Over, over, Hanover, *over*
Haſte, and aſſiſt our Queen and our State:
Haſte over, Hanover, *faſt as you can over,*
Put in your Claim, before 'tis too late.

A Bargain our Queen made with her good Friends
The States, to uphold the Proteſtant Line;
If the Plot does ſucceed, that Bargain then ends,
As well as Her Majeſty's gallant Deſign.
Over, over, &c.

A Creature there is, that goes by more Names
Than ever an honeſt Man cou'd, ſhou'd or wou'd;
And I wiſh we don't find him an arrant King *James*,
Whene'er he peeps out from under his Hood.
Over, over, &c.

A certain Great Lord to a Monaſtery went,
To viſit the Mother of him aforeſaid;
He wiſh'd her much Joy, and he left her content,
With a dainty fine Plot about to be laid.
Over, over, &c.

What kind of a Plot I think we may gueſs,
So welcome muſt be, to her and her Lad;
And let any Man ſay it, if we can do leſs,
Than be very ſorry, when they're very glad.
Over, over, &c.

Whoe'er is in Place, I care not a Fig;
Nor will I decide 'twixt HIGH-CHURCH and Low;
'Tis now no Diſpute between *Tory* and *Whig*,
But, Whether a Popiſh Succeſſor, or no?
Over, over, &c.

Our honeſt Allies this Plot do explain,
Of which our *French* Foes ſo loudly do boaſt;
But, I hope, tho' they reckon *Great Britain* to gain,
They reckon without conſulting their Hoſt.
Over, over, &c.

Or elſe we muſt bid farewel to our Trade,
Whatever fine Tales ſome People have told;
For if they ſucceed in the Plot they have laid,
We ſhall ſend out no Wool, nor bring home no Gold.
Over, over, &c.

Let's

Let's fill up a Bumper, with brave Racy Wine,
To Princeſs *Sophia*, th'*Elector* and all
The Proteſtant Princes of that noble Line,
Before 'm may Pop'ry and Tyranny fall.
Over, over, &c.

Your humble Servant,

ROGER.

An Excellent New SONG.

To the Memorable Tune of, *Lillibullero*.

OH! Brother *Tom*, do'ſt know the Intent,
Lillibullero Bullen a la.
Why they prorogue the Parliament?
Lillibullero Bullen a la,
Lero, Lero, Lero, Lero, &c.

I think it is plain to be underſtood,
Lillibullero, &c.
That by that ſame they mean us no good:
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

For what can they mean, who do not take care,
Lillibullero, &c.
In time, Preparations to make for the War?
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, *Lero*, &c.

And how, without Money, can we, in the Spring,
Lillibullero, &c.
Get early to *Flanders*, and drub the *French* King?
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, *Lero*, &c.

Then is it not pity, when *Marlbro* ſo far is,
Lillibullero, &c.
To ſtop his Career, and not let him take *Paris*?
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, *Lero*, &c.

Now all theſe Delays come not from Town-takers,
Lillibullero, &c.
But oh! what is worſe, they come from Peace-makers,
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, *Lero*, &c.

If *Spain* and the *Indies* they yield unto *France*,
Lillibullero, &c.
Then we may go Whiſtle, and eke alſo Dance.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, *Lero*, &c.

And then poor Old *England* muſt looſe all her Trade,
Lillibullero, &c.
Whene'er ſuch a ſcandalous Peace ſhall be made.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, *Lero*, &c.

Oh lack and a day! I am ready to cry,
Lillibullero, &c.
To think how it favours of Popery.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, *Lero*, &c.

'Tis not come to that already, I hope,
Lillibullero, &c.
Tho' we might not burn the Pretender *and* Pope.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, *Lero*, &c.

Therefore let it be our particular Care,
Lillibullero, &c.
For *Spain* and the *Indies* to keep on the War.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, *Lero*, &c.

Which if we do roundly, I cannot but think,
Lillibullero, &c.
John Marlbro at laſt will make *Lewis* ſhrink.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, *Lero*, &c.

So God bleſs the Queen, and the Houſe of *Hanover*,
Lillibullero, &c.
And never may Pope or Pretender come over.
Lillibullero, &c.
Lero, Lero, &c.

The FRENCH PRELIMINARIES.

A New Ballad, *to the Old Tune of* Packinton's Pound.

ALL you that have Stock, and are Mad for a [Peace,
Come liſten a while, and I'll give your Hearts eaſe;
And let all True Churchmen rejoyce when they ſee
How Low the *French* creep to the New Min——y:
A great Poet lately was ſent into *France*
For a General Treaty to make ſome Advance;
In return of whoſe Viſit, a Knight newly made,
And a Governing Man of the *French South Sea* Trade,
Came with a full Power, as he ſays, from the King,
Theſe Tidings of Gladneſs for *Britain* to bring.

He declares *that the King will do all that is fitting*
To acknowledge Her Majeſty Queen of Great-Britain;
For which if you ſcruple to take his bare Word,
Pray think how that Monarch us'd *William* the Third,

Who

Who he own'd, and diſown'd, and ſet up the Pre-
[tender,
And with him ſtill noſes our Churche's Defender,
He alſo proteſts *that the Crown ſhall deſcend,*
As at preſent 'tis ſettl'd, for that very End.

That he will Bona Fide, *and freely conſent,*
That whoever is able may take Care to prevent
The French *and the* Spaniards *being under One Yoke,*
Which is eaſily done when th' Alliance is broke;
For he horribly fears leaſt an Exceſs of Power
The Quiet of *Europe* may chance to devour.

He alſo intends *the Allies One* and *All,*
For he ſcorns to except the Great or the Small,
If they'll be but contented with what he will give 'em,
Shall find he's a Man that will never deceive 'em;
Their Trade ſhall be Safe, tho' he does not declare
To Inquiſitive Folks in what Manner, or Where.

As the King will maintain the Peace when concluded,
To for fear that the *Dutch* ſhou'd think they are de-
[luded;
Of them on a ſudden he's grown very Tender,
And Conſents for their Good *that they may Surrender*
What e'er has been taken in Flanders *this War,*
And he'll then yield them back a very good Barr.
As for the Title of States *High and Mighty,*
Which ſome People uſe on Purpoſe to fright ye,

The

The *Republick* of *Holland* does Properer ſeem,
For *Republicks* of late are in mighty Eſteem.

The Kings conſents likewiſe, that inſtead of Spain
A Barriar ſhall for the Empire remain.

'Tho Dunkirk *was bought by the King pretty dear,*
And has coſt Money ſince, as may plainly appear,
His Majeſty's willing however to Swear,
He'll raze all the Works at the End of the War,
If he may but a proper Equivalent have;
That is, what his Majeſty thinks fit to Crave:
But as England, *he's told, is now grown ſo Poor,*
That for what her King *Sold for* Some Pence *and* One
[Whore,
An Equivalent cannot be raiſed by that Nation,
But ſhall be referr'd to the Negotiation.

Once more by his Faith, an Oath none e'er doubted,
He Swears *in this Peace no Prince ſhall be Outed,*
For he does not expect Charles *ſhould be ſullen,*
As at laſt to exclude Bavaria *and* Cologne.
Thus you have heard the vaſt Offers the *Frenchme*
[have made
For theſe Realms, our Allies, and Dear *South-Se*
[*Trad*
And *Abel* declares they're return'd very glad
Of the Civil Reception which there they have had.

So all that have Stock, and are Mad for a Peace,
Think of what has been ſaid, and 'twill give your
[Hearts eaſe;
And let all true Church-men rejoyce when they ſee
How Low the *French* creep to the New Min——y.

The T——s Treaty, *Explained in the* FABLE *of the* Wolves *and* Sheep.

When Trickſters are ſet at the Helm of State
The People then may dread ſome Terrible Fate:
To prove my Aſſertion as well as I'm able,
By way of Precaution, I'll tell you a Fable.

THE Wolves, as 'tis ſaid, in Politicks deep,
Contriv'd to ſecure a Flock of Fat Sheep.
By Night and by Day they'd Ravage the Plain,
Made many Attempts to come at them in vain;
With frequent Invaſions kept up the Alarm,
But the Vigilent Dogs ſtill kept them from Harm:
In Troops they'd attack them, but ne'er could prevail,
The Truſty Stout Guards made them always turn Tail:
The pitiful Scoundrels quite broke by Defeats,
At laſt had recourſe to Tricks and Vile Cheats.
Since they found to their Coſt they ne'er could do
[good,
As long as this Honeſt brave Miniſtry ſtood.
The Spepherd, a ſimple plain Innocent Hob,
Kept a Favourite Fox, bred Tame from a Cub;

He

He call'd it his *ROBIN*, his Dear, and Delight,
And *ROBIN*'s Advice, in all things, was right:
'Twixt *BOB* and the Dogs many Quarrels were bred,
And Luscious Ravage run always in his Head;
From whence the Wolves rightly determin'd, no Tool
So proper, as *ROBIN*, to draw in the F———.
Strait a Message was sent, a Bargain was made,
And thus the sly Thief his Poison convey'd;
Sir (quoth he) some Creatures about you endeavour,
For Sinister Ends, to keep you for ever
Engag'd, in a bloody and chargeable War,
Committed, by you, to their Conduct and Care;
The Defence of your Flock, is what they pretend,
But to worry the Mutton themselves, is their End,
But I, who have nothing so much at my Heart,
As your Interest, humbly crave leave to impart,
My honest Advice, to procure your own Ease,
By making a safe and a durable Peace.
The Wolves have propos'd, *Bona fide*, to Swear,
No more to disturb the Sheep under your Care;
If you'll part with those Dogs, who, out of mere Spite,
Delight in the War, and will never be quiet.
My Advice is, to close with the Terms now propos'd,
Then your Sheep will be safe, and you'll never be nos'd.
The poor Shepherd was bit with this wheedling Advice,
The trusty true Curs were turn'd off in a trice.
The Wolves now, without opposition, fell to't,
The Sheep were whip'd up, and the Shepherd to boot.

MORAL. *This Fable directs to a providential Care.*
For a T———us Peace is much worse than a War.

P A-

A PANEGYRICK *upon the* Engliſh Catiline.

HAIL Mighty Hero of the *Britiſh* Race,
Famous for Cunning now, as once for Grace;
Whate'er the Arts of former Times could do,
Is to your Glory, far out-done by you.
Nero rejoyc'd to ſee his Flaming *Rome*:
But you at once whole Kingdoms can conſume,
And owing 'tis to your great Arts alone,
That they are better pleas'd to be undone.
If you gainſay, they dare not truſt their Eyes,
They know no Truths, if you but ſay they're Lyes,
So Sinking Credit they believe does riſe.
And tho' no Man thy Word could ever truſt,
Yet they believe that thou art True and Juſt.
The Plunder'd T——ry thou wilt Reſtore,
And ſo thou muſt, if thoſe that made it Poor
Should put it in the State it was before.
Bleſs'd with a Noble and a Clear Eſtate,
Thou only mean'ſt to make the Nation Great,
And free it from the Plagues it felt of late.
Juſt as thy *At——bury* will ſet free
The Church from Peſtilential Hereſy,
And Ancient Rights reſtore to Prelacy.
That Church and Nation may with Splendor ſhine,
Is ſure as much thy long contriv'd Deſign,
As it was good Sir *Humphrey*'s in the Mine.

Ha-----*t*, in fine Harangues, thy Praiſes tells;
Juſt ſo he did the Great *Sacheverell's*.
Had he but Liv'd in Days of *Catiline*,
Thoſe Praiſes had been his, which now are thine,
And like Succeſs attended his Deſign.

LOYALTY DISPLAYED: *Or, an* ANSWER *to the Fictious and Rebellious* SONG, *call'd,* Welcome to the Medal; *or,* The Conſtitution Reſtor'd in 1711.

To the Tune of Mortimer's Hole.

CONfound all the Medals of *James* the Third's Face
And Rebels that pleaded his Cauſe;
In *England* we value no ſpurious Race,
As being againſt *Engliſh Laws*.
La, la, &c.

The Colonels you prate, they don't know their Duty
S—lk cannot tell Velvit from Bays,
And your Captains in Battle will never get Booty,
To merit a Soldier's true Praiſe.

We'll ever be true to the *Proteſtant Heir*,
And ever abjure the *Pretender*,
For the Thoughts of a Baſtard we cannnot now bear,
Since *Anne* is our glorious Defender.

We all do rejoyce at the Turn of the State,
Which rescu'd our old Constitution,
Or else we had felt again *Forty-Eight*,
That damnable, curst *Revolution*.

Denying *Resistance*, *Sacheverell* disown'd,
When he by his Judges was Try'd,
And *Passive Obedience* he own'd to this Crown,
Which made it so well on his side.

Hereditary Right in *Anne* is her due,
The Parliament all knows the same;
So *Perkin* be c---st, and all his damn'd Crew,
Hanover shall flourish with Fame.

For the *Jacobites* Favour we do not care,
Whilst High-Church does manage the Nation;
So the Medals of *Perkin* no Price here will bear,
Nor his Friends be in high Reputation.

Our *Priesthood* true Doctrine the People will teach,
The People will *Lewis* pull down;
So the *Allies* shan't perish, whilst they do beseech
Both Succour and Aid from our Crown.

So *Pistoles* can tempt us to Exclude the Right Line
Of *Hanover*, from his just Right,
Sch *Drawers* and *Grooms* will nobly Combine,
Against the *Pretender* to Fight.

We have Statutes enough to vindicate us,
And the Eighty Eight Revolution,
Whilſt *Edinburgh* People all take it too thus,
And praiſe their bleſt Conſtitution.

There's *Moor*, and alſo that Noble Peer,
Who gave in the *Radnor* Addreſs,
Will tumble down *Low-Church*, in leſs than a Year,
To *Great-Britain*'s full Happineſs.

There's Mr. *Dundaſs* for the *Medal* will pay,
The Dutcheſs of *Gordon* alſo,
The *Pretender*'s a Son of a W——— I do ſay,
And *Sorrel* to the D——l may go.

Nay *Leſly* and *Hickes* are both in the right,
For Writing againſt *Toleration*.
So *High-Church* ſhall Flouriſh in the *Whigs* ſpight,
Yet the *Scotch* ſhall have *Kirk* in their Nation.

Indeed the *Republican Party* we'll tame,
And keep you within Limitation;
Our Trade it ſhall Flouriſh, to *Great-Britain*'s Fame,
And Happineſs of the whole Nation.

The Trading at *South-Sea* will Credit reſtore,
Debentures will be ready Coin;
The Princeſs *Sophia* we all will adore,
And againſt all our Enemies join.

A New SONG.

WHEN as Queen *Robin* rul'd this Land,
Both Knave and Queen was he;
The ſureſt Card in *Perkin*'s Hand,
And laſt Trick of *Lew'is*.

Nine Groats of theſe ſame Two were won,
E'er *Robin* came in play;
All Nine upon the Hedge he hung,
And trick'd the Game away.

But Laws, and Sayings dark, apart,
I of this Knave do mean,
Some Notices for to impart,
And ſo *God ſave the Queen*.

A ſow'r *Phanatick* was he bred,
And raiſed a Pſalm full high;
(As he begun, O may he end
With that ſame Melody!)

But hence, as Inſects take to Wing,
All in the Month of *June*;
Within the Moon of *Midſummer*
This Sect'ry chang'd his Tune.

Incon-

Incontinent, to Mother Church
He made his next advance;
And, as the neareſt way to *Rome*,
He took the Road of *France*.

An Head he had, as Round as Long,
Nor was the World more full;
(O, as That is, ſo may it be
Faſt fixed upon a Pole!)

All Sciences were crowded there,
Opinions Old and New;
Religions of all ſorts at Jar,
The Falſe, and eke the True.

But Quirks and Tricks, high Policies,
O, there in chief did Reign;
Where, without Credit, Funds he rais'd,
And Credit without Coin.

Of War and Peace, of Wealth and Trade,
His Schemes were always New;
And muſt ſucceed, as at *Quebec*,
At Home, and in *Peru*.

So Great in Metaphyſics he,
And Numbers ſo profound,
That C---rch and St--te he could, at will,
Divide, and eke compound.

A Conjurer he was alſo,
And, with his Wand ſo ſmall,
He *D——d——n* join'd to *Ed——nbr——gh*,
And both unto *V——rſ——lles.*

The *Dæmon* of our publick Debts,
That haunted us full ſore;
He conjur'd, far beyond the *Red*,
Unto the *South-Sea* Shore.

At one ſtrong Charm of his, it flew,
Like Leaves before the Wind;
O! never to return again,
A reck'ning Place to find.

Three Hundred Men he kept in Pay,
Two Legs apiece they had;
All Paſſive, at Command were they;
No Spaniels better bred.

He taught 'm to leap o'er his Wand,
For King, and eke for Queen;
They over came, at his Command,
And then about again.

P——rs by the Dozen he could pack,
Againſt our Ancient Rights;
And, with our Laws, found out the Knack
To eaſe us of our Wits.

But, ſoon or late, with thoſe retriev'd,
(For more need not be ſaid)
Queen *Robin* will much higher be,
Or ſhorter by the Head.

A WHIG-BALLAD, *called*, A Safe PEACE, or None.

To an Excellent New Tune.

AT *Reſwick* Monſieur gave us Peace,
And we thought to have been at Eaſe;
But ſoon he caught us in his Nooſe,
And ſcarcely we ſcap'd Wooden Shoes.

And now he ſends us Peace once more,
A *Bona-fide-Peace*, as we had before:
O! *Britons* all, take care what you do,
For fear of *Monſieur*'s Wooden Sho.

His Oath he broke, and did not bluſh;
His Promiſe was not worth a Ruſh;
He always plays at Faſt and Looſe,
That he may catch us in his Nooſe.

When he ſeiz'd our Towns, he never meant,
We ſhould take Arms without his Conſent;
Therefore the next Peace he gives,
He'll make us keep it, as ſure as he lives.

O *Britons!* (ſays he) you are grown poor,
You can't, now, keep the Wolf from the Door:
Therefore, Peace is my kind Advice,
That you may have time to kill your Lice.

But, as poor as we are, we don't want Bread,
We have ſpare Loaves to throw at his Head.
Then let's fight on, we muſt not loſe
Our Church and Laws, for Wooden Shoes.

Should we our Army now disband,
Who can the Popiſh Prince withſtand?
But while our Forces check *Monſieur*,
He can't give Help to *Chevalier*.

France is a Kingdom vaſtly wide,
An equal Match for all *Europe* beſide:
'Tis Nonſence then to end this War,
Till *France* be firſt reduc'd to *Par*.

The Halcyon Days will ſoon advance,
If once we do but enter *France*;
For then we may Partition make,
And every Heir his Share may take.

When divers Heads are mutual Checks,
France can no more her Neighbours vex;
Beſides, the Heirs of *France* may join,
In wiſhing well to ſuch Deſign.

The poorer Folk, we may conceive,
Will ne'er oppoſe ſuch kind Relief;
And ſo, without much loſs of Blood,
Peace will enſue that's ſafe and good.

As for the matter of Trade to *Spain*,
No fear but 'twill return again,
For *Engliſh* Goods their Merit will find,
When *France* from *Spain* is once disjoin'd.

Let

Let *Dunkirk*, and ev'ry ſuch ſtrong Hold,
Be made *Hans-Towns*, (as practic'd of Old.)
Thus they'll be effectual Bars,
To guard Frontiers, in caſe of Jars.

Therefore, in ſpite of *Monſieur*'s Charms,
Let's puſh the War with vigorous Arms;
And one Year more ſuch a Peace may produce,
That can't he crampt with Wooden Shoes.

The TURN-COAT. A New Speech. By *Tom. Tattle.*

TO *Change!* What is it but to Live?
All Creatures *Act* as we do;
Whence Almanacks the Motto's give,
Omnium Viciſſitudo.

What tho' of late we did oppoſe
The *H*————*n* Reign,
Yet now we grant ('cauſe we can't chuſe)
His Honour to maintain.

Were we to blame, I pray now ſay,
The Caſe well underſtood,
To do the Will, and *take the Pay*,
Of him that *rul'd the Rod?*

But Tables turn'd, we do ſo too;
And Countenance compoſe,
To tell you, we're good Men and true,
Yet Kn—ves, *under the Roſe.*

Tho'

Tho' once we unſucceſsful were,
And *T——ckers* were thrown out;
We now much better hope to fare,
Tacking in Time about.
To each good Subject we addreſs,
Who, next El——on V--es,
Not to diſtruſt our Faithfulneſs,
Now we have *turn'd our Coats.*
Then may we mount the Stage again,
And *Bob* ye as before;
Give up your Trade to *F——ce* and *S——n*,
And Crown to a Son of a W——re.

The PRETENDER's *Declaration.*
In Imitation of Hudibras.

LOng I depended with full Hope,
Both on the *F——ch* King and the Pope,
That I ſhould rule *Britannia*'s Land,
And keep my Subjects Cap in Hand.
By *Bona Fide* I was told,
Time ſoon wou'd my Affairs unfold;
And tho', by Peace, he did forſake
Me, as a By-blow and a Rake,
That I, as *James*'s Heir, ſhou'd come,
And *Reſtauration* be my Doom:
And, to keep my Belief on fire;
Told me *he'd ſaid it* to my Sire.
And Word of King ſhou'd be rever'd,
As Oath of other Man is fear'd.

That

That tho' he'd ſeem'd for to abandon,
Yet I was far from being undone;
That there were thoſe ſtrange Feats wou'd do,
The Lord of *O*——*d* beſt knew who,
To fix me in my Chair of State,
And ſettle my unſettled Fate.
Upon *Infalibility*,
Which, one wou'd think, ſhou'd never lie,
I reſted ſafe. Beſides *L*——*n*,
And Brother *P*——*p* fix'd in *Sp*——*n*,
Aſſur'd me they wou'd ne'er deſert;
Tho' now they do not care a Fart,
What ſhall of my Affairs become,
And are for packing me to *Rome*.
But on mature Deliberation,
I ſend this to my fancy'd Nation,
Wherein I aſſure 'em for the future
That as to Sceptre I'll ſtand neutre;
And do abſolve all from adhering,
Or any ways my Cauſe revering.
And now the Throne I do vacate,
Or you may term it *abdicate*;
Nonjurors now may freely ſwear,
For I will never be their Heir;
But quickly to a Cottage go.
Forgetting all my former Show,
Where I'll fix on ſome Shepherd's Daughter,
And learn the Flock to follow after;
There I'll begin my promis'd Reign,
And be the King of all the Plain.

The ADDRESS to Mr. G--GR--N--LL Upon his Retiring from Court.

Written by an unknown Hand.

WHY, *Gr——ill*, is thy Life confin'd
To Shades? Thou whom the Gods design'd
In Publick, to do Credit to Mankind.

Why Sleeps the noble Ardour of thy Blood?
Which from thy Anceſtors ſo many Ages paſt,
From *Rollo*, down to *Bevil* flow'd,
And then appear'd again at laſt
In thee, when thy victorious Lance
Bore the diſputed Prize from all the Youths of *France*.

In the firſt Tryals which are made for Fame,
Thoſe to whom Fate Succeſs Denies,
If taking Counſel from their Shame,
They modeſtly Retreat, they're Wiſe;
But why ſhould you, who ſtill ſucceed
In all you do, whether with graceful Art you lead
The fiery Barb, or with a graceful Motion tread.

At ſhining Balls, where all agree
I give the higheſt Praiſe, and the firſt Place to thee:
So lov'd and prais'd, whom all admire,
Say, why ſhould you from Courts or Camps retire?

If *Celia* is unkind (if it can be
That any Nimph can be unkind to thee)
If Penſive made by Love, you thus retire,
Awake your Muſe, and ſtring your Lyre;
Thy tender Song, and thy melodious Strain,
Can never be addreſs'd in vain:
She needs will Love; and we ſhall have thee back again

The Changeling: Being Mr. *G-Gr-n-ll*'s Anſwer. Now Dedicated to my Ld. *L—dſ—d—n.*

Written by his own Hand.

WHO e'er thou thou art, who tempts in ſuch (Strains
Sweet is thy Syrene Song; but ſung in vain:
When the Winds blow, and loud the Billows roar,
What Fool would put to Sea, and quit the Shore?
Early and vain into the World I came,
Big with falſe Hopes, and eager after Fame,
'Till looking round me e'er the Race began,
Mad Men and giddy Fools were all that ran.
Reclaim'd betimes, I from the Liſts retire,
And thank the Gods who my Retreat inſpire;

Look round the World, and with impartial Eyes
Conſider and examine all that riſe;
Weigh well their Actions, and their treach'rous Ar
How greatneſs grows, and by what Steps 't aſcend

What Murders, Treasons, Perjuries, Deceit,
How many fall, to make one Monster great.

Would you Command? Have Fortune in your Pow'r;
Hug whom you strike, and smile when you devour:
Be Bloody, False, Flatter, Forswear, and Lie;
Turn Pander, Pathick, Parasite or Spy;
Such thriving Arts may your wish'd Purpose bring,
To be a Nobleman, perhaps a King.

Fortune we most unjustly partial call,
A Mistress free, who bids alike to all;
But on such Terms, as only suits the Base,
Honour denies, and shuns the foul Disgrace.
The honest Man, who starves and is undone,
Not Fortune, but his Vertue keeps him down.
Had *Cato* bent beneath the Conqu'ring Cause,
He might have liv'd to give new Senates Laws;
But on ill Terms disdaining to be Great,
He perish'd by his Choice, not by his Fate:
Honours and Life th' Usurper bids, and all
That vain mistaken Men Good Fortune call:
Vertue forbids, and sets before his Eyes
An honst Death, which he accepts and dies.
Glorious Resolution! noble Pride!
More honour'd than the Tyrant liv'd, he dy'd,
More lov'd, more prais'd, more valu'd in his Doom,
Than *Cæsar* trampling on the Rights of *Rome*.

The Vertuous nothing fear, but Life with Shame;
And Death's a pleasant Road that leads to Fame.

On Bones and Scraps of Dogs let me be fed,
My Limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my Head
To bleakeſt Colds; a Kennel be my Bed.
This, and all other Martyrdoms for thee,
Seems Glorious all, thrice beautious Honeſty.

Ye Great Diſturbers, who in Endleſs Noiſe;
In Blood and Horror ſeek unatural Joys;
For what is this Buſtle, but to ſhun
Thoſe Thoughts with which you dare not be alone?
As Men in Miſery, oppreſs'd with Care,
Seek in the Rage of Wine to drown Deſpair.

Let others Fight, and Eat their Bread in Blood,
Not caring if the Cauſe be bad or good,
Or cringe in Courts, depending on the Nods
Of ſtrutting Pigmies, who would paſs for Gods;
For me unpractis'd in the Courtiers School,
Who loath a Knave, and tremble at Fool.

What can I hope in Courts? Or, how ſucceed?
Lions and Wolves ſhall in the Ocean Breed,
The Whale and Dolphin in the Foreſt feed;
And every Element exchange its Kind,
When thriving Honeſty in Courts we find.

Happy the Man, of Mortals happieſt he,
Whoſe quiet Mind from vain Deſires are free;

Who neither Hopes deceive, nor Fears torment,
But lives at Peace, within himself Content:
In Thought or Act accountable to none,
But to himself and to the Gods alone.
O Sweetneſs of Content Seraphick Joy,
Which nothing wants, and nothing can deſtroy.

Where dwells this Peace, this Freedom of the Mind?
Where but in Shades, remote from Human Kind?
In flowr'y Vales, where Nymphs and Shepherds meet,
But never come within the Palace-Gate?

Farewel then Cities; Camps and Courts farewel,
Welcome ye Groves, here let me never dwell;
From Care, from Buſ'neſs, and Mankind remove
All but the Muſes, and inſpiring Love.
How ſweet's the Morn, and how quiet is the Night!
How calm the Evening, and the Dawn how bright!
From hence, as from a Hill, I view below
The crowded World, which like ſome Wood does (ſhew;
Where ſeveral Wanderers travel Day and Night
By ſeveral Ways, and none are in the right.

In uſum Lanſdunum.

Well ſaid, when Gentlemen; but now made Lord,
Thy Words and Actions make a foul Diſcord.

THE ASSOCIATION.

MOST certainly none
From the *Planets* laſt ſhone,
Could promiſe ſuch Days wou'd advance,
That the worſt of the Nation
Shou'd joyn Reformation,
Who *Sold* us ſo lately to *France*.

With *ONE HEART* and *VOICE*,
Cry'd they *we Rejoyce*,
Tho' *Two* as diſtinctly before,
As Black is from White,
Or Day from the Night,
Or *True Heir* from the *Son of a Wh*——

Quoth *Hermodactyl*,
None knew by my Style,
Whether I was a *Whig* or a *Tory*,
So I've Room to declare
With the reſt for the *Heir*,
And there is an end of the Story.

Codicil

Codicil look'd a-skew,
For already He knew,
He had *ſet down his Name* but too often,
That it look'd as uncouth
As in being the *Mouth*,
What he heartily hated to ſoften;

Howe'er there's my Name:
And I muſt the ſame,
Quoth *Gambol*; tho' lately a Bully,
I fear I muſt ſtand
With Papers in Hand
At the Door like a poor ſneaking Cully.

Will. Wildfire cry'd, Zounds;
This our Project confounds,
Yet I muſt ſubſcribe in my Turn,
And ſmile with the Reſt,
'Thout feeling the Jeſt,
While inward I heartily mourn.

Atty Brogue with more Eaſe
(Being what the Times pleaſe)
Subſcrib'd, for the *Circle* before
He fully had run,
And when that is done,
Will run a Thouſand ſuch more.

The reſt of that Tribe
Turn'd each one a Scribe,
And ſlapp'd down their Names or their *Mark*,
And then clos'd their Eyes,
Like a Man when he dies,
And is going ſomewhere in the Dark.

But what is the Devil,
They're grown now thus *civil*,
Their *Principles* timely to alter,
Not from Virtue or Senſe,
They are Shams and Pretence,
But only the Fear of a *Halter*.

A

A LETTER FROM CAPTAIN TOM. TO THE MOBB RAISED FOR Dr. SACHEVEREL.

GENTLEMEN, BROTHERS, and FELLOW-CITIZENS,

FOR so I shall call you, though at present you fight under an Usurper, and in Defence of so base a Cause, that your Honourable Forefathers would sooner have dy'd, than lift up a Club or Pairing-Shovel for't. But as I was saying, Gentlemen, Do you consider what it is that you are now up

up for; it is to justifie Dr. *S——l*'s Sermon against the Queen, Lords and Commons. Sure this must be a rare Sermon, that has so many and so learned Friends as you to defend it: But for my part I have drank many Pots of Ale in Reading it, with some of my most understanding Neighbours, and we can make neither Sense nor Divinity of it: I went one Day to *Billinsgate*, and was reading it with *Will. Jobber*, and *Dick. Trueman*, and some others; and *Will.* said, pray God the Dr. han't been too free with my Wife, for I find many Sayings in that Sermon so like hers in some of her *Tantrams*, that he never could have them from any other Body; and I have asked several Parsons both *High-Church* and *Low-Church* about it, and they all agree, that there's no Doctrine, no Learning, no Depth in it; nay, that what little Scripture he has brought into't, is falsified with wrong Turns and Misapplications: Many a better and more edifying Discourse have I made in *Moor-fields* and *Lincolns-Inn-fields*, and to much better purpose: Mine have been always in Defence of the Protestant Religion and Government: But this usurping Doctor, who is now at your Head, preaches for Popery and *Perkin*: A Blessed Cause for the free Citizens of *London* to appear in!

But then you'll say the Doctor has preach'd up *Passive Obedience* and *Non-Resistance*, and you stand up for them; why, you Degenerate Boobies, if you believe the Doctor has preach'd in earnest such Doctrines, what makes you rise to fly in the Face, and to resist your Lawful Governours? Does your Doctor preach one Thing and practice another? But, alas! you are so thick scull'd, that you know not the Meaning of those Words, *Passive Obedience* and *Non-Resistance*; I must tell you, they are two of the most dangerous, destructive, horrid Monsters, that ever were shewn in *England*; and if the Parliament had not secur'd them by strong Chains, and confin'd them within such thick Walls, that they can never break out, most of the Men and Women in *England* had been devour'd by them

them long ſince, and few of the City Aldermen or Merchants had been left worth one Groat. Theſe worthy Doctrines, which you are huzzaing for, gives up your Wives, your Children, your Goods and Fortunes, all to the Pleaſure of a tyrannical Prince; and if he comes to take your Lives, raviſh your Wives and Daughters, and make Ducks and Drakes of all your Money; you are only to cry, Welcome, Sir, here's my Neck at your Service: Will you pleaſe to lye with my Wife or my Daughter? And pleaſe to accept of all I have in the World? Is this a Cauſe for freeborn Subjects to ingage in? I am aſham'd and griev'd that ſuch ſlaviſh Souls ſhould diſhonour the Name and Title of Mob, that ever ſtood up againſt Liberty, and the Freedom of the Subject. You a Mob! You are the Scum and Dreggs, the Tools and Vaſſals of the *Romiſh* Brood, and ſent from their dark helliſh Cabals, once more (if you could) to blow up Queen and Parliament.

Ay, but they ſtand up for the Church, the High-Church! Pray Gentlemen, what Church do you mean? Is it not the Church of *Rome*; no other was ever known in *England* by the Name of High-Church: And I muſt needs ſay, that if you don't mean that, you mean nothing. Does not your bully Doctor and his Faction now joyn with the *Romiſh* Party? Are not all the *Papiſts* and *Non-jurours* in the Kingdom now working and plotting to encourage him? Are not many Hundreds of that vile Race now among your ſelves? And how many rich *Papiſts* were known to walk and huzza, and cry High-Church before your Doctor to the Temple: Pray what Church are ſuch Men for ſeting up; and pray conſider, if you High-Churchmen, who call themſelves Proteſtants, have not been making very faſt towards *Rome*? Have they form'd no Projects for an Accommodation with the *Popiſh* Church in *France*? Have they not brought newly in among us ſeveral *Popiſh*, mere *Popiſh* Doctrines, and preach'd and publiſh'd to the People? Are they not for changing the Sacrament into the Maſs, the Idolatrous Maſs, and making

it

it a real Sacrifice; are they not insisting against the Queen's Supremacy in the Church? Are not these *Popish* Tenets now held by all your High-Churchmen, and if they have gone so far under a Government which abhors *Popery*, what will they do when they get the Government, which they long for, on their Side? Here, Gentlemen, lies the Danger of the Church, not in those you call Low-Churchmen; Which of them has preach'd or publish'd any Thing in Favour of the Dissenters? If they treat the Dissenters civilly, and say they ought to be us'd like Men, and Christians, and good Fellow Subjects, are they for this to be call'd false Brethren and Traitors? If so, what Brethren are they that keep constant Company with Priests and Jesuits, that set up profess'd *Jacobites* for their Champions of their Party, that retail the pityful Papers of the *Nonjurors* throughout the Kingdom, and lick up the Spittle of that Party, to sputter out again in their Pulpits?

You know Gentlemen, that I was ever for Justice and fair Play, and for calling a Spade a Spade; and if you would have those you call Low-Churchmen to be Dissenters, then I claim all the High ones for *Papists*, and will be bound to make out a much better Title to mine, than you can do to yours.

But will your Wisdom please to consider what Danger the Church is in, what one Injury has been done to it; is any Part of its Doctrine or Discipline incroach'd upon? Is any Part of its Revenues or Incomes taken away? Has any one Minister of the Church been disturb'd or affronted for doing his Duty? Are not the Laws and Judges as favourable to it as ever? Are not the Bishops as much respected, and have as much Power and Credit, as at any Time since the Reformation? Does any Man traduce or Vilify the worthy Prelates, who preserve our Constitution, except your High Churchmen? And yet these are the Men for whom you leave your Stalls and your Bulks, to cry up High-Church. You besotted Fools, get you home to your Houses, if you have any, and borrow so much

sence

Senſe from your Honeſt Neighbours, as to know that the Church is in Danger, ſince it has God to protect it, the Queen and ſo many good Biſhops to govern it, and the Lords and Commons to defend it, and a moderate peaceable Clergy to aſſert its Doctrines; and at the ſame time not to drive Men from it by Fury, Malice and Railing. And now that ye have appear'd in ſuch a wretched Cauſe, and under ſuch a Tool of a Champion, what mighty Actions have you done? Why truly you have gutted half a dozen Meeting-Houſes, and burnt the Pews; great Feats indeed! Did any of you attempt a *Jacobite* or Popiſh Conventicle? No, theſe are your Ringleaders, the Knaves that work by ſuch ſtupid Fools; you muſt not affront them nor your Maſter *Perkin*, but I think that few of you ſtir for this Cauſe alone, but to plunder, and rob, and pilfer Houſes, and and to beg or force Money from them, who dare not deny you! you Thieves, you everlaſting Blot and Diſgrace to the Mobility. Did you never hear, or know that the Citizens, which I have ſo often and glorioufly headed, did rob, or take Money, or plunder Houſes! No, you Mercenary Wretches, when I and I my Friends roſe, it was for Juſtice, and Liberty, and the Government, and the Proteſtant Religion. And any one of mine that ſhould take the value of a Peny to enrich himſelf, I would have hang'd him, but you ſcoundrel Rogues, and Beggars, do it for Bread and Wages. And why ſo hard upon Dr. *Burgeſs*, does he not divert you and your Betters two or three times a Week at his own Expence? Has he, of any of his Brethren, preach'd or practis'd any thing againſt the Government? Are not their People quiet, and loyal, and peaceable under Her Majeſty? Have not they contributed to the Revolution, and the War, as much Blood and Treaſure as their Neighbours? Have they not paid their Taxes as chearfully, and which of them have been found in Plots, or Treaſons, to bring in the *French*, and your little Idol? Is for being ſuch good Subjects, that their Houſes muſt

be pull'd down, and becauſe they have Toleration by Law, muſt they therefore be murder'd? If there were one drop of Proteſtant Blood in the whole Body of you, you could not be ſuch ignorant beſotted Beaſts, ſo blindly to damn your ſelves, and ruin your Neighbours, and all to make the Nation Slaves and to bring in Wooden-Shoes, and *French* Popery.

But to let you ſee that you are worſe than Brutes, that you are Rebels and Vipers, in the Boſom of the Government; your honeſt and brave Country-Men, have for twenty Years paſt, hazarded their Lives in War againſt *France*, and under the Conduct of the great and gallant Duke of *Marlborough*, have brought more Honour and Glory to the Queen, and her Kingdoms, than all the Reigns of Her Predeceſſors together, and now that have beaten the Tyrant *Monſieur*, and forc'd him to beg a Peace. You his hir'd Slaves and Traytors to God and your Country, have riſen up to breed War and Sedition at Home, and by your Means, and the Hopes given the old Tyrant, by your unnatural Rebellion, he deſigns to get that Advantage by your Vilany and Treachery, that he never yet was able to get in the Field. Are not you rare *Engliſhmen*, fine Churchmen, excellent Proteſtants, who now at this time, when a happy Peace ſeems to draw on very faſt towards us, are doing all in your Power to aſſiſt the Enemy of our Religion and Country, and to force ſuch terms of Peace upon us, as that cruel Tyrant may think fit to give? But this will be the laſt Attempt of you and your treacherous Party, and I doubt not but to ſee many of the hardeſt higheſt Heads of you juſtly hang'd. I had ſome Thoughts to bring a hundred or two of my brave and hearty Friends to ſuppreſs you and your Thouſands; but the Government have ſent a few Horſe and Foot, at the Sight of whom you run like your ſelves, and do not ſculk like Jail-Birds, as I know moſt of you are; yet I am told that you talk of appearing again, which if you dare do, I ſhould ſhew you the Difference be-

twee

tween freeborn natural *Engliſh* Proteſtant Courage, and the raſcal Cowardice of Popiſh Slaves, who rebel againſt their Queen and Country for *French* Money. I revoke the Titles of Gentlemen, *&c.* that I gave you in the beginning of this Letter; for upon ſecond and better Thoughts, you are ſuch a pack of hireling Scoundrels, that I now defy and deſpiſe you, and if you ſtir once more, am reſolv'd to chaſtiſe you Severely.

Captain Tom.

FINIS.

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Political Merriment:

OR,

TRUTHS

TOLD TO

Some Tune.

LONDON,

Printed for A. BOULTER, *without* Temple-Bar. 1715.

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Britain

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Political Merriment, &c.

An Excellent New BALLAD:

Giving a Full and True Relation, how a Noble Lord was robb'd of his Birth-day Cloaths, and how the same afterwards appear'd, and were burn'd on the Pretender's own Back at Charing-Cross.

E Weavers all of *Spittlefields*,
And you of *Canterbury*,
Draw near, my pleasant Ditty yields
Occasion to be merry:
Trade shall revive, your Silks advance
In spite of *Perkin*, and of *France*.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Ye Mercers too of *Ludgate-hill*,
And *Covent-garden-ſquare*,
'Till Trading mends your Shops to fill
Employ at leaſt an Ear;
I ſing what Judgments do purſue
Thoſe who prefer the *French* to you.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

A Story ſtrange I ſhall relate,
'Known well in Town and Court;
A Dapper Lord was bilk'd of late,
And made the Rabble's Sport,
Who ſlily plotting *England*'s Hurt
Was juſtly ſtripp'd to his very Shirt.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

A Lord of Trade, of Stature low,
Brother to *A——r M——r*,
Laid a Deſign to overthrow
Your Looms, and ſtarve the Poor;
Running rich Silks from Foreign Parts,
To break your Fabricks, and your Hearts.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

His deareſt, who Abroad was gone,
And knew right well his Meaſure,
Fitted his Cloaths in *Paris* Town,
To do the Queen a Pleaſure,
Deck'd him in Velvets and Brocades,
To make him ſhine among the Maids,
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

But mark me now; this Trick did fail
Tho' deep the Plot was laid;
May never wicked Cheats prevail
To ſteal the Workman's Bread,
A Searcher caught them in the Fact
Before they could repeal the Act.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

The fine blue Coat and gorgeous Veſt
Were ſeiz'd in *Dover* Port,
And happily put in Arreſt
Juſt going to the Court;
At which my Lord did ſtorm and rant,
And *Gautier* join'd in the Complaint.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

He urg'd the Treaty ſhould ſtand good
With thoſe who knew and made it,
And tho' by ſome not underſtood,
No Stateſman ſhould evade it;
If ſuch ſhould ſet it at Defiance,
There was an End of the Alliance.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Theſe dreadful Threats did well avail;
For Orders ſtrait flew down,
They ſhould admit the Suit to Bail,
And bring it up to Town,
To give Appearance at the *Vine*,
Where Friends to *France* do often dine.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

The Searcher and the Taylor there
Did lovingly compound,
And while with Mirth and jolly Chear,
The choiceſt Healths went rouud,
Tom Smith the Taylor waxing drunk,
Forgets, as you ſhall hear, the Trunk.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

My Lord impatiently did wait
Long in St. *Alban's-ſtreet*,
And ſtood a Tip-toe in the Gate,
The Foreign Robes to meet,
And leaping out in haſte to piſs,
Tom did the precious Cargo miſs.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Whether ſome Whig, or ſtarving Weaver,
Did play *Monſieur* theſe Pranks,
You ought to bleſs their kind Endeavour,
And give them hearty Thanks:
Laud to the Youths and *Jenny Man*,
Who ſtrives to help you all they can.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

To *Newgate* ſtrait, to learn his Fate,
His Honour drove apace;
And to the Maſters of the Gate
Did ſadly tell his Caſe:
Like Brothers they receiv'd my Lord,
But ſaid, 'twas not before their Board.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Then, in *Crow-Alley*, to adviſe,
Down Three Steps walks the Peer,
Conſulting ſlily, in Diſguiſe,
That grave and ancient Seer;
The Sage abruptly ſpoke in Tropes,
And mutter'd *Charing-Croſs*, and Popes.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

Now mind the End, moſt ſtrange of all,
This Coat, which *Magick* Art
Could never conjure to the Ball
Came freely to a Cart;
For in the Pope's fam'd Cavalcade,
Young *Perkin* ſhone in this Brocade.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

The Taylor ſaw it paſs along,
And, in his Lordſhip's Name,
Demandeth it amidſt the Throng,
They ſhouted at his Claim,
And did into the Bonfire fling
His Lordſhip's Coat, his Lordſhip's *King*.
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

A SONG.

To the Tune of a Soldier *and a* Sailor.

THE Doctor and the Mayor,
Went to the Houſe of Prayer;
About the *Popiſh* Plot Sir,
But that was quite forgot Sir,
And turn'd into a Jeſt,
And turn'd into a Jeſt.
The Spiritual Granadier Sir,
Did throw about his Fire Sir,
The Mayor, and the Black Prince,
Notorious Blockheads long ſince,
Thought this a gallant Prieſt.
Thought this a gallant Prieſt.

The Doctor roar'd like Thunder,
And made the City wonder;
And ſwore the *Whigs* were going,
To bring us all to Ruin,
And undermine the Church,
And undermine the Church.
But ſee what ſad Diſaſter,
Befell our Spiritual Maſter;
His Ornament ſo bright Sir,
Soon turn'd as dark as Night Sir,
And left him in the Lurch.
And left him in the Lurch.

Thus

Thus the Spiritual Bully,
Was bullied by a Cully,
Altho' the Doctor ſwore too,
He'd Orders of the Mayor too.
And that his Conſcience knew,
And that his Conſcience knew.
But ſee this Knave, and Fool too;
That does the City Rule too;
He ev'ry Word deny'd Sir,
And ſwore the Doctor ly'd Sir,
Tho' all believ'd 'twas true,
Tho' all believ'd 'twas true.

And now the Spiritual Vermin,
That want St. *George* from *Germain*,
That make a mighty Pother,
With their Diſtreſſed Brother,
And ſwear they're quite undone,
And ſwear they're quite undone.
If they're allow'd to prate Sir,
Againſt the Queen and State Sir;
They'll ſerve us, but an odd Trick,
And ſend us all to *Old Nick.*
As ſure as any Gun,
As ſure as any Gun.

A New BALLAD.

To the Tune of A Raking we will go, *&c.*

LETS all turn *Presbyterians*,
And serve the good old Cause;
For such are now the Men that Rule,
Our Country, Queen, and Laws.
Then to Meetings we will go, &c.

'Tis true indeed to heal us,
They still High-Church do cry;
As *Judas*, who did hate the Poor,
Still cry'd up Charity.
Then to Meetings, &c.

And now we talk of *Judas*,
Pray to *White-Chappel* go;
Where near the Plate he sits in State,
And makes the fineſt Show.
Then to Meetings, &c.

For Pious Dr. *Welton*,
Hath ſhown from Hiſtory;
That ev'n in our Saviour's Time,
There was *Presbytery*.
Then to Meetings, &c.

Lo! O're his Holy Altar,
He doth St. *Judas* place;
And dreſs him in a Cloak and Band,
As if of Crab-tree Race.
Then to Meetings, &c.

He makes him bear the Bag too,
To ſhew he doth command;
As much as *Archimago*,
With his all-charming Wand.
Then to Meetings, &c.

The Doctor there adores him,
As do all People high;
Who when they bow to Altar now,
Can ſhew good Reaſon why.
Then to Meetings, &c.

To bow indeed to Images,
Is *Popiſh* and Prophane;
But every Saint without reſtraint,
May ſafely worſhip gain.
Then to Meetings, &c.

And yet this Saint-like T——r,
His Maſter did betray;
And ſold him to his Enemies,
Who took his Life away.
Then to Meetings, &c.

Then God preſerve our gracious Queen,
And grant that this Mercy;
She ſtill may be delivered;
From ſuch ſly Rogues as he.
Then to Meetings, &c.

The Princes of the Blood.

Or,

The French *Troops reſtored to their Courage.*

BOth Country and City,
Give Ear to my Ditty;
I'll ſing you a Song of King *Lewis.*
Of Two Dukes of the Blood,
Without one drop of Good,
And every Word of it true is.

To *Flanders* they went,
On a wiſe Errand ſent,
The Troops to Courage to reſtore;
But it was not ſo eaſy,
To do't may it pleaſe you,
For they never had any before.

Two Towns for a Price,
They bought in a Trice,
And afterwards meant to go Home;
But *Marlborough* the Great,
Born the *French* to defeat,
Came up with my Couſin *Veudoſme*.

Then enſu'd a Hedge Fight,
And a notable Flight,
From the *Scheld* to *Bruges* Canal;
Where they bravely Deſign,
To give up their Line,
And try to defend a Stone Wall.

They pauſe and delay,
Then mark out a Way,
To relieve their Old Friends at *Liſle-a*;
But *Eugene* was there,
And ſaid, Come if you dare;
And ſo they ſtopt ſhort a few Mile-a.

To cut off his Shot,
And Powder *La Mott*,
Was ſent unto *Winendale*;
Without Powder and Ball,
To eat 'em up all,
Invincible Troops cannot fail.

'Twas a terrible Sight,
To ſee Four to One fight,
And their Officers thraſhing them on,
They receiv'd many Blows
From their Friends and their Foes,
And then *A-la-Francois* they run.

Then *Berry* thus ſaid,
We muſt not be diſmay'd,
I have heard Brother *Burgundy*, Look you,
How the Wiſe Men of *Gotham*
Heretofore look'd about 'em,
And contriv'd to hedge in the *Cuckow*.

They built many Banks,
And play'd many Pranks,
The Foe in a Pound to ſecure-a,
But when they ſhould fight,
They choſe a ſafe Flight,
From the *Scheld* to *Mons* and *Namur-a*.

Then *Bruſſels* they quit,
For ſo they thought fit,
And *Ghent* they reſolv'd to defend,
But valiant *La Mott*
He matter'd it not,
Gave it up, and ſo made an End.

Now I hold Ten to one,
The Bully's undone,
Great *Anna* the *Britiſh* Queen
Next Summer in *France*,
Will lead 'em a Dance,
From *Liſle* to the Banks of the *Sein*.

The *History and Fall of the* Conformity Bill: *Being an Excellent* New Song, *to the Tune of the* Lady's Fall, *&c.*

GOD bleſs our gracious Sovereign *Anne*,
For ſo I ſhall Her call;
Who ruleth in our *Engliſh* Land,
An *Engliſh* Heart withall.

The Prince her Turtle true I trow,
I alſo pray God bleſs;
And eke the Duke of *Marlborough*,
Both his and her good Grace.

And now I think within this Realm,
I need pray for no more;
For they who do ſit at the Helm,
Are Two out of the Four.

And yet I may'nt omit the Church,
To pray for in my Prayers;
Which has of late been left i'th' lurch,
By her own Sons and Heirs.

Oh Biſhops, Biſhops, you I mean,
They ſay you were poſſeſs'd;
As one may ſay, as Birds unclean,
To foul thus your own Neſt.

For unto you a choice Bill came,
Sent from the Commons Houſe;
And yet you did reject the ſame,
As if not worth one Louſe.

And now to tell, I do intend,
How they this Bill did bring in;
For that you'll find the very End,
Of this my Tale's beginning.

Few Happy in this World there are,
And fewer in the next;
The firſt Experience doth declare,
The laſt the Goſpel Text.

And therefore ſome great Men of Note,
Whom I ſhall Name anon;
Did in the Senate ſtoutly Vote,
For Chriſtian Union.

Now Conſcience is a Thing we know,
Like to a Maſtiff Dog;
Which if ty'd up, ſo fierce will grow,
To bite its very Clogg.

Wherefore ſome wiſer Men then ſome,
Thought they could give good Reaſon;

How that this Bill juſt now did come
A little out of Seaſon.

Diſſenters they were to be preſs'd,
To go to Common-Prayer;
And turn their Faces to the *Eaſt*,
As God was only there.

Or elſe no Place of Price or Truſt,
They ever could obtain;
Which ſhews that ſaying very Juſt,
That *Godlineſs is Gain*.

Now ſome I ſay, did think this hard,
And ſtrove with all their might;
That Subjects might not be debarr'd,
Of Freedom, or of Right.

For who can think our Lord can Care,
From whence the Voice doth ſound,
Tho' we ſhould pray, as Seamen ſwear,
Their Compaſs Points around.

Sure he I ſay our Prayer can hear,
Whenever we do call;
For if ſo be the Heart's ſincere,
Oh, that is all in all.

But yet to ſee how the World goes,
Right is by Might devour'd;
And they who do this Bill oppoſe,
Alas are over-power'd.

St. *Stephen* firſt was in Degree,
That Perſecution felt,
And perſecuted ſo was he,
He better had been G—lt.

Oh better had it been for he,
I'll ſay while I have breath;
Ten Times unſtoned for to be,
Then ſtoned unto Death.

But let that paſs and mark me well,
For Things unknown before;
And ſtrange, and true, I now ſhall tell,
Or ne'er believe me more.

How *Stephen* ſtoned was you've heard,
Now to attone that Guilt,
A Chappel of thoſe Stones is rear'd,
By which his Blood was ſpilt.

Oh *Stephen*'s Chappel it is height,
And ſtands in *Weſtminſter*;
Near to that place where want of Light,
Makes Juſtice ſometimes err.

Now how the Stones make hard the Heart
Of *Burgeſs*, or of *Knight*;
And do by Influence impart
Their perſecuting ſpight.

It's hard to tell the Cauſe thereof,
Like other Myſteries;

Nor would I aim at that altho',
That I was ne'er ſo wiſe.

But yet it's true, or tell me now,
How could ſuch Zeal inſpire
Sir *Ed—d S—r*, or *J—n H—w*,
Of *Glouceſterſhire* Eſquire.

With divers Men of leſſer Note,
Tho' equal in Deſert,
Who did their Voices for to Vote,
With Clamour loud exert.

None of thoſe lives I think can boaſt,
That have ſuch Religion,
Or value more the Holy Ghoſt,
Then *Mahomet* his Pigeon.

Even *H——s* ſelf I ſay wou'd ſcarce,
Be made a *Smithfield* Martyr,
For Proof clap Faggots to his Arſs,
You'll find you've caught a *Tartyr*.

Now this ſame Bill compleatly cook'd,
To the Peers Houſe is follow'd;
And they who brought it thither look'd,
It forthwith ſhould be ſwallow'd.

But as a Haſty Pudding's ſoil'd,
If there does fall ſome Soot in't;
Even as burnt-too, ſo this was ſpoil'd,
By Biſhop *B——ts* Foot in't.

For he with Toe Epiſcopal,
Thereto gave ſuch a Zoſt,
Their Lordſhips ſtraight grew ſqueamiſh all,
Nor could the ſame digeſt.

In vain brisk *N———m* did ſpeak,
Who is ſo Tall and Slim,
In vain did *G———y* Silence break,
Who is ſo like to him.

Their Words alas went for no more,
Then does the News of Grubſter;
Or then in Commons Houſe before,
Went *Hedges* Voice the Shrubſter.

The Wiſe and Valiant L—d of *N—b*,
With little better Luck
In windy Words did bluſter forth,
So did his G—e of *B—k—*.

For to tell Truth ſome Peers did ſmoke,
That this ſame Bill's Progreſſion
Might by Degrees, at length have broke
The *Proteſtant* Succeſſion.

Such Snares too groſs were for to bite,
Thoſe who could well diſcern 'em;
Wherefore the Bill was kick'd out quite,
In nunc et ſempiternum.

Now God preſerve our Queen I ſay,
And grant Her long to reign,
And God keep *Popery* I pray,
On th' other Side the Main.

Maſſ---m diſplay'd:

To the Tune of The Dame of Honour.

ALL Things are chang'd in Court and Town,
Since *Sarah*'s happy Days Sir,
One, who of late had ſcarce a Gown,
Now Q—n and K—d—m ſways, Sir.
She's neither Beauty, Birth nor Senſe,
Yet does controul the Nation,
A matchleſs Stock of Impudence,
And blaſted Reputation.

Four Pounds a Year was her Eſtate,
Time alters her Condition,
A Lady fine ſhe's grown of late,
And a wond'rous Politician.
The ugly Beaſt to Toap retires,
While others ſnore in Bed Sir,
With Bumpers ſhe augments thoſe Fires,
Which makes her Noſe ſo red Sir.

Her brazen Face like Flames appear,
With a Desire that's hearty,
I'll say it tho' I lose my Ears,
I wish it may burn her Party.
Ox——d and She each Night do meet,
And drink to the Pr———r,
And hug and kiss, and are so great,
As the Devil and Witch of *Endor*.

The *Salamander* of her Nose,
Which has been a Publick Tax Sir,
Shall be an Offering to her Foes,
In spight of Nose of Wax Sir.
Oh! that some truly zealous Friend
Wou'd give to the Bitch a Potion,
While *Ox—d*'s Mouth at lower End
Were set to meet the Motion.

Or that they'd send her brawny Bum,
As hard as *Alablaster*,
'Twou'd make a pretty Sort of Drum,
To serve her little Master.
Oh! may the Queen in Safety reign,
And *Marl—h* again protect her,
May he destroy the subtil Train,
And *Mass—m* who infects her.

Then if the *French* will send their King,
We'll turn her Touch-hole to him,
With Fire, and Smoak, and tother thing,
O we shall quite undo him.

A New BALLAD,

By Mr. Eſtcourt, *upon his Going with* ——— *to Sir* Henry Furneſs's *Seat at* Walderſhire *in* Kent.

TO pleaſe now your Ears,
It is my Intent
To ſing of two Peers
That viſited *Kent*;
And over Hill and Dale did repair
To ſee the Famous *Walderſhire*.

They need not have gone
So far, for to ſee
Themſelves ſo out-done
By good Sir *Harry*;
For *Knowle* itſelf can hardly compare
With this ſo Famous *Walderſhire*.

The Day they did fix
This Journey to take,
Their Coaches and Six
Fine Figures did make,
And Saddle-Horſes many there were,
To gallop by to *Walderſhire*.

The Gods thus would roam,
And travel the Road,
As who'd ſtay at Home
That could go Abroad.
But *Jove* himſelf had never ſuch Fare,
As they receiv'd at *Walderſhire*.

For there they advanc'd
A conſtant Supply
Of choice Wine from *France*,
And fair *Italy*;
Nay, and *Tockay* in Plenty was there,
And *Cyrus* too at *Walderſhire*.

Beſides there's new Fiſh,
Which all Men agree
Does make a fine Diſh,
Juſt come from the Sea;
Victories freſh and freſh every Year,
From *Flanders* land at *Walderſhire*.

There eager we ſtand
The Wind for to view,
To ſee what Mails, and
What *French* Towns are due;
For in each Seaſon ſtill they repair,
Red piping-hot to *Walderſhire*.

How happy were we,
Who from this ſweet Place,
Could waft o're the Sea
A Health to his Grace;
Who in Return when firſt it grew fair,
Did *Bouchain* ſend to *Walderſhire*.

The SOLDIER's *Glory.*

A New SONG.

Compos'd and Sung by Mr. Eſcourt, *at the Play-Houſe in* Drury-Lane.

YE beauteous Ladies of this Land,
That are ſo wonderous charming Fair;
That Foreigners do underſtand,
Ye ſome thing more then Mortals are.
I mean now to lay before ye,
All the Train of a Soldiers Glory.
Th' Attacking, and Backing, and Hacking the Mon-
And making him prove a vain Bouncer, (ſieur,
All this will a Soldier do for Love.

A charming Miſtreſs is the Word,
That makes a Soldier draw his Sword;
The worſt of Dangers he will prove,
To be endear'd with Nights of Love.
What did we our Blades unſheath for,
And ſo often venture Death for, In

In *Brabant*, at *Bruges*, at *Bruſſels*, at *Ghent*,
At *Stevenſwart*, *Keyſerwart*, *Blenheim*,
Ramellies, *Oſtend*, at *Menin*, at *Liſle*,
At *Tournay*, at *Doway*, at *Air*,
At *Bethune*, St. *Venant* and *Bouchain*,
And many more Towns I want breath for,
All this will a Soldier do for Love.

A Gallant Soldier only Dies,
When wounded by a Lady's Eyes;
In War he may of Safety boaſt,
But there's no Armour againſt a Toaſt.
When ſhot by ſome dear Deceiver,
Falling down into a Feaver.
His Heart like a Drum,
Beats, Come, Come, Come, Come, Come,
To my Arms,
I wounded am by your Charms,
All this will a Soldier do for Love.

Our glorious *Anne* compleating all,
The Miſtreſs of this mighty Ball;
Has doubly honour'd a Soldiers Life,
By being a gallant Soldier's Wife.
Fair Ladies it can't be new t'ye,
That your Beauty puts us to our Duty.
Admiring, Deſiring, Inſpiring, Love-firing the brave to,
That we defie a Grave too,
All this will a Soldier do for Love.

GRA-

GRENADEERS:

A New Song by Mr. Eſtcourt, *upon the D--ke of* Marlborough's *being turn'd out.*

To the Tune of Over Hills, and far away.

GRenadeers, Let's change our Song,
And tell no more of Battles won;
No Victory ſhall grace us now,
That we have loſt our *M——borough.*

You that have fought in *Blenheim* Field,
And forc'd the ſtrongeſt Towns to yield,
Break all your Arms, and turn to Plough,
Now we have loſt our *M——borough.*

Where'r we came the *Monſieur* fled,
Seeing the General at our Head,
But 'tis their turn to bang us now,
That we have loſt our *M—borough.*

Let others Backs the Drubbings take,
Whoſe Hearts are of the neweſt Make,
For ours can ne'r to Bondage bow,
Who conquer'd under *M—borough.*

The SOUTH-SEA *Trade:*

A New SONG,

To the Tune of The Vicar of *Taunton-Dean.*

THE *South-Sea* Trade goes on apace,
We ſhall all be rich on a ſudden,
Tho' it's for a Knight of a ſpurious Race,
Whom *Tories* call a Good One.
They've Money now at St. *Germain's* Store,
Which *Pr——r* convey'd from *Dover*,
As ſure as a Gun,
They'll bring in the Son,
And bubble the Houſe of *Hanover*;
Tory Rory, Tory Jacks, *St.* George *is the Hero they* (*honour.*

There's *Ar——r M—r*, the Jaylor's Son,
Who we all know was whelp'd in a Manger,
Who came from the *North* of *Ireland*,
To preſerve the Church from Danger;
In *Monacon's* Town he was born and bred,
And he hir'd a Ship for *Pr——r*,
But *Gregg* ſtill the great
Bambouzles the State,
And *Sophia* is never the nigher.
Tory Rory, &c.

Great

Great *Marlb'rough*'s Duke of high Renown,
That has beaten all the Marshals of *France* Sir,
For which he is damn'd in our good Town,
And the *Tories* call it *Chance* Sir.
He has so often mauld the *French*,
And undone what they have been doing,
He not being sent
To the *Tow'r* to repent,
He may prove poor St. *George*'s Ruin.
Tory Rory, *Tory* Jacks, *St.* George *is the Hero they honour.*

A SONG,

By Mr. Durfey, *On the F---t, let before the Q----- at St.* James's.

PART I.

YE *Jacks* of the Town,
And *Whigs* of Renown,
Leave off your Jars and Spleen,
And hasting to Arms,
All thronging in Swarms,
Make ready to guard the Queen.
With a Hum, Hum.

For last *Lord's* Day,
At St. *James's* they say,
A strange odd Thing did chance,
Which put into the *News*,
All *Holland* did amuse,
But made 'em rejoyce in *France*.
With a Hum, Hum.

Each Commoner and Peer
Of both Houses was there,
And Folks of each Rank and Station,
Had thither free Recourse,
From the *Keeper of the Purse*,
To the Mayor of the *Corporation*.
With a Hum, Hum.

At Noon, then, in State,
As the Queen sat at Meat,
And the Princely Dame sat by her,
A *Fart* there was heard,
That the Company scar'd,
As a Gun at their Ears had fir'd.
With a Hum.

Which irreverent Sound
Made them all stare around,
And in each Countenance lour,
While Judgment thereupon
Said it needs must be done
As affronting the Sovereign Power.
With a Hum.

The Chaplain in Place,
Had juſt ſaid Grace,
And then cringing behind withdrawn,
But they quickly call'd him back,
To examine if that Crack
Came from him, or the Lord in Lawn.
With a Hum.

For juſt by the Chair,
Some Fat Biſhops there were,
Whom the *Whigg* Boys fain would beſpatter;
Who skrewing up a Look,
Would have ſworn upon a Book,
That the Clergy knew nought of the Matter.
Of the Hum.

But they would not ſwear,
For both Parties were there,
Both the High Church and the Low;
Who through oppreſſing Zeal,
For the Good o'th' Common Weal,
Might let ſome of their Bagpipes blow
Out a Hum.

At which when heard,
New Comptroller ſtroak'd his Beard,
And declar'd with an Antique Bow,
That tho' of ſome he nothing knew,
Yet he would Vouch for Two,
That's himſelf and his Brother *John Howe*.
With a Hum.

For the 'Squire was well bred,
And the Key might have had,
But refus'd for an old State trick,
And himself so lik'd this Reign,
That he flung away his Cane,
To supply it with *Wharton*'s white Stick.
With a Hum.

The other Side,
Who the Fart too deny'd,
Call'd a Law Peer to plead their Case,
How that they had no intent,
To affront the Government,
Nor had he to regain the Mace.
By a Hum.

A Garter and Star,
The next Censure did fear,
Who for all his Looks so high,
And carries it so great,
In Intriegues of the State,
Yet might condescend to let fly.
With a Hum.

Who all in a Heat,
Said the Matter in Debate,
Impos'd on each Sex might be;
And would have made it clear,
That some Dutchesses there
Were as likely to do it as he.
With a Hum.

The Colour then arose,
Among the Noble Furbelows
Of Honour, but most to Wives;
Who took it on their Rep,
That they never made such escape,
Nor did e'r such a Thing in their Lives.

As to Hum.

But the gigling Rout,
That were Laughing round about,
Doubtless were heedless Jades;
Who to save their own Fame,
Endeavour'd by a Sham,
To put it upon the poor Maids.

With a Hum.

Who all drown'd in Tears,
Charg'd the Ladies there in Years,
To tell Truth, if this hideous Roar,
With so culvering like a Scent,
From audacious Fundament,
Could consist with their Virgin bore.

With a Hum.

Who answering No,
All Disputes fell so,
That now they thought it Reason,
To pass the Matter off,
With a Joke, or a Laugh;
Since they ne'er could make it High Treason.

For to Hum.

So that turning the Jeſt,
They agreed it at Laſt,
That none e'r durſt ſo preſume;
But the Noiſe that they heard,
Was ſome Yeoman of the Guard,
Who brought Diſhes into the next Room
That did Hum.

But whether it was Chance,
Or real Impudence,
None but the Doer can Tell;
So that Huſhing up the Shame,
The Beaf-eater bore the Blame,
And the Queen (God be praiſed) Din'd well.
With a Hum.

The Second Part of the F---t, *or the* Beaf-eater's *Appeal to Mr.* Durfey.

To the ſame Tune.

YE Peers that in State,
With the Commons are met,
To right both the Weak and the Strong,
Prepare to redreſs,
A poor Beaf-eater's Caſe,
That has had a moſt horrible Wrong.
By a Hum.

Strange Jarrings I know,
'Twixt the High Church and Low,
Do your dear valu'd Hours engroſs;
But Mine is ſuch a Caſe,
That I beg it may take Place,
As ſoon as the Speaker is choſe.

With a Hum.

What though I'm no Lord,
Nor to Senate's preferr'd,
Yet my Privilledge I will maintain;
And as Free-born of the Land,
You my wrong ſhall underſtand,
Which I here will undaunted explain.

With a Hum.

The Fart you laſt heard,
Laid to one of the Guard,
That of late the Court did ſurprize,
'Tis prov'd was not his,
As Informers did Gueſs,
But a Female's of his Jolly Size.

With a Hum.

The Thing came out thus,
Near to *Buckingham* Houſe,
Where the Motto's all Fancies excel;
Near the ancient *Pall Mall*,
The *Park* and *Canall*,
Where Buxom young Ladies do dwell.

With a Hum.

Related so near,
It does plainly appear,
That they both from one Bottom did come;
The one Slim and Lean,
As a Garden *French* Bean,
The other as round as a Drum.
With a Hum.

The Elder when Dress'd,
And her Belly strait Lac'd,
If She stoop, from behind must Roar;
The Younger as frail,
If She laugh at any Tale,
Cannot keep in the Juices before.
With a Hum.

Strange Quarrels had past,
'Twixt the First and the Last,
And many Tongue Combates had been,
For the youngest well knew,
'Twas her Sister that blew,
The late Blast, as She stood by the Queen.
With a

But letting that go,
Since Winds pass to and fro,
As Fate soon the Case made plain;
By a Visit they made,
To a haughty Court Jade,
That a Page had to hold up her Train.
With a Hum.

Who when at her Gate,
She the Sifters had met,
wing low with her Back-bone Crump;
As She gave a Salute,
T'other ſtooping to do't,
ve a Proof, She was looſe in the Rump.

By a Hum.

Which unfortunate Noiſe,
Made her Sifter rejoice,
d as nothing more pleaſing could come;
With a Laugh skrew'd ſo high,
She was ready to die,
ſhe follow'd her into the Room.

At the Hum.

But Oh diſmal Lot,
Her own Caſe ſhe forgot,
r juſt as a Filly Foal Piſſes,
When She romping does paſs,
O'er the Gay ſpringing Graſs,
the Room was Embroider'd with SS's.

With a Hum.

The Dame of the Houſe,
That perceiv'd the Abuſe,
om Paſſion could ſcarce refrain,
As knowing what was drop'd,
Could not eaſily be mop'd,
g mix'd with a *Stercor* Humane.

With a Hum.

And

And strongly perfum'd,
To inform her presum'd,
How the Nymphs in the Days of Yore,
That were cleanly inclin'd,
Us'd a Cork for behind,
And a Spunge for the Cranny before.
With a Hum.

Come *Ratcliff*, come *Hans*,
From the *Vine* and from *Mans*,
Come *Morley*, and mend the Matter,
And if these prove vain,
Come Occult *Chamberlain*,
Deep Learn'd in the Secrets of Nature.
With a Hum.

Come *Blackmore*, come *Mead*,
Come Sir *William Read*,
Of Late by the Sovereign Grac'd,
And Peeping in their Tails,
Quickly Cure these Sifters Ails,
Some five Inches under the waft.
With a Hum.

The Secret to Trace,
Manage both Private Ways,
Tho' I mean not the Ways of a Sinner;
That She who does Trump,
Through Defect in her Rump,
Never more may perfume the Queen's Dinner.
With a Hum.

And She that is found
To be Juicy and Sound,
And each Night fills her two White Pots;
May no more with a Gurch,
That has oft made her Lurch,
Deck the Room with her true Lovers Knots.

With a Hum, Hum.

BRITAIN Ungrateful.

On the Duke of Marlborough's *leaving* England. *By the Author of Advice to the* Tories.

INgratitude's the growth of *Britain*'s Isle,
A Vice abhorr'd in every Foreign Soil;
There, when Transcendent Merit claims Regard,
And Conqu'rors have, as they deserve Reward:
Their glorious Toils recording Poet's sing,
With Acclamations loud the Cities ring;
The charming Fair look with propitious Eyes,
For Beauty always has been Valour's Prize:
All gen'rous Hearts by various Methods shew.
What's from those Nations to their Warriours due.
But *here* Illustrious Patriots are defam'd,
And *Marlborough* by the worst of Monsters blam'd;
Not that fam'd March describ'd in lofty Strains,
Where *Addison* his noble Muse unreins;

Not Proud *Bavaria*'s Flight, nor *Iſter*'s Streams,
Crimſon'd with *Gallick* Blood, Immortal Themes!
Not *Ramellies*, an happy Scene that yields,
Ample Revenge for fatal *Landen* Fields;
Not all thoſe Vict'ries which made *Anna* Great,
And, as *they* own, Regent of *Europe*'s Fate;
Can Him protect from the continual Wrongs,
And vile Aſperſions of opprobious Tongues.
But yet in vain wou'd baneful Faction blaſt,
Thoſe Laurels which *as long as Time* ſhall laſt.
Him Neighb'ring *Belgian* States with Joy receive,
Who did their Countrey in Diſtreſs relieve;
Him grateful *Germany* is fond to own,
The late Supporter of th' *Imperial* Throne:
Him whilſt a Foe, *Bourbon Himſelf* reveres,
And loves the *Man*, tho' He the *Gen'ral* fears.
Such diff'rent Treatment hath the Hero found,
At Home revil'd, abroad with Honours crown'd.

On Mr. Bedford's *Sentence being remitted.*

By the Same.

WHen merry Sir *Lit*,
Moſt laviſh of Wit,
Let fly a Sarcaſtical Droll;
And told Helky Bed,
His treas'nable Head,
Was near being perch'd on a Pole.

The

The *Jacobite* Prieſt
Sneer'd at his ſoure Jeſt,
Knowing well that the J--e was miſtaken;
Whilſt ſuch was his Cauſe,
That maugre all Laws,
He was under no fear for his Bacon.

For much that He wrote,
It can't be forgot,
If he quoted the Manuſcripts fairly;
He read at his Leiſure,
And tranſcrib'd with Pleaſure,
From the *Bibliotheque* of great *H—y*.

This Stateſman, 'tis true,
To give him his due,
Has been always eſteem'd very Crafty;
And, as his Friends ſay,
Thinks this the beſt Way,
To maintain the Succeſſion in Safety.

Since therefore we know,
The Prieſt and *De Foe*,
Purſue their wiſe Maſter's Direction;
'Tis trifling and vain,
In *Whiggs* to complain,
Of their Pardons, or powerful Protection.

Nor need we to doubt,
But that they'll make out,
That if any Prince of *Hanover*
The Crown wou'd e'er wear,
As *Proteſtant* Heir,
He'd ſecure it by *ne'er coming over.*

On the SAME.

By the Same.

IN *Charles* the Firſt's Days,
Which High-Church Men praiſe,
When *Laud* held the Reins of the State,
And in High Commiſſion,
As Sov'reign Phyſician,
Preſided at every Debate.

The Caſſock and Gown,
Ne'er skreen'd from his Frown,
When Libellers bold dare defame;
The Country and Court,
Or as 'twere in Sport,
The beſt Acts of Parliament blame.

No Lenity, then
Was ſhown to ſuch Men,
Nor cou'd Holy Function protect 'em;
But on Pillory's plac'd,
They were quickly diſgrac'd,
That their Flocks might no longer reſpect 'em.

Much happier now,
O *Bedford* art thou,
Who upwards of Twenty Five Years;
Haſt herded with thoſe,
Who are *Britain*'s Foes,
Yet, as *Burton*, ha'n't loſt thy Ears.

Whoever ſhall look
Into thy large Book,
And determine by Law, or by Reaſon;
Will preſently find,
Unleſs He's ſtark Blind,
Miſdemeanours high, if not High Treaſon.

If then He's ſurpriz'd,
That Mercy's adviſ'd,
'Twill appear by St. *Hall*'s Mathematicks;
That it flows from the Zeal,
For the Church's true Weal,
Of ſome Modern converted *Fanaticks*.

On Dr. Sacheverell's *Sermon preach'd at St.* Paul's, *Nov.* 5. 1709.

To the Tune of Packington's *Pound.*

GOod People, the Words that I write now per-
(pen'd,
With Children and Servants, for them too I call
False Brethren, the *Perils* of ſome do pretend,
But Perils of the Pulpit are worſe than 'em all;
Then pray have a Care,
Yourſelves well prepare
Before you a Parſon do venture to hear,
Good People keep home, and look into your Bibles,
For Sermons are now grown mere Faction and Libels.

St. *Paul*'s great Cathedral was burn'd once by Fire,
As moſt Men or all have been told of no doubt;
And ſince 'tis rebuilt why what are we the nigher,
Laſt Fifth of *November* another broke out,
A ſtrange Man ſtept in,
Talk'd thro' Thick and Thin,
Becauſe ſafely wainſcotted up to the Chin,
Invented ſuch Jealouſies, broached ſuch Fears,
As Thouſands of Families ſet by the Ears.

From School to the College these young Men are sent,
In Lectures of Mutton their Parts for to try;
And when under Tutors some Time they have spent,
They then commence Doctors of Divinity;
But with half an Eye,
We poor Folks can spy;
That they are but Doctors of Spite and Envy.
They tell us they're Heaven's Plenipotentiaries,
Alas! But we find 'em meer Incendiaries.

They Bell-weathers are to the Sheep of the Town,
And from their good Pastures, poor Souls they do lead;
Their Eyes they lift up, and their Text they lay down,
Then run away from it, and Mutiny read,
God keep us at home,
For from *France*, or *Rome*,
These Spiritual Tinkers must certainly come.
The Pope sends them over Divisions to make,
As Glaziers find Foot-balls your Windows to break.

Thank God that for all this *Cuntankerous* Band,
The brave valiant *Marlbro'* the *French* Men can bang;
For Seven Years together, he has held in a Hand,
Of Battles, and Sieges of Towns each Campaign;
The War soon will cease,
And the *French* beg for Peace,
Were it not for such vile Correspondents as these.
So Heaven keep Queen, Lords, and Commons and all,
From being concern'd in any Church Brawl.

To Mr. Stanhope, *one of the Managers againſt Dr.* Sacheverell, *and General of Her Majeſties Forces in* Spain.

WHen e'er you fought; the haughty Foes were broke,
The Prieſt more haughty trembled when you ſpoke;
Thus *Jove* th'aſpiring Giants drove to Hell,
By Lightning ſome, ſome ſtun'd by Thunder fell.
Bleſt *Spain*, while ſuch a Sword defends her Cauſe,
Bleſt we, while ſuch a Tongue maintain our Laws;
Had you been Conſul, when devoted *Rome*
By Eloquence was ſnatch'd from threatned Doom:
Not Statutes only had preſerv'd your Fame,
But Altars would have born your ſacred Name.
Thus let leſs Merit then in Marble live,
Your Glories ſhall the ſolid Braſs ſurvive;
And the extreameſt Ages ſhall be taught,
How well for Liberty you ſpoke, and fought.

The

The PEACE *in View.*

A SONG.

To the Tune of A Health to the Conſtitution.

NOw now comes on the *Tory* Year,
France has new Hopes and *Britain* fear,
Perkin intends to govern here,
And be our Faith's Defender:
For *France* is become our good Ally,
The *Dutch* and *Emperor* too muſt fly;
Unleſs they will bow to our Min—ry,
And *Flanders* and *Spain* Surrender.

A Health to our General then begin,
Who left in the Lurch the brave *Eugene*;
With him let *Ox—d* too come in;
Who brought about this Wonder:
Let *Sh—ſ—b—ys* Duke next him take place,
And *Bol—b—ke* with his handſome Face;
Whoſe Courage and Wits are all of a piece,
To make the *Whiggs* knock under.

Let *Pr—r* and *Sw—t* now receive their Due,
With *Gautier* their Brother *Proteſtant* Blue;
And all the reſt of the High-Church Crew,
Who are againſt *Hannover*;

With

With Hands and with Hearts, let us all now join
Againſt the *Whiggs*, and their Friends combine;
Until we have ſettled Right Divine,
Upon our own come over.

The PLOTTER *found out:*

Or,

Mine A---e *in a* Band-box.

To the Tune of Which no Body can deny.

COme liſten ye *Britons*, the whilſt I relate,
A Plot in a Band-box that happened of late;
As *Abel* hath wiſely ſet forth in great State.
Which no Body, &c.

Unto a Lord's Porter was ſent a ſmall Packet,
About which the *Tories* have made a great Racket;
But the School-boy that made it has not had it back
(yet.
Which no Body, &c.

This *Weſtminſter* Rogue a Piſtol had ſtole,
Nay, fill'd it with Powder, and cramb'd it with Ball;
Reſolving to Fire it in *Mortimer*'s Hole.
Which no Body, &c.

This

This Piſtol a Stock had, but yet not two Locks,
Which the miſchievous Dog clapt in a Band-box;
With a meaning as wicked as ever had *Vaux*.
Which no Body, &c.

For this Band-box he loaded juſt like a Petard,
With two Linnen Barrels of black Gun-powder;
To blow up two Gooſe Quils, as ſure as you're there.
Which no Body, &c.

Two Ink-horns did ſteal too this Rogue a ſhame on'n,
Which in this dire Engine he us'd for a Cannon;
From the Devil no doubt, this Thought came upon'n.
Which no Body, &c.

With Touch-holes behind, and not at their Noſes,
Theſe Pot-guns ſtood Croſs-ways, as *Abel* ſuppoſes;
To batter down Palaces, Churches and Houſes.
Which no Body, &c.

Nay, to ſhew that this Plot went yet ſtill a deal
(higher,
n the Band-box were alſo two Quils of Wild-fire;
Which were to go off too, when need ſhould require.
Which no Body, &c.

Thus loaded with Miſchief was this Box of *Pandore*,
nd ſent by a Porter, as I told you before;
ay unto *Bob Presbyter*'s Houſe too, that's more.
Which no Body, &c.

But

But by *Bob*'s uſual Luck the Miſchief was miſt all,
For he knew where to look for't, and ſoon ſpy'd the
(Piſtol;
And then gave the Box to a Wit, that was his Tool,
Which no Body, &c.

Swift Gogled and Star'd, and turn'd up his Whites,
And ran with the Box to the Window to Rights;
Where he found out, what put us all into ſad Frights.
Which no Body, &c.

How lucky 'twas *Guiſcard* ne'er knew this Machine,
Nor the Rogues that would *Paul*'s have let down
(on the Queen;
For then a good Peace we ſhould never have ſeen.
Which no Body, &c.

And whoever hereafter ſhall of this vile Act read,
Will give Thanks for this peeping and ſtretching
(the Pack-thread;
And pray that his Honour for to ſtretch may ne'er
(lack Thread,
Which no Body can deny.

On the Duel between Duke Hamilton *and Lord* Mohun.

LOrd *Mohun* the Glory of the Age,
Has like a Hero left the Stage;
If in good Humour, or in Rage,
Is doubtful ſurely
But

But, *H——n* we know full well,
Instead of *F—nce* is tript to H—ll;
Where he his Embassy will tell.

Most purely.

The EMBASSY.

A Great Man once that was to go,
Embassador to *F—nce* was sent below;
And by Mischance was forc'd to tell,
Instead of *F—nce* his Embassy in H—ll;
Having with Reverence Thrice bow'd,
With Visage grave, and Voice most loud.
To *Pluto* thus he told his Story,
Not like a *Whig*, but like a *Tory*;
Great Prince, the State from which I came,
Sues Peace, and hopes you'll grant the same;
'Tis only you our Ch—ch can save,
Sending a Prince, which here you have:
We all will own him lawful Heir,
If once we can but get him there;
All Friends are ready to receive him,
If you'll but please to let us have him:
That he with Zeal most Apostolick,
May bring the Church too from Cathelick.
And we shall *I'o Paan*'s cry,
You're our Friend and great Ally.
This senceless Speech, and idle Tale
Made all the D—ls laugh in H—ll.

But *Pluto* with a Civil Look,
Anſwer'd his Grace that he miſtook;—
'Tis true, my Brother rules above,
Faithful in Friendſhip, as in Love:
Who Right or Wrong, no Matter whither,
Sends many Mortals packing hither.
But now Great *Mohun*'s become my Friend,
By putting to your Life an End;
Be not diſmay'd, nor dread this Hot-land,
You'll find it not ſo bad as *Scotland*;
I ever did Deſign t' aſſiſt,
Your Friends in all Things that they Wiſt:
They too ſhall have their Fav'rite King,
If all my Tools can bring him in.
Here *Pluto* ceas'd, and down he ſat,
Expecting from his Grace more Chat;
But he ſurpriz'd, around him Gaz'd,
And *Pluto* told he was amaz'd,
How he came there, or by what Chance
The Devil, he took for K—g of *Fr——ce*.

On Mr. Bradbury's *Aſs and Serpent.*

READ, Try and Judge, before you Sentence paſ
Whether the Author Serpent is, or Aſs;
Malice and Dulneſs here are mixt ſo well,
That which exceeds, ſome Criticks ſcarce can tell:
If *Balaam*'s Aſs his Maſter thus did chide,
No wonder that the Prophet thwack'd his hide.

M

Mr. Bradbury's *Reply.*

THe Aſs both Name and Thing I here diſown;
I bear no Loads, I'm ſure thy Lines are none;
I claim the Serpent's part, my Heart comes to it,
On Horſes Heels, and Aſſes Heads I'll ſhow it;
I'll bite the Tyrant, and I'll hiſs the Poet.

The Tory *in Church and State.*

To the Tune of a Begging we will go, *&c.*

THere was a Zealous Doctor,
Of High Church-Men the Cob,
Could ne'er pretend to Reaſon,
And forced for to Mob.
And a Mobbing we will go, &c.

To ſhew his Education,
He ranted loud in *Pauls*;
Which ſet the Church on Fire,
For it was built with Coals.
And a Mobbing, &c.

A Text he had to prove Sir,
The Queen could have no Right;

But what he pleas'd to give Her,
And that prov'd all a bite.
And a Mobbing, &c.

A Text he had to ſhew us,
The Church not very ſafe;
But when he ſhould explain it,
I'll vow he did but laugh.
And a Mobbing, &c.

Diſſenters all were Raſcals,
And joyn'd in deep Deſigns,
Which he'd make out full plainly,
By Parallel Lines.
And a Mobbing, &c.

H'ad Comets too in Plenty,
Which did him Service main,
For when he pleas'd to order it,
They burſt their Orbs in twain.
And a Mobbing, &c.

No Miniſtry we care for,
But what will give us hopes,
To ſee our injur'd *Perkin*,
And make us all your Popes.
And a Mobbing, &c.

Religion's but a Trifle,
But Pow er is Orthodox,
Which muſt be now maintained,
With Apoſtolick knocks.
And a Mobbing, &c.

Then

Then drink to Mother High-Church,
And knock down ev'ry *Whigg*;
A Health to Mob *Sacheverell*,
And Red-faced Brother *Higg*.
And a Mobbing, &c.

A New Protestant *Litany.*

FRom a Dozen of Peers, made all at a Start,
To save *H—y* from Scaffold, and St. *J—n* from Cart.
Libera nos.

From Discarding the Duke, whereas no Mortal knows
Any Cause of Demerit, but by beating our Foes.
Libera nos.

From a General (God knows) Silly, Lavish and Poor,
Whose Courage and Wit, lies in keeping a W—re.
Libera nos.

From a Peeress of Merit from handling a Broom,
Or sweeping down Cobwebs and rubbing a Room.
Libera nos.

From a Masculine Dutchess prepostrous Fate,
From Bauding for W—res grown chief Baud of State.
Libera nos.

 Whose

Whose Husband at *Rome* our Faith did Surrender,
And swore to the Pope and his Godson Pretender.
Libera nos

From a Tr—r (*Traitor*) us'd to Drink, Lie, Swear and Pray,
And to bribe *Scottish* Peers with Civil List pay.
Libera nos.

Whom St. *Germains* Equipt with a *Catholick* W—*fe*, (*Wife*)
And Old *Lewis* retain'd with his Image in O're.
Libera nos.

Who sacrific'd *Gregg* to save his own Neck,
And may serve *Prior* too another such Trick.
Libera nos.

From St. S—*h*(*Sach*)—*n* the Bloody, and P—*t*(*Poole*) the Cat,
From B—*s* the Sharper, and B—*f*—*d*(*Bauford*) the Brat.
Libera nos.

From all who would sell our Religion and Laws,
And betray our good Queen to advance *Perkin*'s Cause.
Libera nos

Give them Gibbets and Halters, and Axes in store,
And from the *French* Harpy preserve us once more.
We beseech thee to hear us, Amen.

Fair Warning.

MAdam, look out, your Title is arraign'd;
Sacheverell saps the Ground whereon you stand
'T

'Tis Revolution that upholds your Throne,
Let Non-Reſiſtance thrive, and you're undone.
If Paſſive Doctrines boldly are reviv'd,
Your Crown's precarious, and your Reign ſhort-liv'd,
Such Notions with Impunity profeſt,
Will make the Pow'r of Parliaments a Jeſt.
Their Acts of Settlement are Ropes of Sand,
And *Hanover* may rule his native Land.
When Pulpits ſound no Limitations good,
No Right, but in Proximity of Blood,
Who ſees not the *Pretender*'s underſtood.
Impatient for their darling *Chevalier*,
You're in their Mercy for another Year:
Tho' Loyalty and Church are their Pretence,
Inherent Birth-right is their ſecret Senſe,
And Reſtoration is the Conſequence.

The Qu---ns Speech.

To the Tune of Packington's *Pound.*

AS ſoon as I could I have call'd you together,
Tho' twice I've prorogued you, ſince firſt you came hither;
My Council 'tis true, who with *France* have been treating,
Were ſomething in Pain, when they thought of your Meeting.
But ſince it is known,
Our Commons have ſhewn,
A Decent regard to *French* Coyn, and our own;
To take your Advice I'm no longer afraid,
Concerning a Peace, which already is made.

The

The *French* our Ally's their Concurrence expreſs,
The *Indies* and *Spain* for themſelves to poſſeſs;
By which I eſtabliſh your Freedom and Laws,
The *Proteſtant* Church, and the *Hanover* Cauſe.
By this too your Trade
So large will be made,
That in Future Times it of me ſhall be ſaid;
For ſuch Loyal People my Love was no other,
Than that of a tender affectionate Mother.

The Princes and States that engag'd in the War,
I wiſely have left of themſelves to take Care;
And therefore our Friendſhip ſure never can ceaſe,
But all will unite for ſecuring the Peace.
And ſince as you find
The *French* are ſo kind,
To take the poor Lot that for them is deſign'd;
I hope none will envy *Great-Britain* and me,
The Glory of making ſuch Terms as you ſee.

All former Abuſes I now will redreſs,
And hang up the Men that have ſerv'd with ſucceſs;
This Notice I give you, that you may confound
All thoſe that have made me ſo great and renown'd;
And this I propoſe
To ſhew all my Foes,
That we are a People moſt unanimous;
So may God direct you in your wiſe Conſultations,
To ruin theſe Happy and Flouriſhing Nations.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 1600 71

Political Merriment:

OR,

TRUTHS

TOLD TO

Some Tune.

LONDON,

Printed for A. BOULTER, without Temple-Bar. 1715.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Political Merriment, &c.

I know two Villains never acted fairly,
Mar the Scotch *Rebel, and our Traytor* Harley.

A NEW BALLAD,

To the Tune of, *Next came My L---* Sands, *&c.*

M—ark well, ye Villains, I'll pronounce your Doom,
—Traytor's Death, then deify'd at *Rome*;
—ogues that you are, Vengeance purſues you faſt,
—ail on, as ſuch, you all muſt die at laſt.

Great General *Forſter*,
In the huge Diſaſter,
That lately happen'd at *Preſton*;
Being afraid of the Blows,
With a Drop at his Noſe,
Cry'd, Fighting he'd never inſiſt on.
Cry'd, &c.

Then came Doctor *Wills*,
With his *High German* Pills,
And ſcowr'd their Bodies moſt neatly;
Not to give 'em Offence,
Or Grounds of Pretence,
He Doctor'd 'em all moſt compleatly.
He Doctor'd, &c.

Mackintoſh in th' Ptyſick,
Cry'd, God damn this Phyſick;
Come give me a Pickle of Snuff.
Nairn, and *Derwentwater*,
Knew nought of the Matter,
'Tis thought they'll all ſoon know enough.
'Tis thought, &c.

Tyburn and *Tower-hill*,
After taking ſuch Pills,
Are adjudg'd moſt excellent Airs;
With Hatchets and Ropes,
And a Fart for the Pope,
Give the Traytors vile Guts to the Bears.
Give the, &c.

Thus *James* th' Impoſtor,
Having loſt Mr. *Forſter*,
'Tis humbly preſum'd, muſt miſcarry;
Tho' aided from a-far,
By thoſe two Sons of *War*,
Wiſe *Butler*, and Proteſtant *Harry*.
Wiſe Butler, &c.

The Political Glaſs-Shop,

Set up in *DUBLIN.*

To the Tune of, *Old Sir* Simon *the King.*

I.

COME all Sort of People, draw near,
Here are fine Looking-Glaſſes to ſell;
The like yet did never appear,
And I promiſe to uſe you well.
Come buy my fine Glaſſes, come buy,
They are fit for the Church or the Court;
For Country or Town,
For a Lord or a Clown,
Here are Glaſſes of every Sort.

II.

In this, if a Prodigal looks,
He'll ſee he's undone in a Trice,
By impudent *Harlots* and Rooks,
Claps, Poxes, Carding and Dice.
Come buy, &c.

III.

A Prieſt in his Face may read Nonſenſe,
And a Profligate Sinner read Fears;
But an Uſurer can't ſee his Conſcience,
Nor a Baker can ſcarce ſee his Ears.
Come buy, &c.

IV.

Here's a Glaſs makes old *Abigail* look
As young and as ſtrait as a Saplin,
And fancies ſhe's then at the Book,
To be wed to a luſty young Chaplain.
Come buy, &c.

V.

If the Chaplain will look in this Glaſs,
He'll ſee by his Face he is thriving;
For as ſoon as he's ty'd to the Laſs,
He ſhall ſurely be ty'd to a Living.
Come buy, &c.

VI.

If ſome * Judges will peep at their Faces,
This will keep their weak Noddles in awe,
To ſee how of late in ſome Caſes
They have broke thro' both Conſcience and Law.
Come buy, &c.

VII.

Here's a Glaſs for Sir *C*—— *F*——*ps*
Will make his bluff Colour to alter,
And ſend him away in the Hipp,
To dream of a Gibbet and Halter.
Come buy, &c.

VIII.

This Glaſs will make a poor † Knight,
Without either Conſcience or Care,
To fancy he has a good Right
To be a perpetual ‖ Lord Mayor.
Come buy, &c.

* The Judges in Ireland. † Sir——Cook, ‖ L. Mayor of Dublin.

But

IX.

But then he will ſee ſomething odd,
That all his vile Projects will miſs;
He'll ſee he muſt lay down the Rod,
And he'll ſee there's another in Piſs.
Come buy, &c.

X.

If *O——d* will venture to look,
He'll ſoon ſee his Countenance fade,
To ſee that what he undertook
Was to ruin the Nation and Trade.
Come buy, &c.

XI.

If a Dean, or a round Church * Prieſt,
Will be pleas'd to peep into this Shop,
He'll ſee all his Railing and Jeſt
Will keep him from being a Biſhop.
Come buy, &c.

XII.

If *Bull——ke* will but venture
But once to look into theſe Doors;
This Glaſs will then ſhew him in th' Centre
Of Traytors, Pimps, Surgeons, and Whores.
Come buy, &c.

XIII.

If Lord *Simon* will venture to ſpy,
This will make him to ſwear, and to curſe,
To ſee a ſtrong Halter to lye
Where lay the Gold Strings in a Purſe.
Come buy, &c.

* Dr. S——t.

XIV.

If an eminent Envoy to *France*
Has a mind to reflect on his Parts;
That Glaſs will ſhew him in a Trance,
Surrounded with Bottles and Quarts.
Come buy, &c.

XV.

Here's a Glaſs will make *Atty* look pale,
To ſee himſelf ſhod in his Brogues,
And ſent to his Primitive Goal,
'Mongſt *Tories*, Houſe-Breakers, all Rogues.
Come buy, &c.

XVI.

He that once would the Nation enſlave,
I mean the *High Holborn* Parſon,
Will ſuddenly find he'll not have
A Cuſhion to ſet his fat A—ſe on.
Come buy, &c.

XVII.

If the *Tories* will look in this Glaſs,
They'll ſee the Peace-makers ſad Dooms;
They'll ſee themſelves brought to Diſgrace,
And honeſt Men plac'd in their rooms.
Come buy, &c.

XVIII.

They'll ſee the Great *GEORGE* on the Throne,
With a Race of bright Heroes ſurrounded;
They'll ſee the *Pretender* undone,
And all his Adherents confounded.
Come buy, &c.

Now if any refuſe for to buy
My curious invented Glaſſes,
I'll give them a good reaſon why;
They'r afraid to behold their own Faces!
Come buy, &c.

A New BALLAD *on the* Pretender's *Coming.*

To the Tune of *Thomas, I cannot*, &c.

NOW *Perkin*'s a Coming,
Non-jurors are running
T' aſſiſt the poor Puppy at Landing;
And all ſwear to a Man,
They'll do what they can,
Becauſe he comes over for ſending.
The Pope ſhows his Zeal
At every Meal,
Drinks to his Succeſs,
And the Devil no leſs,
Fitz-James and *James Butler*,
With *Ecklin* the Sutler,
Command the vile Traytors, *Invaders, Invaders*,
Command the vile Traytors, *Invaders*.

Our Glorious King *GEORGE*
Will make 'em diſgorge,
Shou'd they attempt his good Subjects to plunder;
And bang 'em much faſter,
Again to his Maſter,
With Proteſtant Guns loud as Thunder;
Bold *Britons* away,
Let's make no Delay,
He's Fool, Knave, and Coward
That offers to ſtay;
Ten times ten Thouſand Pounds
For the Hero that's found,
'Live, or dead, to bring in this *Pretender*, *Pretender*,
'Live, or dead, to bring in this *Pretender*.

The King, Church, and Laws
Are a glorious good Cauſe,
Then *Britons* be ſturdy as Lyons,
Show your true *Britiſh* Blood,
Put the Dogs to the Sword,
Jacks, *Papiſts*, all Traytors defy 'em;
The Day'll ſoon be our own,
As ſure as a Gun,
Great *MARLBRO*'s the Man,
Makes 'em ſcour and run,
And all thoſe that a'n't ſlain,
We'll ſend over the Main,
To plant, and tranſplant in *Virginia*, *Virginy*,
To plant, and tranſplant in *Virginy*.

To my Levitical Aſſociate Mr. Moſes A---s.

An Epiſtory BALLAD,

To the Tune of *My little Lord* Sands, &c.

MY Freiend, if you dare,
Take Part of a Hare,
I've got a large Puſs to my Dinner;
We'll be merry at heart.
Then care not a Fart,
The *Rabbies* were all of 'em Sinners!
The *Rabbies*, &c.

Religion's at beſt,
But a Politick Jeſt,
A Vile, Jeſuitical Cheat,
Things eaſy and plain,
Turn'd to Power and Gain,
That *Locuſts* may rule, and be great,
That *Locuſts*, &c.

Wou'd

Wou'd People in time,
With Thoughts moſt ſublime,
Conſider the Men went before 'em;
They'd find, it's too true,
That among the black Crew,
Not one for the *Sanctum Sanctorum*,
Not one, &c.

We'll ſwim in good Wine,
Our Souls to refine,
Each Glaſs to King *GEORGE*, our Defender:
With the Hero his Son.
And we'll never have done,
'Till we've damn'd, double-damn'd the *Pretender*.
'Till we've damn'd, &c.

An Excellent new SONG

CALL'D,

The Trial and Condemnation of John *Duke of* MARLBOROUGH.

1.

I Now have an Ambition
In this great Time of News,
To tell you the Depoſition,
Of Chriſtians, not of Jews,
Againſt John *Duke of Marlborough*.

II.

Give Ear then, Sons of *Britain*,
Of greater Crimes I ſing,
Than ever before were writ on,
Since the Time of a Queen or a King.
All done by John *Duke*, &c.

III.

This Man by Conſtitution
Was made for Liberty,
He help'd the late Revolution,
On Purpoſe to hurt Popery;
Thus did John *Duke*, &c.

IV.

The next great Crime of many
His troubleſome Pride to ſhow,
Was marching to *High Germany*,
And who gave 'em that damnable Blow.
But this John *Duke*, &c.

V.

And more to mend the matter,
To his Shame and Reproach,
An Army he made take Water,
And their General ſent by Coach;
All prov'd on John *Duke*, &c.

VI.

To ſhew his Whig Devotion;
In keeping the Sabbath Day,
He the Murder at hateful *Ramilly* began
Upon a Whitſunday.
O Heathen John *Duke*, &c.

Tho'

VII.

Tho' buſy in his Slaughtering,
His Avarice ran ſo high,
That rather than ſpare the *Moſt Chriſtian King*,
He ten thouſand Pounds gave to a Spy.
O Covetous John *Duke*, &c.

VIII.

At *Audenard*, ſo ill to treat Foes,
And make poor Widows of Wives:
He took a Delight to beat thoſe
That never beat him in their Lives.
O cowardly John *Duke*, &c.

IX.

Boufflers, a civil good Man,
Safe in his Trenches cloſe,
From *Mons* he made run like a Footman,
Tho' bulwark'd as high as his Noſe.
Uncivil John *Duke*, &c.

X.

To every tender Chriſtian Ear
When Crimes like theſe ſhall come,
I know not how they abroad may appear,
I'm ſure they ſound oddly at home.
Theſe Deeds of John *Duke*, &c.

XI.

Some Facts to make the *French* undone,
I've prov'd upon him well,
And truly what 'tis he has not done,
Impoſſible 'tis to tell,
Of this John *Duke*, &c.

To

XII.

To prove that all theſe Things are ſo,
And not what Folks deviſe;
Was he ever the Man that once ſpar'd the Foe,
Or ever affronted th' Allies?
This ſame John *Duke*, &c.

XIII.

Ghent, *Bruges*, and *Tournay* too,
And late the ſtrong *Bouchain*,
Of his own Head he forc'd to obey too,
Tho' wanting his Brother *Eugene*.
Hot Headed John *Duke*, &c.

XIV.

Of theſe Immortal Things he brags,
'Cauſe we take no Notice at all;
You ſee with his pittiful *French* bloody Rags,
How he'as litter'd poor *Weſtminſter-Hall*.
O ſlovenly John *Duke*, &c.

XV.

Nay, more, he ſtill would fly at,
And all to mend the Peace;
Lord, how can we ever be quiet,
If we pardon ſuch Crimes as theſe,
In any but John *Duke*, &c.

XVI.

Twelve Years it ſadly true is,
By taking Towns and Lines;
And baffling the poor King *Lewis*,
He has ſpoil'd the Pretender's Deſigns,
O meddleſome John *Duke*, &c.

XVII.

Succeſs ſtill made him bolder,
And by the *Monſieur*'s Fall,
He has paſs'd on this Iſle for a Soldier.
But it ſeems he knows nothing at all;
Earl P——t *ſays ſo of* Marlborough.

XVIII.

This Year for War he voted,
But we reſolv'd on none;
For *Monſieur* was ſure to be routed,
And then *High Church* had been undone
By Engliſh John *Duke*, &c.

XIX.

You ſee the Troops don't need him,
He's out, and in *France* they laugh;
And ſend any other to head 'em,
And I'll warrant old *Bourbon* is ſafe;
Keep back but John *Duke*, &c.

XX.

For he, as Fame confeſſes,
That Kingdom meant to devour;
For which, and his heinous Succeſſes,
He's broke, and our Fears are all o'er.
Thus fell John *Duke of* Marlborough.

THE

The *Br*------*ſh* Embaſſadreſs's SPEECH TO THE FRENCH KING.

HAIL Tricking Monarch! more ſucceſsful far
In Arts of Peace, than Glorious Deeds of War.
As *A*——'s Great Embaſſadreſs I come
With News, that will rejoyce both you and *Rome*.
Ne'er did the *F*——*h* Affairs ſo gayly ſmile
Theſe Hundred Years, as now in *B*——*n*'s Iſle:
For there the Spirit of Blind Deluſion reigns,
And ſpreads its Fury o'er the ſtupid Swains.
The L——s, the C——s, and the Prieſts conſpire
To raiſe your Power, and their own Ruin higher.
Nay even the Q— with Qualms of Conſcience preſt,
Seems to advance your Cauſe above the reſt.
Her generous Temper can't forget ſo ſoon
The Royal Favours you have always done,
Both to her Father and his injur'd Son.
And therefore is contriving every Day,
Her mighty Debt of Gratitude to pay.
For you ſhe has ceas'd the Thunder of the War,
Laid up her Fleet, and left her Channel bare;

For you the Fighting *MARLBOROUGH*'s disgrac'd,
And in his Room a Peaceful General plac'd;
For you she broke her Word, her Friends betray'd,
With Joy look'd on, and saw them * Victims made.
That Pious Princess, when I left her Court,
The Place where none but Friends to you resort,
Bid me to greet you in the kindest Words,
That the most Sacred Tye of Love affords:
And tell you that she mourns with secret Pains,
The mighty Loss you've born these Ten Campaigns.
And therefore now resolves to give you more,
By this last Treaty, than you had before,
And to its former Height raise your declining
(Power.

She knows she has no Right the Crown to wear,
And fain would leave it to the Lawful Heir.
In order to effect this grand Design,
And baffle all the *H———n* Line.
A Set of Ministers she lately chose
To Honour and their Country equal Foes:
Wretches, whose Indigence has made 'em bold,
And will betray their Native Land for Gold.
Ox———d's the Chief of this abandon'd Clan,
Him you must court; for he's your only Man.
Give him but Gold enough, your Work is done,
He'll bribe the Se——te, and then all's your own.
D———th and *B———ke* are Friends to you,
Tho' 'tis not in their Power much Harm to do.

---

* *Den ain.*

But

But *O*——*d* reigns Prime Miniſter of State,
Ruling the Nation at a mighty Rate;
And like a Conjurer with his Magick Wand,
Does both the P——t and Q—— command,
Keep but that wily Trickſter ſtill your Friend,
He'll crown your Wiſhes with a proſperous End.
Now is your time to puſh for *B*——*n*'s Crown,
And fix K—g *J*——*s* the Third upon the Throne:
A powerful Fleet prepare, you need no more,
But only land him on his Native Shore;
They'll ſoon depoſe the preſent reigning Thing,
And in her ſtead proclaim your Favourite King.

Thus ſpoke the Gay Embaſſadreſs; when ſtrait
Up roſe the Tyrant from his Chair of State,
With Love tranſported and a joyous Air,
Within his trembling Arms he claſp'd the Fair;
That Night, as Fame reports, and ſome have heard,
A pompous Bed was inſtantly prepar'd,
In which the Monarch and the Heroine lay,
And ſpent their Hours in Politicks and Play.
The Duke o'erjoy'd, that his *Italian* Dame
Could in ſo Old an Hero raiſe a Flame,
With an ambitious Pleaſure, as 'tis ſaid,
Led her himſelf unto the Royal Bed.

TO THE

ARMY.

By Mrs. *Centliuer.*

HAIL! Brave Defenders of our *Britiſh* Iſle,
Glory returns, and *Conqueſt* ſeems to ſmile;
Again prepare our Enſigns to diſplay,
And teach *Deſpotick* Tyrants to obey;
The *Paricides* refuſe the Charge to ſtand,
Conſcious of *Guilt* they fly the *Injur'd Land*,
And own the *Juſtice* of th' *Avenger's* Hand.
In *Camps* Commanders ſhall no more become
The Penſioners of *France* and Spies of *Rome*.
Allies no more of *Britiſh* Faith complain,
No more th' *Oppreſt* for Succour ſue in vain;
No more ſhall *Grooms* and *Drawers* rule the State,
Nor *Abigails* on Politicks debate.
No *Iriſh Papiſt* ſhall again be made
By *Engliſhmen* a *Plenipo'* for Trade.
No more ſhall *Liberty*, *Religion*, *Laws*,
Be ſacrific'd to *Rome*, and *Perkin's* Cauſe.
Sound then your Trumpets, let the Drum be heard;
Draw out thoſe *Vet'ran* Bands ſo often fear'd;

Not

Not ev'n we Women dread the Slaviſh Chain,
Whilſt you the *Terror* of proud *France* remain,
Who won the Day on *Blenheim*'s glorious Plain.
The World again ſhall tremble at your Deeds,
Great *GEORGE* preſides, and Conqu'ring *Marlbro'*
(leads;
Remember *Mutius*! let that *Roman* Name
Inſpire your Souls, and emulate his Fame,
With his *Reſolves* arm both your Heart and Hand,
And bravely ſtrike to free your Native Land.

S. C.

No Popiſh Impoſtor,

BUT

King *GEORGE* for ever.

To an Excellent Old Tune.

I.

ROuſe, *Britons* rouſe, maintain your Laws'
Your Country, all that's dear;
So good our King, ſo juſt our Cauſe,
Let Rebels only fear:
We will not tamely let a Crew
Of Traiterous Sots aſſume
The Church's Good's their only View;
When we know that Church is *Rome*.

The

II.

The poor *Pretender* we deſpiſe,
And all his ſlaviſh Train;
New Plots the Sots in vain deviſe,
GEORGE only here ſhall reign;
In vain the Villains hope Succeſs,
And Poppet *Jemmy* tries;
They Halters only ſhall poſſeſs,
To the Gallows only riſe.

III.

No longer Rebels blinded be,
Is that Wretch worth your Cares?
That Coward, whom you plainly ſee
To head your Party fears;
He ſtill remembers *Britain*'s Prince,
At *Ramillies* fatal Plain,
That Thought's enough to keep him hence,
And haſte his Flight again.

IV.

Then, happy *Britons*, bravely dare
The Foe to meet your Arms;
They faintly make a Shew of War,
Your Sight their *Hearts* diſarms;
To *GEORGE*'s *Health* your Glaſſes fill,
'Tis that ſecures our Iſle;
For *Heav'n* protects, and always will
On its own Vicegerent ſmile.

The *Tories* Downfall:

An Excellent New Ditty.

To the Tune of *The King ſhall enjoy his own again.*

I.

SINCE *Hanover* is come
In Spite of *France* and *Rome*,
And the *Tories* have met with their Matches:
Full Loyally they Sing,
To the Coming of their *King*,
And keep up their Courage with Catches.
But let 'em have their Song,
It can't be very long
E'er the Name ſhall be loſt in the Nation;
They've nothing but a *Tune*
To Support the *Tenth* of *June*,
And the Hopes of a *Reſtauration*.

II.

'Tis a comfortable Noiſe
To hear the roaring Boys.
In a *Note* we ha' long been deſiring:
Their Muſick muſt portend
Their own latter End,
Then, like *Swans*, they are ſweetly expiring.

Their

Their next melodious Strain
Will be with *Paul Lorain*,
And then let 'em chaunt it fairly;
For as ſure as a Gun,
The *Stave* will be begun,
By that Old *Pſalm-raiſer* Harley.

A New CATCH,

FOR

Catching the PRETENDER.

I.

LET the Soldiers Fight,
And the Poets Write
For *GEORGE* our Faith's Defender;
Let the Commons Impeach,
And the Parſons Preach
Againſt the *baſe Pretender.*

II.

If he ſhou'd Land,
He's Counter-band
On any *Engliſh* Ground, Sir,
He that ſhall him bring,
Receivesi from the KING
An *Hundred* Thouſand Pound, Sir.

III. Bri

III.

Bring but his Head,
Alive or Dead,
Your Fortune is made eaſy;
Be you Friend or Foe,
You have Leave to go,
And live where it ſhall pleaſe you.

A HEALTH.

Awake, rouſe up, let ev'ry *Britiſh* Soul
Arm, all approaching Dangers to controul;
dd to your Forces both by Sea and Land,
force Great *GEORGE* with Money at Command,
hen ſhall you daily mighty Wonders ſee
he Rebels cruſh'd, doom'd to Hell's Deſtiny,
cuſts grow Loyal, and the People Free.
ere, and in diſtant Orbs, our Trade encreaſe,
r Traders ſmile, then curſe a late-made Peace;
loch's Recorders nought, but empty Sounds,
ws to the People, not the Prieſt, ſet Bounds,
hilſt *GEORGE*'s Glory all the Globe reſounds.
Health to our King, each Bumper advance,
y that falſe Loon, th' Attorney of *France*.

FINIS.

The

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